¶ SONGES AND SONETS

written by the right honorable

Lorde Henry Haward late
Earle of Surrey, and
others.

Apud Richardum Tottell
1574.

Cum priuilegio.

To the Reader.

That to haue wel writtẽ in verse, yea & in smal parcelles deserueth great praise, the works of diuers Latins, Italians, & other, doe proue sufficientlye, that our tong is able in that kinde to do as praise worthely as the rest, the honorable stile of ỹ Earl of Surrey, and the weightinesse of the deepe wytted sr Thomas Wyat the elders verse, with seueral graces in sundry good English writers, do shew abundantly. It resteth now (gentle Reader) that thou thinke it not euil done, to publish to the honour of the English tongue and for the profit of the studious of English eloquence, these workes which the vngentle horders vp of suche treasure haue hertofore enuied thee. And for this point (good reader) thine owne profit & pleasure, in these presently, & in mo hereafter, shal aunswere for my defence. If perhapes some myslike the statelynesse of stile remoued frõ ỹ rude skyll of cõmon eares: I aske helpe of ỹ learned to defend their learned frẽdes, ỹ authors of this workes. And I exhorte the vnlearned, by readinge to learne to bee more skilfull, and to purge that swinelike grossenes that maketh ỹ swete maierome not to smell to their delight.

Deſcription of the reſtleſſe ſtate of a louer, with ſute to his lady, to rue on his dy-inge harte.

The ſunne hath twiſe brought fourth his tender grene,
Twiſe cladde the earth in liuely luſtineſſe,
Once haue the windes the trees diſpoiled clene
And once again beginnes theire crueineſſe,
Since I haue hyd vnder my breſt the harme,
That neuer ſhal recouer healthfulneſſe.
The winters hurt recouers wt the warme,
The parched grene reſtored is with ſhade,
What warmth, alas, may ſerue for to diſarme,
The froſen harte that mine inflame hathe made?
What colde againe is able to reſtore
My freſhe grene, that withered thus and fade?
Alas I ſee nothing hath hurt ſo ſore,
But time in tyme reduceth a returne,
In time my hart encreaſeth more and more,
And ſeemes to haue my cure alwaies in ſcorne,
Straunge kindes of death, in lyke that I doe trye,
At hand to melt far of in flame to burne,
And like as time liſt to my cure applie,
So doth eche place my comfort cleane refuſe.
All thing aliue, that ſeeth the heauens with eye,
With cloke of night may couer and excuſe
It ſelfe from trauaile of the daies vnreſt,
Saue I alas, againſt al others vſe,
That then ſtyrre vp the tormentes of my breſt,
And curſe eche ſkarre as cauſer of my fate,
And when the ſunne hath eke the darke oppreſt,
And brought the day, it doth nothing abate
the trauaile of mine endleſſe ſmarte and paine.
For then as one that hath the light in hate,
I wiſhe for night more couertly to playne,
And me withdraw fro euery haunted place,
Leſt by my chere my chaunce appeare to plaine,
And in my minde I meaſure pace by pace,

To seeke the place where I my self had lost,
That day that I was tangled in the lace,
In seeming slack that knitteth euer most.
But neuer yet the trauaile of my thought,
Of better state could catche a cause to bost.
For if I found sometime that I haue sought,
Those starres by whom I trusted of the port,
My sayles do fail & I aduaunce right nought,
As ankard fast my spirites do all resort,
To stand agazed & sinke in more and more,
The deadly harme whiche she doth take in sport.
Lo if I seeke how we I do finde my sore,
And if I flee, I cary with me still
The venomd shaft which doth his force restore
By hast of flight, and I may plaine my fill
Unto my selfe, vnlesse this carefull song,
Print in your hart some parcel of my teene,
For I alas in silence all to long,
Of mine olde hurt yet feele the wound but greene.
Rue on my life or els your cruel wrong,
Shall well appeare and by my death be seene.

Description of spring, wherein eche thing renewes saue onelye the louer.

The soote seasons & bud & bloome foorth bringes,
with greene hath cladde the hill & eke the vale,
The Nightingale with fethers new she singes,
The Turtle to her make hath told her tale:
Somer is come for euery Spray now springes,
The hart hath hong his olde head on the pale,
The Buck in brake his winter coate he flinges,
The fishes fleete with new repaired scale,
The Adder all her slough away she flinges,
The swift Swallow pursueth the Flies small,
The busy Bee her hony now she minges,
Wynter is worne that was the flowers bale.
And this I see among these pleasant thinges,
Eche care decayes and yet my sorowe springes.

Descrip=

Decription of the reſtles eſtate of a louer.

When youth had led me halfe the race,
That Cupids ſcourge had made me runne,
I loked backe to meete the place,
From whence my wery courſe begunne.
And then I ſawe how my deſire,
Miſguiding me had led the waye,
Mine eyen to gredy of theire hire,
Had made me loſe a better praye.
For when in ſighes I ſpent the day,
And could not cloke my griefe with game:
The boiling ſmoke did ſtill bewraye,
The preſent heate of ſecret flame.
And when ſalt teares doe baine my breſt,
Where loue his pleaſant traines hath ſowen:
Her beawty hath the fruites oppreſt,
Ere that the buddes were ſprong and blowne.
And when mine eyen did ſtill purſue,
The flying chace of theire requeſt,
Theire gredy lookes did oft renewe,
The hidden wound within my breſt.
When euery looke theſe cheekes might ſtaine
From deadly pale to glowing red,
By outward ſignes appeared plaine,
To her for helpe my hart was fled.
But al to late loue learneth mee,
To paint al kinde of colours newe
To blinde theire eyes that els ſhould ſee,
My ſpeckled chekes with Cupids hew.
And now the couert breſte, I claime,
That worſhipt Cupide ſecretlye,
And norished his ſacred flame:
From whence no blaſinge ſparkes do flye.

Deſcription of the fickle affections, panges, and ſleightes of loue.

SUch wayward waies hath loue, that most part in discorde.
Our willes do stand, wherby our harts but seldome do accord.
Deceite is his delight, and to beguile and mocke
The simple harts, whō he doth strike & froward diuers stroke.
He causeth thone to rage with golden burning darte,
And doth alay with leaden colde againe the others harte.
Whote gleames of burning fire, and easy sparkes of flame,
In balance of vnegal weight he pondereth by ame.
From easy ford where I might wade and pas full well,
He me withdrawes, and doth me driue into a depe darke hell.
And me withholds where I am caldo and offred place,
And willes me that my mortal foe I doe beseke of grace.
He letteth me to pursue a conquest weinere wonne,
To follow where my paines were lost, ere ỹ my suite begonne.
So by this meanes I know how soone a hart may turne,
From warre to peace, from truce to strike, and so againe returne.
I know how to content my selfe in others lust,
Of little stuffe vnto my selfe to weaue a webbe of trust.
And how to hide my harmes with soft dissembling chere,
Whan in my face ỹ painted thoughts would outwardly appeare.
I know how that the blood forsakes the face for dred,
And how by shame it staines againe the chekes & flamminge red.
I know vnder the grene the serpent how he lurkes,
The hammer of the restlesse forge, I wote eke how it worke.
I knowe and can by roate the tale that I would tell,
But oft the wordes come fourth awrye of him that loueth wel.
I knowe in heate and could the louer how he shakes,
In singing how he doth complaine, in slepinge how he wakes:
To languishe without ache, sickelesse for to consume,
A thousand thinges for to deuise, resoluing of his fume.
And though he list to see his ladies grace full sore,
Such pleasure as delight his eye, doe not his helth restore.
I know to seeke the trace of my desired foe,
And feare to finde that I do seeke, but chiefely this I knowe,
That louers must transfourme into the thinge beloued,
And liue (alas who would beleue?) with spirite from life remoued.
I know in harty sighes and laughters of the splene,
At once to chaunge my state, my will, and eke my colour clene,
I know how to deceiue my selfe with others helpe,
And how the Lion chastised is by beating of the whelpe.
In standing nere the fire, I knowe how that I freese,
Farre of I burne, in both I waste, and so my life I leese.

I

I knowe how loue doth rage vpon a yelding minde,
How smal a net may take and mase a hart of gentle kinde.
Or els with seldome swete to season heapes of gall.
Renued with a glimse of grace old sorowes to let fall.
The hidden traines I know and secret snares of loue,
How soone a looke will print a thought, that neuer may remoue.
The slipper state I know, the sodaine turnes from wealth
The doutful hope. the certeine woe, and sure dispeired health.

Complaint of a louer, that defied loue and was by loue after the more tormented.

When Somer toke in hande the winter to assaile,
with force of might, and vertue great, his stormy blastes to quail
And when he clothed faire the earth about with greene.
And euery tree new garmented, that pleasure was to sene,
Mine hart gan new reuiue, and changed blood did sturre
Me to withdrawe my winter woes, that kept within the durre.
I brode, quod my desire, assay to set thy fote
where thou shalt find the sauour swete, for spring is euery rote,
And to thy health if thou were sicke in any case.
Nothing more good, than in the spring the aire to fele a place.
There shalt thou heare and see al kinde of birdes pwrought,
Wel tune their voice & warble small, as nature hath thē tought.
Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to leaue,
And for my health I thought it best such counsel to receaue.
So on a morow forth, vnwist of any wight,
I went to proue how well it would my heauy burden light.
And when I felt the aire so pleasant round about,
Lorde, to my selfe how glad I was that I had gotten out.
There might I see how Ver had euery blosome hent,
And eke the new betrothed birdes ycoupled how they went.
And in their songes methought they thanked nature much,
That by her lycence all that yere to loue their happe was such.
Right as they could deuise to chose them feres throughout,
With much reioising to their Lorde thus flew they all about.
which when I gan resolue, and in my head conceaue,
what pleasant like, what heapes of ioy these little birdes receiue,

And saw in what estate I wery man was wrought,
By want of that they had at wil and I reiect at nought:
Lord how I gan in wrath vnwisely me demeane,
I cursed loue and him defied: I thought to turne the streame.
But when I wel beheld he had me vnder awe,
I asked mercy for my fault that so transgrest his law.
Thou blinded God (quod I) forgeue me this offence,
Unwittingly I went about to malice thy pretence.
Wherwith he gaue a becke and thus me thought he swore,
Thy sorow ought suffice to purge thy fault if it were more.
The vertue of whiche sound myne hart did so reuiue,
That I me thought, was made as hoole as any man aliue.
But here I may perceiue myne errour al and some,
For that I thought that so it was: yet was it stil vndone.
And all that was no more but mine expressed mynd,
That faine would haue some good relefe, of Cupide wel assinde.
I turned home forthwith, as might perceiue it wel,
That he agreued was right sore with me for my rebell.
My harmes haue euer since encreased more and more,
And I remaine without his help, vndone for euer more.
A mirror let me be vnto ye louers all,
Striue not with loue for if ye do it will ye this befall.

Complaint of a louer rebuked.

LOue that liueth and raineth in my thought,
That built his seat within my captiue brest,
Clad in the armes wherin with me he fought.
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
She that me thought to loue and suffer paine,
My doutful hope and eke my hote desire,
With shamefast cloke to shadow and restraine
Her smiling grace conuerteth straight to ire.
And couered loue then to the hart apace
Taketh his flight, whereas he lurkes and plaines
His purpose lost, and dare not shew his face,
For my lordes gilt thus faultlesse bide I paines,
Yet from my lorde shal not my foote remoue,
Swete is his death that takes his end by loue.

Com=

Complaint of the louer disdained.

IN Ciprus springes, whereas dame Venus dwelt
A well so hote, that who so tastes the same,
were he of stone, as chawed yse should melt,
And kindled finde his brest with fixed flame.
whose moiste poyson dissolued hath my hate,
This creping fire my cold limmes so oppresst,
That in the hart that harboroe fredome late,
Endles dispaire long thraldome hath impreste.
In other so colde in frosen yse is founde
whose chilling venome of repugnant kinde
The feruent heat doth quenche of Cupides wound,
And with the spot of change infectes the minde,
whereof my deere hath tasted, to my paine.
My seruice thus is growen into disdaine.

Discription and praise of his loue Geraldine.

FRom Tuscane came my ladies worthy race.
Faire Florence was sometime her auncient seate.
The westerne yle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wilde Cambers clifs, did giue her lively heat.
Fostred she was with milke of Irishe brest,
Her sire an Erle, her dame of princes blood,
From tender peres in Brittaine she doth rest,
with kinges child, where she tasteth costly foode
Honsdon did first present her to my eyen.
Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight:
Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine:
And windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight,
Her beauty of kinde, her vertues from aboue.
Happy is he, that can obtaine her loue.

The frailtie and hurtfulnes of beautye.

BRittle beauty that nature made so fraile,
Whereof the gift is small and short the season.

Flowing to day to morowe apt to faile,
Tickle treasure, abhorred of reason,
Daungerous to deale with, vain of none auaile,
Costly in keping, past not worth two peason,
Slipper in sliding as is an eles taile,
Harde to attaine, once gotten not geason,
Jewel of iesperdie that perill doth assaile,
False and vntrue, enticed oft to treason,
Enemy to youth, that most may I bewaile,
Ih bitter swete infecting as the poison,
Thou fares as fruit that with the frost is taken,
To day ready ripe, to morow al to shaken.

A complaint by night of the louer not beloued.

ALas so al thinges nowe doe hold theire peace.
Heauen and earth disturbed in nothinge,
The beastes, the aire, the birdes their song do cease.
The nightes chare the starres aboue doth bring,
Calme is the sea, the waues worke lesse and lesse,
So am now I, whom loue alas doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great encrease
Of my desires, whereat I wepe and sing,
In ioy and woe, as in a doleful case:
For my swete thoughtes sometime doth pleasure bring,
But by and by the cause of my disease
Geues me a pange, that inwardly doth sting,
when that I thinke what griefe it is againe,
To liue and lacke the thing should ridde my paine.

How eche thinge saue the louer in spring reuiueth to pleasure.

VVHen winsore walles sustcinde my wearyed arme,
Hy hand my chin, to ease my restlesse hed.
The pleasant plot reuested greene, with warme,
The blossomed bowes with lusty Uer spyred.

The

The flowred meades, the wedded brydes so late
Myne eyes discouer, and to my minde resorte
The ioly woes, the hartiesse shorte debate,
The rakehel life that longs to loues disporte,
Wherewith (alas) the heauy charge of care
Hecapt in my brest, breakes forth againste my wyll
In smoky sighes, that ouercast the ayre,
My vapord eyes such dreary teares distill,
The tender spring which quicken where they fall,
And I halfe bent to throwe me downe withall.

A vow to loue faithfullye how soeuer he be rewarded

SEt me whereas the sunne doth parche the grene.
Or where his beames doe not dissolue the yse,
In temperate heate where he is felt and sene,
In presence prest of people madde or wise,
Set me in hye, or yet in lowe degree,
In longest night, or in the shortest day,
In clearest skye, or where cloudes thickest be,
In lusty youth, or when my heares are gray,
Set me in heauen, in earth, or els in hell.
In hil or dale, or in the foming floode,
Thrall, or at large, alyue where so I dwell,
Sicke or in helth, in euil fame or good,
Hers wil I bee, and onely with this thought.
Content my selfe, although my chaunce be nought.

Complaint that his lady after she knewe of his loue, kept her face alwaye hidden from him.

I Neuer sawe my lady laye apart
Her coznet black, in colde nor yet in heate,
Sith first she knewe my gricfe was growen so greate

Which others fansies driueth from my harte
That to my selfe I doe the thought reserue,
The whiche vnwares did wound my woful brest,
But on her face my eies mought neuer rest,
yet since she knewe I did her loue and serue.
Her golden tresses cladde alway with blacke,
Her smyling lookes that had thus euermore,
And that restraines which I desire so sore,
So doth this coznet gouerne me alacke.
In sommer sunne in winters breath, a frost,
whereby the light of her faire lookes I lost.

Request to his loue to ioyne bounty with beauty.

The golden gifte that nature did the geue,
To fasten frendes, and feede them at thy will
with fourme and fauour taught me to beleue.
How thou art made to shewe her greatest skill.
whose hydden vertues are not so vnknowne,
But liuely domes might gather at the first.
where beauty so her perfect seede hath sowen,
Of al other graces follow nedes there must.
Now certesse Ladye, since al this is true,
That from aboue thy giftes are thus elect,
Doe not deface them than with fansies newe,
Nor chaunge of mindes let not the minde infect,
But mercy him thy frende, that doth thee serue
who sekes alway thine honour to preserue.

Prisoner in windesore, here Counteth his pleasure there passed.

SO cruel prison how could betide, alas,
as proude windsor: where I iust and ioye.
With a kinges sonne, my childish yeares did pas:
In greater feast than Priam sonnes of Troye,
where ech swete place returnes a tast full sower:

The

The large greene courtes where we were wont to houe,
With eyes cast vp into the maydens tower,
And easy sighes, such as folke drawe in loue,
The stately seates, the ladies bright of hewe,
The daunces short, long tales of great delight,
With wordes & lokes, that Tigars could but rew,
Where eche of vs did pleade the others right,
The plaine play, where dispoyled for the game,
With dazed eyes ofte we by gleames of loue,
Haue mist the ball, and got sight of our dame.
To bayte her eyes, which keepes the leades aboue,
The grauel ground with sleeues tyed on the helme,
On fomyng horse, with swordes and frindly harts,
With cheare as though one should another whelme,
Where we haue fought, and chased oft with darts,
With siluer droppes the meade yet spread for ruthe,
In actiue games of nimblenes and strength,
Where we did straine trained ẇ swarmes of youth,
Our tender limmes, that yet shot vp in length:
The secret groues, which oft we made resounde
Of pleasaunt plaint, and of our ladies praise,
Recording oft what grace eche one had founde,
What hope of speade, what dread of long delayes,
The wilde forest, the clothed holtes with grene,
With raines auailed, & swifty breathed horse,
With crye of hound, & mery blastes betwene,
Where we did chase the fearfull hart of force,
The wyde vales eke, that harborde vs eche nyght,
Wherewith (alas) reuiueth in my brest,
The swete accorde, suche sleepes as yet delight,
The pleasaunt dreames the quiet bed of rest,
The secret thoughts imparted with such trust,
The wanton talke, the diuers chaunge of playe,
The frindship sworne, eche promise kepe so iust,
Wherewith we past the winter night awaye.
And with this thought the bloud forsakes the face,
The teares berayne my cheekes of deadly hew,
The whiche as soone as sobbyng sighes (alas)
Vpsupped haue, thus I my plaint renew.
O place of blisse, renuer of my woes,
Geue me accompt, where is my noble fere,
Whom in this walles thou doest ech night enclose.

To other leefe, but vnto me moſt deare.
Eche ſtone (alas) that doth my ſorowe reuue,
Retornes thereto a hollow ſound of plaint,
Thus I alone, where all my freedome grewe,
In priſon pine, with bondage and reſtraint,
And with remembrance of the greater griefe,
To baniſhe the leſſe I finde me chiefe reliefe.

The louer comforteth himſelfe with worthines of his loue.

When raging loue with extreme paine,
Moſt cruelly diſtraines my hart,
When that my teares as flouds of raine,
Beare witnes of my wofull ſmart,
When ſighes hath waſted ſo my breath,
That I lye at the point of death:
I call to minde the nauie greate,
That the Greekes brought to Troye towne,
And how the boiſtrous windes did beate,
Their ſhippes and rent their ſailes adowne
Till Agamemnons daughters blood,
Appeaſed the Goddes that them withſtood.
And how in thoſe ten yeres warre
Full many a bloudy deede was done,
And many a lord that came from farre,
There caught his bane (alas) to ſoone,
And many a good knight ouercome,
Before the Greekes had Helene wonne.
Then thinke I thus, ſith ſuch repaire,
So long time warre of valiant men,
Was all to win a lady faire,
Shall I not learne to ſuffer then,
And thinke my time well ſpent to bee,
Seruing a worthier wight then ſhee?
Therefore I neuer will repent,
But paines contented ſtill endure,
For like as when roughe winter ſpent,
The pleaſant ſpring ſtraight draweth in vre,

So

So after razing stormes of fare,
Joyfull at length may be my care.

Complaint of the absence of her louer being vpon the seas

O Happy dames that may embrace
The frute of your delight,
Helpe to bewaile the wofull case
and eke the heauye plight
Of me that wonted to reioice
The fortune of my plesant choice,
Good ladies helpe to fill my mourning voice.
In shippe freight ✠ remembraunce
Of thoughtes and pleasures past,
He sailes that hath in gouernaunce
My life while it will last.
with scalding sighes for lacke of gale
Furdering his hope that is his saile
Toward me, the swete fere of his auaile.
Alas how oft in dreames I see
those eyes that were my foode,
which some time so delighted mee,
that yet theye doe me good:
wherwith I wake with his returne,
whose absent flame did make me burne,
But when I find ꝑ lacke, lorde how I morne?
When other louers in armes a crosse,
Reioice their chefe delight,
Drowned in teares to mourne my losse
I stand the bitter night
In my window, where I may see
Before the winds how the cloudes flee,
Lo what mariner loue hath made me.
And in grene waues when the salt flood
Doth rise by rage of winde,
A thousand fansies in that moode,
Assayle my restlesse minde.
Alas, now drencheth my swet so,
That with the spoile of my hart did go.

And

And left me (but alas) why did he so?
And when the seas waxe calme againe,
To chace from me annoye,
My doubtful hope doth cause me plaine,
So dread cuts of my ioye.
Thus is my wealth mingled with wo,
And of eche thought a doubt doth growe,
Nowe he comes, will he come? alas no no.

Complaynt of a dying louer refused vpon his Ladies vniust mistaking of his writing.

IN winters iust returne, whem Boreas gan his raygne.
And euery tre vnclothed fast, as nature taught them playne,
In misty morninge darke, as shepe are then in holde.
I hyed me fast, it sat me on, my shepe for to vnfolde.
And as it is a thing that louers haue by fittes,
Under a palme I hard one crye, as he had lost his wittes,
whose voice did ring so shrill in vttringe of his plaint,
That I amazed was to heare, how loue could him attaint.
Ah wretched man, quod he, come death and ridde this wo,
A iust reward, a happie end, if it may chaunce thee so.
Thy pleasures past haue wrought thy wo without redresse,
If thou haddst neuer felt no ioye, thy smart had been the lesse.
And rechlesse of his life, he gan both sigh and grone,
A ruful thing me thought it was, to heare hym make such mone
Thou cursed pen, saieth he, wo worth the birde thee bare,
The man, the knife, & all that made thee, wo bee to their share.
Wo worth the tyme & place, where I so could endite,
And wo be it yet once againe, the pen that so can wryte.
Unhappie hande, it had ben happy time for me,
If when to wrize thou learned first, vnioynted hadst thou be.
Thus cursed he himselfe, and euery other wight,
Saue her alone whom loue him bound to serue both day & night:
which when I heard and saw, how hee himselfe forbyd,
Against the ground with bloudy strokes, himself euen there to rid:
Had been my harte of flynt, it must haue melted tho,

For

For in my life I neuer sawe a man so full of wo.
with teares for his redresse, I rashly to him ran,
And in my armes I caught him fast, & thus I spake him than.
what wofull wight art thou, that in such heauy case,
Tormentes thy selfe with such despite, here in this desert place?
wherewith as all agast, fulfilde with ire and dread,
He cast on me a staring looke, with colour pale and dead.
Nay what art thou (q̃ he) that in this heauy plight,
Dost find me here, most wofull wretch, that life hath in despight?
I am (q̃ I) but poore and simple in degree,
A shepeheardes charge I haue in hand, vnworthy though I be.
with that he gaue a sighe as though the skye should fall,
And loude (alas) he shriked oft, and shepeheard gan he call.
Come hye thee fast at once, and print it in thy hart,
So thou shalt know, and I shall tell the gistlesse how I smart.
His backe against the tree, sore feebled all with faint,
With wery sprite he stretcht him vp, and thus he told his plaint.
Once in my hart (q̃ he) it chaunced me to loue
such one, in whō hath nature wrought, her cunning for to proue.
And sure I cannot say, but many yeres were spent,
With such good will so recompenst, as both we were content.
Whereto then I me bound, and she likewise also,
The sunne should runne his course awry ere we this faith forgo.
Who ioyed then but I? who had this worldes blisse?
Who might compare a life to mine, that neuer thought on this?
But dwelling in this truth, amid my greatest ioy,
Is me befallen a greater losse than Priam had of Troy.
She is reuersed clene, and beareth me in hand,
That my desertes haue geuen cause to breake this faithful band.
And for my lust excuse auayleth no defence,
Now knowest thou al, I can no more, but shepeherd hy the hēce,
And geue him leaue to dye, that may no longer liue,
Whose recorde lo I claime to haue, my death I do forgeue.
And eke when I am gone, be bolde to speake it plaine,
Thou hast seene dye the truest man, that euer loue did paine.
Wherwith he turnd him round, and gasping oft for breath,
Into his armes a tree he raught, and said welcome my death.
Welcome a thousand fold, now dearer vnto me,
Than should without her loue to liue, an Emperour to be.
Thus in this wofull state, hoyelded vp the gost,
And little knoweth his lady, what a louer she hath lost.
Whose death when I beheld, no maruel was it right,

For pitie though my hart did bleede, to see so petious sight.
My blood from heat to coulde oft changed wonders sore,
A thousand troubles there I found I neuer knew before.
Twene dread and dolour, so my spirites were brought in feare,
That long it was ere I could call to mynde, what I did there.
But as eche thing hath ende, so had these paines of mine,
The furie past and I my wittes restord by length of time.
Then as I could deuise, to seeke I thought it best,
Where I might finde some worthy place, for such a corps to rest.
And in my minde it came from thence not farre away,
Where Cresides loue, king Priams son, ỹ worthy Troylus lay.
By him I made his tomb, in token he was true,
And so to him belongeth well, I couered it with bleswe.
Whose soule by angels power, departed not so soone,
But to the heauens lo it fled, for to receiue his dome.

Complaint of the absence of her louer being vpon the sea.

GOod Ladies, ye that haue your pleasures in exile,
Step in your foote, cõe take a place, & mourne with mee a whyle.
And such as by their lordes do set but little price,
Let them sit still, it skilles them not what chaunce cõe on ỹ dice.
But ye whome lone hath bound by order of desire
to loue your lords, whose good desertes nõe other would require:
Come ye yet once againe, & set your foote by myne,
Whose wofull plight and sorowes great no tong may well define.
My loue and lord alas, in whome consistes my welthe,
Hath fortune sent to passe the seas in hazarde of his health:
Whome I was wont tembrace with well contented minde,
Is now amid the foming floodes at pleasure of the rounde,
Where god will him preserue, and sone him home mt sende,
Without which hope, my life (alas) were shortly at an ende.
Whose absence yet although my hope doth tel me plaine,
With short returne he comes anone, yet ceaseth not my paine.
The fearefull dreames I haue, oft times do greue me so,
That when I wake I lye in doubt wher they be true or no
Sometime the roaring seas, me seme do grow so hye,
That my deare lorde, aye me alas, methinkes I see him dye.
Another time the same doth tell me he is come,

And

and playing, where I ſhall him finde with his faire litle ſonne.
So forth I goe a pace to ſee that lefteſome ſight,
and with a kyſſe, me thinke I ſaye, welcome my lord, my knighte
welcome my ſwete, alas, the ſtay of my welfare,
Thy preſence bringeth fourth a truce atwixt me and my care.
Then lively doth he looke, and ſaluteth me againe,
and ſaith, my deere how is it now, that you haue all this paine?
wherewith the heauy cares, that heapte are in my breſt,
Breake fourth and me diſcharged clene of all my huge vnreſt.
But when I me awake, and fynd it but a dreame,
The anguiſhe of my former wo begynneth more extreame.
And me tormenteth ſo that vnneath may I finde
Some hidden place, whearein to ſlacke the knawing of my mind.
Thus every way you ſee, with abſence how I burne
and for my wound no cure I find but hope of good returne:
Saue when I thinke, by ſowre how ſwete is felt the more,
It doth abate ſome of my paines, that I abode before.
And then vnto my ſelfe I ſaye, when we ſhal mete,
But litle while ſhall ſeme this paine the toy ſhalbe ſo ſwete.
ye windes I you conjure in cheſeſt of your rage,
That yee my Lorde dooe ſafely ſend, my ſorowes to aſſwage.
And that I may not long abyde in this exceſſe,
Do your good will to cure a wight, that liueth in diſtreſſe.

A praiſe of his loue wherin he repro-ueth them that compare theire Ladies with his.

Geue place ye louers here before
That ſpent your boaſtes and bragges in vayne
My Ladyes beauty paſſeth more
The beſt of yours, I dare well ſayne
Than doth the ſunne the candle light.
Or brighteſt day the darkneſt night.
And there to hath a troth as iuſt,
as had Penelope the faire,
For what ſhee ſaith ye may it truſt,
as it by writing ſealed were,
and vertues hath ſhe many moe
Than I with pen haue ſkill to ſhowe
I could reherſe, if that I woulde:
The whole effect of natures plaint

When she had lost the perfite moulde,
The lyke to whom she could not paynt.
With wryngyng handes how she dyd crye,
And what she sayde, I knowe it I.
I knowe she swore with ragyng mynde,
Her kyngdome onely set apart,
There was no losse by lawe of kynde,
That could haue gone so nere her hart.
And this was chiefly all her payne,
She coulde not make the lyke agayne.
Sith nature thus gaue her the prayse
To be the chiefest worke she wrought,
In faith me thinke some better wayes
On your behalfe might well be sought.
Then to compare (as ye haue done)
To matche the candle with the sunne.

To the ladie that skorned her louer.

ALthough I had a checke,
To geue the mate is harde.
For I haue found a necke
To kepe my men in garde,
And you that hardy are
To geue so great assaye
Unto a man of warre
To dryue his men awaye:
I rede you take good hede
And marke this foolish verse.
For I will so prouyde
That I will haue your fierce.
And when your fierce is had
And all your warre is done,
Then shall your selfe be glad
To end that you begonne.
For if by chaunce I winne
Your persone in the fielde.
To late then come you in,

your ſelfe to me to yelde.
For I will vſe my power
As captaine ful of might,
And ſuch I will deuoure
As vſe to ſhewe me ſpight.
And for becauſe you gaue
Me checke in your degree,
This vantage loe I haue,
Now checke, and garde to thee.
Defende it if thou may,
Stande ſtiffe in thyne eſtate,
For ſure I will aſſay
If I can geue the mate.

A warning to the louer how he is abuſed by his loue.

TO dearely had I bought my grene and youthfull yeres.
If in my age I could not finde when craft for loue apperes.
And ſeldome though I come in Court among the reſt,
yet can I iudge in colours dumme, as deepe as can the beſt.
where griefe tormentes the man that ſuffereth ſecret ſmart,
To breake it forth vnto ſome frende it eaſeth wel the hart:
So ſtandes it now with me for my beloued frende,
This caſe is thyne, for whom I feele ſuch torment of my minde,
And for thy ſake I burne ſo in my ſecret breſt,
That til thou know my whole diſeaſe, my hart can haue no reſt.
I ſee how thine abuſe hath wreſted ſo thy wittes,
That al it yeldes to thy deſire, and followes thee by fittes.
Wher thou haſt loude ſo long with heart and all thy power,
I ſee thee fed with fained wordes, thy freedome to deuower.
I know (though ſhee ſay nay, and would it wel withſtand)
when in her grace thou yeldſt the moſt, ſhe hates the but in hande.
I ſee her pleaſant chere in chiefeſt of thy game,
when thou art gone I ſee him come, that gathers vp the fruite.
And eke in thy reſpecte I ſee the baſe degree,
Of him to whom ſhe gaue the hart that promiſed was to thee.
I ſee (what would you more) ſtode neuer man ſo ſure
On womans wood, but wiſedome would miſtruſt it to endure.

Songes

The forsaken louer describeth and forsaketh loue.

O lothsome place where I
Haue seene and heard my dere,
when in my heart her eye
Hath made her thought appeare
By glyncing with such grace
As fortune it ne would,
That lasten any space
Betweene vs lenger should.
As fortune did auaunce,
To further my desire,
Euen so hath fortunes chaunce
Throwen all amids the mire:
And that I haue deserued
With true and faithful hart,
As to his handes reserued
That neuer felt the smart.
But happy is that man
That scaped hath the griefe
That loue well teach him can
By wanting his relefe:
A scourge to quiet myndes
It is who taketh hede,
A common plage that byndes,
A trauell without mede.
This gift it hath also,
who so enioyes it moste,
A thousand troubles growe
To vexe his wered ghost,
And last it may not long
The truest thing of all,
And sure the greatest wronge
That is within this thrall.
But since thou desert place
Canst geue me no accompt,
Of my desired grace
That I to haue was wont,
Fare well thou hast me taught

to

To thinke me not the furſt,
That loue hath ſet a loft,
And caſten in the duſt.

The louer deſcribes his reſtleſſe ſtate.

AS oft as I beholde and ſee
The ſoueraigne beauty that me bound
The nier my comfort is to me,
Alas the freſher is my wound.
As flame doth quenche by rage of fire,
And running ſtreames conſume by raine:
So doth the ſight that I deſire,
Appeaſe my griefe and deadly paine.
Firſt when I ſawe thoſe chriſtall ſtreames,
Whoſe beauty made my mortall wound:
I little thought within her beames,
So ſwete a venom to haue found.
But wilfull will did pricke me forth,
And blinde Cupide did whippe and guide,
Force made me take my griefe in worth.
My fruitles hope my harme did hide.
As cruel waues fall oft be found,
Againſt the rockes to rore and cry,
So doth my hart full oft rebound
Againſt my breſt full bitterly.
I fall, and ſee myne owne decaye,
As one that beares flame in his breſt,
Forgets in paine to put away,
The thing that bredeth mine vnreſt.

The louer excuſeth himſelfe of ſuch ſuſpected change.

THough I regarded not
The promiſe made by me,
Or paſſed not to ſpot
My faith and honeſtie,

yet were my fansie strange,
And wilfull will to wite,
If I sought now to change,
A falkon for a kite.
All men might well dispraise,
My wit and enterprise,
If I esteemd a pease,
Aboue a pearle in price.
Or iudge the owle in sight
The sparhauke to excell,
which flieth but in the night,
As all men know right well.
Or if I sought to saile
Into the brittle port,
where anker holde doth faile,
To such as do resort,
And leue the hauen sure
where blowes no blustring wind,
Nor fickelnesse in vre
So farforth as I find.
No think me not so light,
Nor of so churlish kinde,
Though it lay in my might,
My bondage to vnbinde:
That I will leaue the Hinde,
To hunt the Ganders so,
No no I haue no minde
To make exchanges so.
Nor yet to change at all,
For thinke it may not be
That I should seeke to fall
From my felicitie.
Desirous for to win,
And loth for to forgo,
Or new change to begin,
How may all this be so.
The fier cannot freese:
For it is not his kinde,
Nor true loue cannot leese
The constancye of mynde
yet as long shall the fire,
want heat to blase and burne,

As

As I in ſuch deſyre,
Haue once a thought to turne.

A careleſſe man, ſcorning and deſcribing the ſuttle vſage of women towardes theire louers.

WRapt in my careleſſe cloke, as I walke to and fro,
I ſee, how loue can ſhew, what force ther reineth in his bow.
And how he ſhoteth eke, an hardy hart to wounde,
And where he glaunceth by againe, that litle hurt is founde.
For ſeldome is it ſene, he woundeth hartes a lyke,
The tone may rage, when tothers loue is often farre to ſeke.
All this I ſee, with moze, and wounder thinketh mee,
How he can ſtrike the one ſo ſoze, and leue the other free.
I ſee that wounded wight, that ſuffreth al this wrange,
How he is fed with yeas, and nayes, and liueth al to long.
In ſilence though I kepe ſuch ſecretes to my ſelfe,
yet doe I ſee, how ſhe ſometime doth yelde a looke by ſtelthe,
As though it ſemde, ywis I wil not loſe the ſo,
when in her hart ſo ſweete a thought did neuer truely growe.
Then ſay I thus, alas that man is farre from bliſſe,
That doth receiue for his relief, none other gaine but this.
And ſhee that fedes him ſo, I fele and finde it plaine,
Is but to glozy in her power, that ouer ſuch can raigne.
Noz are ſuch graces ſpent, but when ſhe thinkes, that he,
A wery man is fully bent, ſuch fancies to let flee,
Then to retaine him ſtill, ſhe wreſteth newe her grace,
And ſmileth lo, as though ſhe would forthwith the man embrace,
But when the proſe is made, to try ſuch lokes with all,
He fyndeth then the place al voide, and freighted ful of gall.
Lord what abuſe is this, who can ſuch women praiſe,
That for their glozie do deuiſe, to vſe ſuch crafty waies.
I, that amonge the reſt do ſit, and marke the rowe,
Fynde that in her is greater craft, then is in twenty moe.
Whoſe tender yeres, alas, with wyles ſo wel are ſped,
What wil ſhe do, when hozy heares, are powdzed in her hed.

An answere in the behalfe of a woman of an vncertaine aucthor.

Gyrt in my giltles gowne as I sytt here and sowe,
I see that thinges are not in dede as to the outwarde showe,
And who so list to loke and note thinges somwhat nere,
Shal find where plainesse semes to haunt nothing but craft apere.
For with indifferent eyes my selfe can well discerne,
How some to guide a ship in stormes seke for to take the sterne,
whose practise if were proued in calme to stere a barge,
Assuredly beleue it wel it were to great a charge.
And some I see againe sit still and say but small,
That could doe ten tymes more then they that say they can do all.
whose goodly giftes are suche they more they vnderstand,
The more they seke to learne and know & take lesse charge in hād
And to declare more plaine the time fletes not so fast,
But I can beare full wel in minde the song now song & past,
The Aucthor whereof came, wrapt in a crafty cloke,
With will to force a flamming fire where he could raise no smoke,
If power and will had ioynd as it appeareth plaine,
Then truth nor right had tane no place their virtues had bē vain,
So that you may perceiue, and I may falsly see,
The innocent that giltlesse is, condemned should haue be.

The constant louer lamenteth.

SIns fortunes wrath enuieth the welthe,
Wherein I raigned by the sight
Of that that fed my eyes by stelth,
With sower, swete, dread and delyght:
Let not my griefe moue you to mone,
For I will wepe and wayle alone.
Spite draue me into Boreas raigne,
where hory frostes the fruites do byte,
when hilles were spred and euery plaine
with stormy winters mantle white.
And yet my deare such was my heate,
when others freze then did I swete.
And now though on the sonne I driue,
whose feruent flame all thing decaies,

His beames in brightneſſe may not ſtriue,
With light of your ſwete golden rayes:
Nor from my breſte this heate remoue,
The froſen thoughtes grauen by loue,
Ne may the waues of the ſalt floode,
Quench that your beauty ſet on fire.
For though myne eyes forbeare the foode,
That did relieue the hote deſire,
Such as I was ſuch wil I be,
your owne, what would ye more of me.

A ſong written by the Earle of Surreye by a Lady that refuſed todaunce with him.

EThe beaſt can chooſe his feere according to his mynde,
And eke can ſhewe a frendly chere like to their beaſtly kynde.
A lyon ſaw I late as white as any ſnowe,
which ſemed well to lead the race his port the ſame did ſhowe.
Upon the gentle beaſt to gaze it pleaſed me.
For ſtil me thought he ſeemed wel of noble blood to be,
And as he prauncd before ſtil ſeeking for a make,
As who would ſay there is none here I trowe will me forſake.
I might perceiue a wolfe as white as whales bone,
A fairer beaſt of freſher hue beheld I neuer none:
Saue that her lookes were coy and froward eke her grace,
Unto the which this gentle beaſt gan him auaunce apace,
And with a becke full lowe he bowed at her feete,
In humble wiſe as who would ſaye, I am to farre vnmeete,
But ſuch a ſcornefull cheere wherewith ſhe him rewarded,
was neuer ſeene I trowe the like to ſuche as well deſerued.
with that ſhe ſtart a ſide welnere a foote or twaine.
And vnto him thus gan ſhe ſay with ſpite and greate diſdaine.
Lion ſhe ſaid, if thou hadſt knowen my mind before,
Thou hadſt not ſpent thy trauaile thus nor al thy paine forlore:
Do waye, I let the wete thou ſhalt not playe with me,
Go range about where thou mayſt fynd ſome meter fere for thee.
with that he bet his taile, his eyes began to flame,
I might perceiue his noble hart much moued by the ſame,
yet ſaw I him refraine and eke his wrath aſſwage,
And vnto her thus gan he ſay when he was paſt his rage.

Cruell

Cruell you doe me wrong to set me thus so light,
Without desert for my good will to shewe me suche dispight.
How can ye thus entreate a Lion of the race.
That with his pawes a crowned king deuoured in the place.
Whose nature is to praye vpon no simple foode,
As longe as he may sucke the flesshe and drinke of noble blood.
Yf you be faire and freshe, am I not of your hue
And for my vaunt I dare wel saye, my blood is not vntrue.
For you your selfe haue heard, it is not long a go,
Sith that for loue one of the race did ende his life in wo.
In Tower stronge and hie for his assured truthe,
whereas in teares he spent his breath, alas the more the ruthe,
This gentle beast is died whom nothing could remoue,
But willingly to leese his life for losse of his true loue.
Other there bee whose liues do lynger stil in paine
Against their willes preserued are, that would haue died faine.
But now I doe perceyue that nought it moueth you
My good entent, my gentle hart, nor yet my kinde so true.
But that your will is such to lure me to the trade,
As other some full many peres to trace by craft ye made.
And thus beholde our kindes how that we differ farr,
I seeke my foes, and you your frendes do threate̅ full with warr,
I fawne where I am fed, you slay that seekes to you,
I can deuour no yelding praye, you kill where you subdue.
My kinde is to desire the honour of the filde,
And you with blood to slake your thirst on such as to you yelde.
wherefore I would you wist that for your coied lookes,
I am no man that will be trapt, nor tangled with such hookes,
And though some lust to loue where blame ful wel they might
and to such beastes of currant fort that would haue trauail bright:
I wil obserue the law that nature gaue to me,
To conquer such as wil resist and let the rest goe free.
And as a fawcon free that foreth in the ayre,
Which neuer fed on hand nor lure nor for no stale doth care:
While that I liue and breath, suche shal my custome be,
In wildnes of the woodes to seeke my pray where pleaseth me.
Where many one shal rue, that neuer made offence,
Thus your refuse against my power shal bote them no defence.
And for reuenge thereof I vowe and swere thereto,
A thousand spoiles I shal commit I neuer thought to doo.
And if to light on you my lucke so good shal bee,
I shalbe glad to fede on that that would haue fed on mee.

And

And thus fare well vnkinde to whom I bent and bowe,
I would ye wiſt the ſhip is ſafe that bare his ſayle ſo lowe.
Sith that a Lyons heart is for a wolfe no praye,
with bloudy mouth go ſlake your thirſt on ſimple ſhepe I ſaye,
With more deſpyte and yre than I can now expreſſe,
which to my pain though I refraine, the cauſe you may wel geſſe
As for becauſe my ſelfe was author of the game,
It boteth me not that for my wrath I ſhoulde diſturbe the ſame.

The faithfull louer declareth his paynes, And his vncertaine ioyes and with onelie hope recomforteth ſomewhat his wo full heart.

IF care do cauſe men crye, why doe not I complaine,
If eche man doe bewaile his wo, why ſhew I not my paine?
Syuce that amongſt them all I dare wel ſaye is none,
So farre from weale, ſo full of wo or hath more cauſe to mone.
For all thinges hauyng lyfe ſometyme hath quiet reſt,
The bearyng Aſſe, the drawyng Oxe, and euery other beaſt.
The peaſant and the poſt, that ſerues at all aſſayes,
The ſhipboy and the gallay ſlaue, haue time to take their eaſe
Saue I, alas, whome care of force ſo doth conſtrayne,
To wayle the day and wake the night continually in payne.
From penſiuenes to plaint, from plaint to bitter teares,
From teares to painfull plaint againe, & thus my lyfe it weares.
Nothyng vnder the ſunne that I can heare or ſee,
But moueth me for to bewayle my cruell deſteny:
For where men do reioyce ſince that I cannot ſo,
I take no pleaſure in that place, it doubleth but my woe.
And when I heare the ſound of ſong or inſtrument,
Me thinke eche tune there dolefull is, and helpes me to lament.
And yf I ſee ſome haue theire moſte deſired ſight,
Alas thynk I eche man hath weale ſaue I moſt woful wight.
Then as the ſtriken Deare withdrawes himſelf alone,
So doe I ſeke ſome ſecret place where I maye make my mone.
There do my flowyng eyes ſhew forth my meltyng harte
So ỹ the ſtremes of thoſe two wels right wel declare my ſmart,

And

And in those cares so could I force my selfe a heate,
As sicke men in their shaking fittes procure themselfe to sweate,
with thoughtes that for the tyme do much appease my payne,
But yet they cause a farther feare, and brede my woe agayne.
Me thynke within my thought I see right playne appere,
My harts delight, my sorowes leche, myne earthly goddesse here
With euery sundry grace that I haue seene her haue,
Thus I within my wofull brest her picture paint and graue.
and in my thought I roll her beauties to and fro,
Her laughing chere, her liuely looke, my heart that perced so,
Her straungenes whan I sued her seruaunt for to be,
And what she saide, and how she smylde when that she pitied me:
Then comes a sodaine feare that rueth all my rest,
Lest absence cause forgetfulnes to sinke within her brest.
For when I think how farre this earth doth vs deuide,
Alas, me semes loue throwes me down, I fele how that I slide.
But when I thinke agayne, why should I thus mistrust,
So swete a wight so sad and wyse, that is so true and iust.
For both she was to loue, and wauering is she not,
the farther of, the more desyre thus louers trie their knot,
So in dispayre and hope plunged am I both vp and downe
As in the ship with wynd & waue when Neptune list to frowne
But as the watery showers delay the raging wynde,
So doth good hope cleane put away dispayre out of my mynde:
And bydes me for to serue and suffer paciently
For what wot I that after weale that fortune willes to me.
For those that care do knowe and tasted haue of trouble
When passed is their wofull payne eche ioy shal seme thē double.
And bitter sendes she now to make me tast the better,
The pleasant swete when that it comes to make it seme ȳ sweter.
And so determine I to serue vntil my breath,
yea rather dye a thousand tymes then once to faile my fayth.
And yf my dedly corps through weight of wofull smart,
Do fayle or faint, my will it is that still she kept my hart.
And when this carcas here to earth shalbe refard,
I do bequeath my wered gost to serue her afterward.

The meanes to attaine happy life.

Martial

MArtiall the thinges that do attaine
The happy life, by theſe I finde,
the riches left, not got with paine,
the fruitful ground, the quiet minde:
The egall frend no grudge no ſtrife,
No charge of rule nor gouernaunce,
without diſeaſe the healthfull life,
the houſhold of continuance:
The meane diet no delicate fare,
true wiſedome ioinde with ſimpleneſs,
The night diſcharged of all care,
wher wine the wit may not oppreſſe:
The faithfull wife without debate,
Such ſlepes as may beguile ỹ night,
Content thy ſelf with thine eſtate,
Ne wiſh for death ne feare his might.

Praiſe of manne and conſtant eſtate.

OF thy life Thomas, this compaſſe well marke
Not aye with full ſayles the hye ſeas to beate,
Ne by coward dred, in ſhonning ſtormes darke,
On ſhallow ſhores thy keel in perill fret.
Who ſo gladly haſteth the golden meane
Voide of daungers aduiſedly hath his home
Not with lothſome mucke, as a den vncleane
Nor palace like, wherat diſdaine may glome,
The lofty pine the great winde often rues,
with violenter ſwey taine turrets ſtepe,
Lightnings aſſaut the high mountaines, & cliues,
A hart well ſtayde, in ouerthwartes depe,
Hoapeth amendes in ſwete, doth feare the ſowre
God that ſendeth, withdraweth winter ſharpe,
No will not aye thus, once Phebus to lowre,
With bowe vnbent, ſhall ceſſe, & frame to harpe
His voice, in ſtraite eſtate appeare thou ſtout
And ſo wiſely when lucky gale of winde
All thy puft ſailes ſhall fill, ſoke well about,
take in a rift, hall in waſt, profe doth fynde.

Praiſe

Songes

Praise of certaine psalmes of Dauid translated by sir T. W. the elder.

The great Macedone, that out of Persie chased,
Darius of whose huge power all Asia rong,
In the riche arke Dan Homers rimes he placed,
Who fained gestes of heathen princes song.
What holy graue? what worthy sepulchre
To wyats psalmes should christias then purchase
Where he doth paint the lively faith and pure,
The stedfast hope, the sweete returne to grace
Of iust Dauid by perfit penitence,
Where rulers may see in a mirrour cleare,
The bitter fruite of false concupiscence,
How Jewry bought Vrias death full deare.
In princes hartes Gods scourge imprinted deepe,
Ought them awake out of their sinfull sleepe.

Of the death of the same sir T. W.

DIuers thy death doo diuersly bemone,
Some that in presence of thy liuelihed
Lurked, whose brests enuy with hate hath swolne,
yelde Ceasars teares vppon Pompeious hed
Some that watched with the murderers knife,
With eager thirst to drinke the guiltles blood,
Whose practise brake by happy end of life,
With enuious teares to heare thy fame so good
But I, that knew what harbred in that hed,
what vertues rare were tempred in that brest,
Honour the place that such a iewel bred,
And kisse the ground whereas the corps doth rest,
With vapored eies, frō whence such streames auaile,
As Piramus did on Thisbes brest bewaile.

Of the same.

What resteth here, that quicke could neuer rest,
Whose heauenly giftes encreaseth by disdayne.

And

And vertue sanke the deper in his brest,
Such profite he by enuy could obtaine,
A hed, where wisdome misteries did frame,
whose hammers bet still in that liuely braine,
As on a stithe, wher that some woorke of fame
was dayly wrought, to turne to Brittaines gaine.
A visage sterne, & milde, where both dyd growe,
Vice to contemne, in vertue to reioice
Amid greate stormes, whome grace assured so,
To liue vpright, and smile at fortunes choyce:
A hand, that taught, what might be said in rime,
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit:
A marke, the which (inparfited for time)
Some may approche, but neuer none shal hit:
A tong, that serued in forein realmes his king,
whose courteous talke to vertus did inflame
Eche noble hart, a worthy guide to bring
Our english youth, by trauaile vnto fame.
An eye, whose indgement none affect could blinde,
Frindes to allure, and foes to reconcile,
whose persing looke did represent a minde
with vertue fraught, repoled voyde of guile.
A hart, where dreade was neuer so impresst,
To hide the thought that might the troth auance,
In neyther fortune lost, nor pet represt,
To swel in wealth, or yelde vnto mischaunce.
A valiant corps, wher force and beautie met,
Happy, alas, to happy, but for foes,
Liued, and ran the race, that nature set,
Of manhodes shape, where she the molde did lose.
But when to the heauens that simple soule is fled,
which left with such as couet Christ to knowe,
Witnes of faith, that neuer shalbe dead,
Sent for our health but not receiued so:
Thus for our gilt, this iewel haue we lost,
The erth his bones, the heauens possesse his ghost.

Of the same.

IN the rude age when knowledge was not rife,
If Ioue in Crete and other were that taught,

Artes to conuert to profit of our life,
Wend after death to haue their temple sought
If vertue yet no voyde vnthankfull time,
Fayled of some to blast her endles fame,
A goodly meane both to deferre from crime,
And to her steppes her sequele to enflame:
In dayes of truth if Wyats frindes then wayle,
The onely det that dead of quicke may claime,
That rare wit spent, employed to our auaile,
Where Christ is taught we led to vertues traine.
His liuely face their brests how did it freat,
Whose cinders yet, with enuy they do eate.

Of Sardanapalus dishonorable life, and miserable deathe.

THassirian king in peace with foule desire,
And filthy lustes, that staynde his regall hart,
In warre that should set princely hartes on fire,
Did yeld, vanquisht for want of marciall art.
The dynt of swordes from knees seemed strange,
And harder, than his ladies side, his targe,
From glotton feastes, to souldiers fare, a change,
His helmet farre aboue a garlandes charge,
Who scarce the name of manhod did retaine,
Drenched in slouth, and womannish delight
Feble of spirite, impacient of paine,
When he had lost his honor, and his right
Proud time of welth, in stormes appeald & dreade,
Murdred himselfe, to shew some manfull deede.

How no age is content with his owne estate, and how the age of children is the happiest if they had skill to vnderstand it.

Layd

LYed in my quiet bed, in studie as I were,
I saw within my troubled hed, a heape of thoughtes appere:
And euery thought did shewe so liuely in myne ies,
That now I sight, & thé I smilde, as cause of thoughtes did rise.
I saw the little boy, in thought how oft y he
Did wishe of god, to scape the rod, a tall yong man to be.
The yong man eeke that feeles his bones with paines oppressed
How he would be a riche olde man to liue and lie at rest.
The riche olde man that sees his end drawe on so soze,
How he would be a boy againe to liue so muche the moze:
Whereat full oft I smilde, to see how all these three.
From boy to man, from man to boye would chop & change degree
And musing thus, I thinke the case is very strange.
That man from wealth, to liue in woe, doth euer seke to change.
Thus thoughtful as I lay I saw my withered skynne,
How it doth shew my dented cheekes, the flesh was worne to thin
And eke my toothles chaps, the gates of my right way,
That opes and shittes as I do speake do thus vnto me say:
The white and hozish heres the messenger of age.
That shew like lines of true belief, that this life dooth assuage.
Wyddes the lay hand, and feele them hanging on thy chin
The which do write twoe ages past, the third now coming in.
Hang vp therefore the bitte, of thy yong wanton time,
And thou that therein beaten art, the happiest life define.
Whereat I sighed, and said, farewell my wonted ioy,
Trusse vp thy packe, and trudge from me, to euery little boy.
And tell them thus from me, their time most happy is,
If to their time they reason had, to know the truth of this,

Bonum est mihi quod humiliasti me.

THe stormes are past these cloudes are ouerblowne
And humble chere, great rigour hath repressed,
For the defaut is set a paine for knowne,
And patience graft in a determed brest,
And in the heart where heapes of griefes were growne
The swete reuenge hath planted mirth and reste
No company so pleasant as mine owne.
Thraldome at large hath made this prison free,
Danger well past remembred workes delight,

Of lingering doubtes such hope is sprong pardie,
That nought I finde displeasaunt in my sight:
But when my glasse presented vnto me
The curelesse wound that bleedeth day and night,
To thinke (alas) such hap should graunted be
Unto a wretch that hath so oft been shed,
For Brittaines sake (alas) and now is ded.

Exhortation to learne by others trouble.

My Ratelife, when the recheleste youth offendes,
Receiue thy scourge by others chastisment,
For such calling, when it workes none amendes
Then plagues are sent without aduertisement.
yet Salomon said, the wronged shall recure,
But Wyat said true, the scarre doth ay endure.

The fansie of a weried louer.

The fansie, which that I haue serued long,
That hath alway been enemy to mine ease,
Semed of late to rue vpon my wrong,
And badde me flie the cause of my misease,
And I foorthwith did preasse out of the throng,
That thought by flight my painfull hart to please
Some other way, till I saw faith more strong,
And to my selfe I said: alas, those dayes
In vaine were spent, to runne the race so long,
And with that thought, I met my guide, that plaine
Out of the way wherein I wandered wrong
Brought me amiddes the hilles in base Bullayn,
Where I am now, as restles to remaine,
Against my will, full pleased with my paine.

SVRREY

The louer for shamfastnes hideth his desire within his faithful hart.

The one long loue, & in my thought I harber.
And in my hart doth kepe his residence,
Into my face preaseth with bold pretence:
And there campeth.displaieth his banner.
She that me learnes to loue, and to suffer,
And willes that my trust, and lustes negligence,
Be reyned by reason, shame and reuerence.
with his hardynesse takes displeasure.
Wherewith loue to the hartes forest he fleeth,
Leauing his enterprise with paine and crye,
And there him hideth and not appeareth,
what may I doe? When my maister feareth
But in the side with him to liue and dye.
For good is the life, ending faithfully.

The louer waxeth wiser, and wil not die for affection.

YEt was I neuer of your loue agreued,
Nor neuer shal, while that my life doth last:
But of hating my selfe, that date is past,
And teares continually sore hath me wered,
I wil not yet in my graue be buried,
Nor on my tombe your name haue fixed faste
As cruell cause, that did my spyte soone hast
From vnhappy bones by great sighes stirred.
Then if an hart of amorous faith & wyll
Content your minde without doing griefe:
Please it you so to this to doe relieue.
If otherwise you seke for to fulfill
Your wrath, you erre, & shal not as you wene,
And you your selfe the cause thereof haue beene.

The abused louer seeth his folly, and entendeth to trust no more.

WAs neuer file yet halfe so wel yfild,
To file a file for any smithes intent,
As I was made a filing instrument.
To frame other while that I was begiled:
But reason loe, hath at my folly smiled,
And pardoned me sins that I me repent
Of my lost yeres, & of my time mispent:
For youth led me, & falshode me misguided,
yet this trust I haue of greate apparance,
Sins that deceit aye returnable,
Of very force it is agreable,
That therewithall be done the recompence
When gyle begiled, plaind should be neuer
And the reward is litle trust for euer.

The louer describeth his being striken with sight of his loue.

THe liuely sparkes, that issue from those eyes
Against the which there vaileth no defence,
Haue perst my hart, and done it none offence,
With quaking pleasure more then once or twise
Was neuer man could any thing deuise,
Sunne beames to turne with so great vehemence
To dase mans sight, as by theire bright presence
Dased am I, much like vnto the gyle
Of one striken with dint of lightninge,
Blinde with the stroke, & crying here & there,
So cal I for helpe, I not when nor where,
The paine of my fal paciently hearinge,
For straight the blase (as is no wounder)
Of deadly noyse heare I the fearful thunder.

The

The wauering louer willeth, and dreadeth, to moue his desire.

SUch vaine thought, as wonted to misleade me
in desert hope by well assured mone,
Makes me from company to liue alone,
In following her whome reason biddes mee flee,
And after her my hart would fame be gone,
But armed sighes my way do stop anone,
Twixt hope and dread lacking my libertie,
So flyeth she by gentle, crueltie,
yet as I geasse vnder disdainful brow
One beame of ruth is in his cloudy looke,
which comforts ỹ mind, ỹ earste for feare shooke
That bolded straight, the way then seeke I how
To vtter forth the smart I vide within,
But such it is, I not how to begin.

The louer hauing dreamed enioying of his loue complaineth that the dreame is not either longer or truer.

VNstable dreame according to the place,
Be stedfast ones, or els at least be true,
By tasted sweetenesse, make me not to rew
By good respect in such a dangerous case,
Thou broughtest not her into these tossing seas,
But madest my spirit to liue, my care encrease,
My body in tempest her delight embrace,
The body dead, the spirit had his desire,
Paineles was thone, the other in delight,
Why then alas, did it not kepe it right,
But thus returne to leape into the fyer,
And where it was at wish, could not remaine?
Such mockes of dreames to turne to deadly pain

The louer vnhappy biddeth happy louers reioice in may, while he wayleth that month to him most vnlucky.

YE that in loue finde lucke & sweete abondance,
And liue in lust of ioyfull iolitie,
Aryse for shame, do way your sloggardy,
Aryse I say doe May some obseruaunce,
Let me in bed lye, dreming of mischance,
Let me remember my mishappes vnhappy.
That me betide in May most commonly,
Is one whom loue list little to aduaunce.
Stephan said true that my nativitie
Mischaunced was with the ruler of May:
He gest (I proue) of that the veritie,
In May my welth, and eke my wittes I say
Haue stand so oft in such perplexitie,
Joy, let me dreame of your felicitie.

The louer confesseth him in loue with Phillis.

IF waker care, if sodeine pale colour,
If many sighes with little speche to plaine,
Now ioy, now wo, if they my chere distaine,
For hope of smal, if much to feare therefore,
To hast or slake, my pace to lesse or more
Be signe of loue, then do I loue againe,
If thou aske whom, sure sins I did refraine,
Brunet that set my welth in such a roze,
Thunfained chere of Phillis hath the place
That Brunet had, she hath and euer shall,
She from my self now hath me in her grace,
She hath in hand my wit, my will and all:
My hart alone well worthy she doth stay,
Without whose help scant do I liue a day.

Of

Of others fained sorow, and the louers fained mirth.

CEsar when that the traitour of Egipt
With thonorable head did him present
Couering his hartes gladnesse, did represent
Plaint with his teares outward, as it is writ.
Eke Hannibal when fortune him out shit
Clene from his reigne, and from al his entent,
Laught to his folke, whom sorow did torment,
His cruell dispite for to disgorge and quite:
So chaunced me, that euery passion
The minde hydeth by colour contrary,
With fained visage, now sad, now mery.
Whereby if that I laugh at any season,
It is because I haue none other way
To cloke my care, but vnder sport and playe.

Of change in minde

EChe man me teith, I change most my deuise
And on my faith, me thinke it good reason
To change purpose, like after the season:
For in eche case to kepe stil one guise,
Is meete for them that would be taken wise.
And I am not of such maner condition,
But treated after a diuers fashion,
And thereupon my diuersenesse doth rise.
But you this diuersenesse that blame men most,
Change you no more, but stil after one rate
Create you me wel, and kepe you in that state:
And while & me doth dwel this weried ghost
Wy word nor I shal not be variable,
But alwaies one, your owne both firme and stable.

How the louer perisheth in his delight, as the fly in the fier.

SOme fowles there be ỹ haue no perfite sight,
Against the sunne their eyes for to defend,
And some because the light doth them offend,
Neuer appeare, but in the darke or night:
Other retoyse, to see the fire so bright,
And wene to play in it, as they pretend,
But finde contrary of it, that they entend.
Alas of that sort may I be by right:
For to withstand her looke I am not able,
yet can I not hide me in no darke place,
So folowth me remembrance of that face,
That with my teary eyen, swolne, and unstable.
Wy desteny to behold her doth me leade,
And yet I know I runne into the glead.

Against his tong that failed to vtter his suites

BEcause I stil kept the from lyes and blame,
And to my power alwaies the honoured,
Unkind tong, to yll hast thou me rendred,
For such desert to do me wreke and shame:
In neede of succour most when that I am,
To aske reward, thou standest lyke one affrayd,
Alway most colde, and if one word be saide
As in a dreame unperfite is the same,
And ye salt teares, against my wil eche night,
That are with me when I would be alone.
Then are ye gone, when I shoulde make my mone
And ye so ready sighes, to make me shright,
Then are ye slacke, when that ye should out start
And onely doth my looke declare my hart.

Description of the contrarious passions in a louer.

I Fynd no peace, and al my warre is done,
I feare and hope, I burne, and frust like yse,

I flye a loft, yet can I not arife,
And nought I haue, al the world I feafon.
That locketh not, loſeth, holdeth me in priſon,
And holdes me nat, yet can I ſcape no wife,
Nor lettes me liue, nor die, at my deuyſe,
And yet of death it geueth me occaſion.
without eye I ſee, without tong I plaine
I wiſh to periſh, yet I aſke for helth,
I loue another, and I hate my ſelfe,
I fede me in ſorow, & laugh in all my pain,
Lo, thus diſpleaſeth me both death and life,
And my delight is cauſer of this ſtrife.

The louer compareth his ſtate to a ſhip in perilous ſtorme toſſed on the ſea

My gally charged with forgetfulneſſe,
Through ſharp ſeas, in winter nights doth paſſ
Twene rocke, & rocke and eke my foe (alas)
That is my lord, ſtereth with crueltie,
And euery houre, a thought in readineſſe,
As though that death were light in ſuch a caſe,
And endleſſe wind doth teare the ſaile apace
Of forced ſighes & truſty fearefulneſſe,
A raine of teare, a cloude of dark diſdaine
Haue done the wery coardes great hinderaunce,
Wretched with errour and with ignorance
The ſtarres be hidde, ſ lead me to this paine
Drounde is reaſon ſ ſhould be my comforte
And I remaine, diſpairing of the porte.

Of doubtful loue.

A Wyſing the bright beames of thoſe faire eyes.
where he abides that mine oft moiſtes & waſteth
The wery minde ſtraight from ſ hart departeth
To reſt within his worthy Paradiſe.

And

And bitter findes the ſweete, vnder his giſe.
what webbes there he hath wrought, wel he perceiueth,
Whereby then with himſelfe on loue he plaineth,
That ſpurs with fire, and bridleth eke with yſe,
In ſuch extremity thus is he broughte,
Froſen now cold, and now he ſtandes in flame
Twixt wo and welth: betwixt earneſt and game,
With ſeldome glad, and many a diuers thought,
In ſore repreſentance of his hardineſſe,
Of ſuch a roote loe commeth fruite fruiteleſſe.

The Louer ſheweth how he is forſaken of ſuch as he ſomtime enioyed.

They flee from me, that ſometime did me ſeke,
With naked foote ſtalking within my chamber.
Once haue I ſene them gentle, tame & meke
That now are wilde, & doe not once remember
That ſometime they haue put them ſelues in dãger
To take bread at my hand, & nowe they range
Buſely ſeking in continual change.
Thanked be fortune, it hath bene otherwiſe
Twenty times better, but once eſpecial
In thine aray, after a pleaſant gyſe
When her looſe gowne did from her ſhoulders fall
And ſhe me caught in her armes long & ſmall
And therewithall ſo ſwetely did me kiſſe,
And ſoftly ſayd: deare hart, how lyke you this?
It was no dreame, for I lay brode awaking,
But al is tourned now through my gentleneſſe,
Into a bitter faſhion of forſaking:
And I haue leaue to goe of her goodneſſe
And ſhe alſo to vſe new fangleneſſe,
But ſins that I vnkindly ſo am ſerued:
How like you this, what hath ſhe now deſerued?

The Lady to aunſwere directly with yea or no.

Madame

MAdame, withouten many woordes
Once I am sure, you will, or no,
And if you wil, thē leaue your boordes,
And vse your wit, and shewe it so,
For with a beck you shall me call,
And if of one, that burnes alway,
Ye haue pittie, or ruth at all:
Answer him faire with yee or nay.
If it be nay, frindes as before,
you shall another man obtaine,
And I mine owne, & yours no more.

To his loue whom he had kissed against her will.

ALas madam, for stealing of a kisse,
Haue I so muche your minde therin offended:
Or haue I done so grieuously amisse,
That by no meanes it may not be amended:
Reuenge you then, the readiest way is this,
Another kisse my life it shall haue ended,
For to my mouth the first my hart did sucke,
The next shal cleane out of my brest it plucke.

Of the iealous man that loued the same woman and espied this other sitting with her.

THe wandering gadling in the sommer tyde,
That findes the adder with his retchles foote,
Startes not dismayde so sodenly aside,
As iealous despite did, though there were no boote
When that he sawe me sitting by her side,
That of my helth is very crop and roote.

It

It pleased me then to haue so faire a grace,
To sting ye hart ye woulde haue mye place:

To his louer from whom he had hir gloues.

What nedes these threatning words, & wasted winde?
Al this cannot make me restore my pray,
To robbe your good, ywis is not my minde
Nor causelesse your faire hand did I displaye,
Let loue be iudge, or els whom next we finde,
That may both heare what you and I cā say,
She reft my hart, and I a gloue from her,
Let vs see then, if one be worthe the other.

Of the fained friende.

Ryght true it is, and sayd full yore agoe,
Take hede of him that by the back the clawetb,
For none is woorse then is a frindly foe,
Though thee seeme good, al thing that the deliteth
Yet know it wel, that in thy bosome crepeth,
For many a man such fire oft times he kindlethe,
That with the blase his beard himselfe he singeth.

The louer taught mistrusteth allurementes.

IT may be good, like it who list.
But I do doubt who can me blame
For oft assured, yet haue I mist,
And now againe I fere the same.
The woordes, ye from my mouth last came,
Of sodeyn change make me agast
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.
Alas I treade an endles mase
That seke taccorde two contraries,
And hope thus still, & nothing hase,

Impriſoned in liberties,
Is one vnheard, and ſtill that cries,
Alwais thirſty, & nought doth taſt,
For dread to fall I ſtand not faſt.
Aſſured I doubt I bee not ſure,
Should I then truſt vnto ſuch ſurety
That oft hath put the proſe in vre,
And neuer yet haue found it truſty?
May for in faith, it were great folly,
And yet my life thus do I waſt,
For dread to fall, I ſtand not faſt.

The louer complaineth that his loue doth not pittie him.

REſound my voyce ye woods, & heare me plaine
Both hilles and vales cauſing reflexion
And riuers eke, record ye of my paine,
Which haue oft forced ye by compaſſion,
As iudges to to heare my exclamacion.
Among whom, ruth (I finde) yet doth remaine,
Where I ſeeke, alas, there is diſdaine.
Oft ye riuers, to heare my wofull ſound,
Haue ſtopt your cours, and plainly to expreſſe,
Many a teare by moiſture of the ground,
The earth hath wept to heare my heauineſſe,
Which cauſeleſſe I endure without redreſſe.
The hugy okes haue roared in the winde,
Eche thing me thought complaining in their kinde:
Why then alas, doth not ſhe on me rue,
Or els is her hart ſo hard that no pittie,
May in it ſink, my ioy for to renewe?
O ſtony hart, who hath thus framed thee
So cruell? that art cloked with beautye,
That from thee may no grace to me procede,
But as reward, death for to be my mede.

The louer reioyſeth againſt fortune that by hindering his ſute had happely made him forſake his folly.

In

IN faith I wote not what to say,
Thy chaunces bene so wonderous
Thou fortune with thy diuers playe
That makest the ioyful i dolorous,
yet though thy chaine hath me enwrapte
Spite of thy hap, hap hath wel hapt.
Though thou hast set me for a wonder,
And seekest by chaunge to doe me paine,
Yens mindes yet maist thou not so order,
For honestie if it remaine,
shall shine for all thy cloudy raine.
In vaine thou sekest to haue me trapt,
Spite of thy hap, hap hath wel hapt.
In hindering me, me didst thou further
And made a gap, where was a stile,
Cruel wiles been oft put vnder,
wenning to lower, then didst thou smile,
Lord, how thy self thou didst begyle:
That in my cares would haue me wrapt,
But spite of hap, hap hath wel hapt.

A renouncing of hardely escaped loue.

FArewel the hart of cruelty,
Though that with paine my liberty
Deare haue I bought, and wofully
Finishe my feareful tragedy,
Of force I must forsake such pleasure,
A good cause iust, since I endure
Thereby my wo, which be ye sure,
Shall therwith go me to recure.
I fare as one escapt that sleeth,
Glad is he gone, and yet shil feareth
Spied to be caught and so dredeth
That he for nought his pain leeseth
In ioyful pain, reioyce my hart,
Thus to sustain of eche a parte.

Let

Let not this ſong from thee eſtart,
welcome among my pleaſant ſmart.

The louer to his bed, with diſcribing of his vnquiet ſtate.

THe reſtfull place, reuuer of my ſmart,
The labours ſalue, encreaſing my ſorow,
The bodies eaſe, and troubler of my hart
Quieter of mynd, mine vnquiet foe,
Forgetter of paine, remembrer of my woe,
The place of ſlepe, wherin I do but wake,
Beſprent with teares, my bed, I the forſake.
The frosty ſnowes may not redreſſe my heat
Nor theate of ſunne abate my feruent colde,
I know nothing to eaſe my paine ſo great,
Eche cure cauſeth encreaſe by twenty folde,
Renewing cares vpon my ſorowes old,
Such ouerthwart effectes in me they make
Beſprent with teares, my bed for to forſake.
But all for nought, I find no better eaſe
In bed or out, this moſt cauſeth my paine,
where I do ſeeke how beſt that I may pleaſe
My loſt labour (alas) is all in vaine,
My heart once ſet, I cannot it refraine,
No place from me my griefe away can take,
Wherefore with teares, my bed I the forſake.

Compariſon of loue to a ſtreame falling from the Alpes.

FRom theſe hye hilles as when a ſpring doth fall
It trilleth downe with ſtill and ſutle courſe
Of this and that, it gathers aye and ſhall,
Til it haue iuſt downe flowed to ſtreames force
Then at the foote it rageth ouer all:
So fareth loue, when he hath tane a courſe,
Rage is his raine, Reſiſtance vaileth none,
The firſt eſchue is remedy alone.

Songes

VVyates complaint vpon loue to reason, with loues aunswer.

Myne olde dere enemy, my frowarde maister,
Afore that Queene, I cause to be assisted,
which holdeth the diuine part of our nature,
That like as golde, in fire he mought be tried,
Charged with dolour, there I me presented,
With horrible feare, as one that greatly dreadeth
A wrongful death and iustice alway seketh.
And thus I said: Once my left foote, Madam
when I was yong, I set within his raigne:
Whereby other then direly burning flame,
I neuer felt, but many a grieuous paine
Torment I suffred anger and disdaine:
That mine oppressed pacience was past,
And I myne owne life hated at the last.
Thus hitherto haue I my time passed
In paine and smart, what waies is profitable,
How many pleasant dayes haue me escaped,
In seruing this false lyer so deceiuable:
What wit haue wordes so prest and forceable,
That may containe my great mishappinesse:
And iust complaintes of his vngentlenesse:
So small hony, much aloes, and gall,
In bitternesse, my blinde life hath ytasted,
His false semblaunce, that turneth as a ball,
With faire & amorous daunce, made me be traced,
And when I had my thought, & minde erased
From earthly frailnesse, & from vaine pleasure,
Me from my rest he tooke, & set in errour.
God made he me regard lesse then I ought,
And to my selfe to take right litle hede:
And for a woman haue I set at nought,
All other thoughtes, in this only to spede.
And he was only counseller of this dede,
Whetting alwaies my youthly fraile desire
On cruell whetstone, tempered with fire.
But (oh alas) where had I euer wit:

Or

Or other gift geuen to me of nature:
That sooner shalbe changed my weried sprite,
Then the obstinate will, that is my ruler.
So robbeth he my fredome with displeasure,
This wicked traytour, whom I thus accuse,
That bitter life hath turned in pleasant vse.
He hath me hasted, through diuers regions:
Through desert woodes, and sharpe hie mountaines
Through froward people, and through bitter passions
Through rocky seas, and ouer hilles and plaines:
With wery trauell, and with laborous paines,
alwayes in trouble and in tediousnesse
All in errour, and daungerous distresse.
But nother he, nor she my tother foe,
For all my flight, did euer me forsake:
That though my timely death hath been to slowe
That me as yet, it hath not ouertake:
The heauenly Gods of pittie do it slake,
And note they this his cruel tiranny
That feedes him with my care, and misery.
Sins I was his, hower rested I neuer,
Nor looke to doe, and eke the waky nightes,
The banished sleepe may in no wise recouer
By guyle and force, ouer my thralled sprites
He is ruler, sins which bell neuer strikes,
That I heare not as sounding to renue
My plaints, him selfe, he knoweth that I say true.
For neuer wormes olde rotten stocke haue eaten,
As he my hart where he is resident
And doth the same with death dayly threaten,
Thence come the teares, & thence the bitter tormēt
The sighes the woordes & eke the languishment,
That noy doth me, and parauenture other,
Judge thou that knowest the one, and eke ẏ other.
Myne aduersarie with such greuous reproofe,
Thus he began, heare Lady, tother part:
That ẏ plain trough, frō which he draweth alloofe,
This vnkinde man may shew, ere that I part,
In his yong age, I toke him from that art,
That felleth woordes, & make a clattering knight,
And of my welth I gaue him the delight.
Now shames he not on me for to complaine.

That held him euermore in pleasant game,
From his desire that might haue ben his paine,
yet thereby alone I brought him to some frame
Which now as wretchednes, he doth so blame,
And toward honour quickned I his wit,
whereas a dastard els he might haue sit.

He knoweth how great Atride that made Troy
And Hannibal to Rome so troubelous, (great,
whom Homer honoured Achilles that great,
And Thaffricane Scipion the famous,
And many other by much honour glorious,
whose fame and actes, did lift them vp aboue,
I did let fall in base dishonest loue.

And vnto him though he vnworthy were,
I chose the best of many a Million,
That vnder Sunne yet neuer was her pere
Of wisedome, womanhod, and of discretion,
And of my grace I gaue her such a facion,
And eke such way I taught her for to teache,
that neuer base thought his hart so hie might reach

Euermore thus to content his maistresse
That was his onely frame of honestie,
I stirred him still toward gentlenesse,
And caused him to regard fidelitie,
Pacience I taught him in aduersitie
Such vertues learned he in my great schole,
whereof repenteth now the ignorant foole.

These were the same deceites and bitter gall,
That I haue vsed, the torment and the anger,
Sweter then euer did to other fall.
Of right good seede, if fruite so thus I gather,
And so shall he that the vnkinde doth further,
A serpent nourish I vnder my wing,
And now of nature ginneth he to sting.

And for to tell, at last, my great seruice,
From thousand dishonesties haue I him drawen,
That, by my meanes him in no maner wise,
Neuer vile pleasure once hath ouerthrowen,
wher in his dede shame hath him alwaies gnawen,
Douting report that should come to her eare,
whom now he blames, her wonted he to feare.

What euer he hath of any honest custome,

Of

Of her, and me, that holdes he euery whit.
But loe, yet neuer was there nightly fantome
So farre in errour, as he is from his wit,
To plain on vs, he striueth with the bit,
which may rule him and doe him eaſe and paine,
And in one howꝛ, make al his griefe his gaine.
But one thing yet there is aboue al other,
I gaue him winges, wherewith he might vp flye
To honour and fame, and if he would to higher
Then moꝛtal thinges, aboue the ſtarry ſkye.
Conſidering the pleaſure, that an eye
Might geue in earth, by reaſon of the loue,
What ſhould that be that laſteth ſtil aboue:
And he the ſame himſelfe hath ſaid ere this,
But now, fogotten is both that and I.
That gaue him her his onely wealth and bliſſe
And at this woꝛd, with deadly ſhreke and crye
Thou gaue her once (quod I) but by and by
Thou tooke her ayen from me, that wo woꝛth the
Not I, but price, moꝛe woꝛth than thou (quod he.)
At laſt, eche other foꝛ himſelfe, concluded,
I trembling ſtill, but he, with ſmal reuerence,
Loe, thus as we eche other haue accuſed,
Dere Lady, noẅ we waite thine onely ſentence.
She ſmiling, at the whiſted audience,
It liketh me, quod ſhe, to haue heard̄e your queſtiō.
But longer time doth aſke a reſolution.

The louers ſorowful ſtate maketh him write ſorowful ſonges, but Such, his loue may change the ſame.

MAruel no moꝛe altho
The ſonges I ſing do mone
Foꝛ other life then woe
I neuer proued none.
And in my hart alſo
Is grauen with letters deepe
A thouſand ſighes and mo
A flood of teares to weepe.

How many a man in smart
Find matter to reioyce:
How many a morning hart
Set forth a pleasant voice:
Play who so can that part,
Nedes must in me appere,
How fortune ouerthwart
Doth cause my morning chere.
Perdy ther is no man,
If he saw neuer sight,
That perfitly tell can,
The nature of the light.
Alas how shoulde I than,
That neuer tast but sowre.
But do as I began,
Continually to lowre.
But yet parchance some chance
May chance to change my tune.
And when (Such) chance doth chāce
Then shal I thanke fortune.
And if I haue (Such) chance
Perchance or it be long,
For (Such) a pleasant chance,
To sing some pleasant song.

The louer complaineth him selfforsaken.

Where shal I haue at mīe owne will
teares to cōplaīe: where shal I set
Such sighe: that I may sigh my fill,
And then againe my plaintes repete,
For though my plaint shal haue none
my teares cānot suffise my woe (ende
To mone my harme, haue I noe frēd
For fortunes frend, is mishappes foe
Comfort (God wot) els haue I nōe,
But in ẏ wind to wast my woordes
Nought moueth you my dedly mone,
But stil you turne it into boordes.

I speake

I ſpeake not how, to moue your hart
That you ſhould rue vpon my paine.
The ſentence geuen may not reuert,
I knowe ſuch labour were but vain.
But ſins that I for you (my dere)
Haue loſt that thing, that was my beſt
A right ſmall loſſe it muſt appere,
To leſſe theſe wordes, and all the reſt.
But though they ſparkel in the wind
Yet ſhall they ſhew your faithed faith
Which is returned to his kinde.
For like to lyke, the prouerbe ſaith.
Fortune, and you did me aduance,
Me thought I ſwam, and could not drowne,
Happieſt of all but my miſchaunce
Did lift me vp, to throw me downe.
And you with her, of cruelneſſe
Did ſet your foote vpon my necke,
Me and my welfare to oppreſſe,
Without offence your hart to wrecke.
Where are your pleaſant wordes (alas)
Where is your faith: your ſtedfaſtneſſe:
There is no more but all doth paſſe,
And I am left all comfortleſſe:
But ſins ſo much it doth you greue,
And alſo me my wretched lyfe,
Haue here my trouth, Nought ſhal releue,
But deathe alone, my wretched ſtrife.
Therefore farewell, my lyfe, my death,
My gayne, my loſſe, my ſalue, my ſore,
Farewell alſo with you my breath:
For I am gone for euermore.

Of his loue that pricked her finger with a nedle.

She ſate & ſowed that hath done me ye wrong,
wherof I plain, and haue done many a day:
And, whileſt ſhe heard my plaint, in pitcous ſong

She wisht my hart the sampler that it lay.
The blinde mauster, whom I haue serued so long
Grudging to heare, that he did heare her say,
Made her owne weapon do her finger bleede,
Lo sele, if pricking were so good in dede.

Of the same

What man hath heard such crueltie before,
That when my plaint remēbred her my wo
That caused it, she cruell more, and more,
wished eche stitch, as she dit sit and sow,
Had prickt my heart, for to encrease my sore.
And as I thinke, she thought it had been so,
For as she thought, this is his heart in dede,
She pricked hard and made her self to bleede.

Request to Cupide for reuenge of his vnkinde loue.

Behold Loue, thy power how she despyseth,
My greuous paine, how litle she regardeth
The solemne othe, wherof she takes no cure,
Broken she hath and yet she bydeth sure
Right at her ease, and litle there she dredeth.
weaponed thou art, and she vnarmed sitteth
To disdainfull, all her lyfe she leadeth
To me spitefull, without iust cause or measure,
Behold Loue, how proudly she triumpheth,
I am in hold, but if she pitie meueth,
Go, bend thy bow, that stony harres breaketh,
And with some stroke, reuenge the greate displeasure
Of the, and him that sorow doth endure.
And as his Lorde the lowly her entreateth.

Complaint for true loue vnrequited

What vaileth trouth, or by it to take paine
To ſtriue by ſtedfaſtneſſe for to attain
How to be iuſt, and flee from doubleneſſe,
Since all alike, where ruleth craftineſſe,
Rewarded is both crafty, falſe, and plaine:
Honeſt he ſpedes, that moſt can lie and faine,
True meaning hart is had in hight diſdaine,
Againſt deceit and cloked doubleneſſe
what vaileth trouth, or perfite ſtedfaſtneſſe.
Deceiued is he, by falſe and crafty traine
That meanes no gile, and faithful doth remain
within the trap. Without helpe or redreſſe,
But for to loue lo ſuch a ſterne maiſtreſſe,
where cruelty dwelles, alas it were in vaine.

The louer that fled loue, now folowes it with his harme.

Sometime I fled the fire that me ſo brent,
By ſea, by land, by water, and by winde,
And now the coles I folowe, that be quent.
From Douer to Cales, with willing mind,
Lo how deſire is both ſprong, and ſpent,
And he may ſee, that wilome was ſo blinde,
And al this laboure laughes he now to ſcorne,
Waſhed in the brers that erſt was onely corne,

The louer hopeth of better chaunce.

He is not dead, that ſometime had a fall,
The ſunne returnes, ỹ hid was vnder cloude
And when fortune hath ſpit out al her gall
I truſt good lucke to me ſhalbe allowed,
For I haue ſene a ſhip in hauen fal,
After the ſtorme hath broke both maſt & ſhrowd,
The willow eke that ſtoupeth with the winde
Doth riſe againe, and greater wood doth binde.

The

The louer compareth his hart to the ouer charged gonne.

The furious gonne in his most raging yre,
When that the boule is rammed in to sore,
And that the flame cannot part from the fire
Crackes in sunder and in the ayre do rore
The sheuered peces: So doth my desire.
Whose flame encreaseth aye from more to more
which to let out, I dare not loke, nor speke,
So inward force my hart doth al to breake.

The louer suspected of change praieth that it be not beleued against him.

Accused though I bee, without desert,
Sith none can proue, beleue it not for true,
For neuer yet, since that you had my hart,
Intended I to false, or bee vntrue.
Sooner I would of death sustaine the smart,
Then breake one word of that I promised you
Accept therefore my seruice in good part.
None is a line, that can il tonges eschew.
Hold them as false, and let not vs depart
Our frendship old, in hope of any new,
Put not thy trust in such as vse to faine,
Except thou mind to put thy frend to paine.

The louer abused renounceth loue.

My loue to scorne, my seruice to retaine.
Therein me thought you vsed cruelty,

Since

Since with good will I loſt my libertye,
Might neuer woe yet cauſe me to refraine,
But onely this which is extremitie,
To geue me nought (alas) nor to agree
That as I was your man I might remaine,
But ſince that thus ye liſt to order mee
That would haue bene your ſeruant true and faſt
Diſpleaſe you not, my doting time is paſt,
And with my loſſe to leaue I muſt agree
For as there is a certaine time to rage,
So is there time ſuch madnes to aſſwage.

The louer profeſſeth himſelfe conſtant

WIthin my breſt I neuer thought it game,
Of gentle mindes the fredome for to loſe
Nor in my hart ſanke neuer ſuch diſdaine,
To be a forger, fautleſſe for to diſcloſe:
Nor I cannot endure the truth to gloſe
To ſet a gloſe vpon an earneſt paine.
Nor I am not in number one of thoſe,
That liſt to blow retreate to euery retaine.

The louer ſendeth his complaintes and teares to ſue for grace.

PAſſe forth my wounted crues,
Thoſe cruel cares to pearce,
Which in moſt hateful wiſe
Doe ſtil my pleintes reuerſe.
Doe you, my teares, alſo
So wet her baraine heart:
That pittye there may growe,
And cruelty depart.
For though hard rockes among

She semes to haue ben bred.
And of the Tiger long
Bene nourished and fed.
Ye shal not nature change,
If pitty once win place
Whom as vnknowen and strange
She now away doth chase.
And as the watter soft,
Without forcing or strength
Where that it falleth oft
Hard stones doth perce at length:
So in her stony hart
My plaintes at last shal graue.
And rigour set apart
Winne graunt of that I craue.
Wherefore my plaintes, present
Still so to her my sute,
As ye through her assent
May bringe to me some fruite.
And as shee shal me proue,
So bid her me regarde,
And render loue for loue,
which is a iust rewarde.

The louers case cannot be hidden how euer he dissemble.

YOur lokes so often cast
your eyes so frendly rolde,
your sight fixed so fast,
Alwaies one to beholde:
Though hide it faine ye woulde,
It plainely doth declare,
who hath your hart in holde,
And where good wil ye bare.
Faine would ye finde a cloke,
your brēning fire to hide,
yet both the flame and smoke
Breaketh out on euery side.

ye

ye can not loue ſo guide,
That it no iſſue winne,
Abrode nedes muſt it glide,
That brennes ſo hote within.
For cauſe your ſelfe do wink,
ye iudge all other blinde,
And ſecret it you think,
which euery man doth finde,
In waſt oft ſpende ye winde
your ſelf in loue to quit,
For agues of that kinde
will ſhew who hath the fit.
Your ſighes you fet from farre
And all to wry your wo,
yet are ye nere the narre
When are not blinded ſo.
Depely oft ſwere ye no,
But al thoſe othes are vaine,
So well your eye doth ſhew,
who puttes your hart to paine.
Think not therefore to hide,
That ſtill it ſelfe betraies,
Nor ſeeke meanes to prouide
To darke the ſunny dayes.
Forget thoſe wonted wayes,
Leaue of ſuch frowning chere,
There will be found no ſtayes,
To ſtoppe a thing ſo clere.

The louer praith not to be diſdained, refuſed, miſtruſted, nor forſaken.

DIſdaine me not without deſert,
Nor leaue me not ſo ſodenly,
Since well ye wot, that in my hert
I meane ye not but honeſtly.
Refuſe me not without cauſe why
For think me not to be vniuſt

Since

Since that by lott of fantasie,
This carefull knot nedes knit I must.
Mistrust me not, though some there be,
That fayne would spot my stedfastnesse:
Beleue thym not, sins that ye se,
The proke is not as they expresse.
Forsake me not till I deserue,
Nor hate me not till I offende:
Destroy me not till that I swerue,
But sins ye know what I entende,
Disdaine me not that am your owns
Refuse me not, that am so true,
Mistrust me not till all be knowen,
Forsake me not, now for no new.

The louer lamenteth his estate with sute for grace.

FOr want of will in wo I playne,
Under colour of soberneſſe,
Renewing with my sute my payne,
My wanhope with your stedfastnesse.
Awake therefore of gentlenesse,
Regard at length I you require,
My swelling paines of my desire.
Betimes who geueth willingly,
Redoubled thankes aye doth deserue.
And I that sue vnfaynedly,
In fruitles hope, alas do sterue,
How great my cause is for to swerue,
And yet how stedfast is my sute,
Lo here ye se where is the fruite.
As hound that hath his keper lost,
Seke I your presence to obtayne,
In which my hart delighteth most
And shall delight though I be slaine.
you may release my hande of payne,
Lose then the care that makes me crye,
For want of helpe or els I dye,

I dye

I dye, though not incontinent,
By proceſſe yet conſummingly,
As waſte of fire, which doth relent,
If you as wilfull will deny.
Wherefore ceaſe of ſuch cruelty,
And take me wholy in your grace,
Which lacketh will to change his place,

The louer waileth his changed ioyes,

YF euery man might him auant
Of fortunes friendly cheere,
It was my ſelfe I muſt it graunt,
For I haue bought it dere,
And derely haue I held alſo
The glory of her name,
In yelding her ſuch tribute, lo,
As did ſet forth her fame.
Sometime I ſtode ſo in her grace
That as I would require,
Eche ioy I thought did me embrace,
That furdered my deſire,
And all thoſe pleaſures, lo, had I,
That fanſie might ſupport,
And nothing ſhe did me deny,
That was vnto my comfort.
I had (what would you more perdy)
Ech grace that I did craue,
Thus fortunes will was vnto me
All thing that I would haue.
But all to rathe alas the while,
She built on ſuch a ground,
In litle ſpace, to great a guile,
In her now haue I found.
For ſhe hath turned ſo her wheele.
That I vnhappy man
May wayle the time that I did feele
Wherewith ſhe fed me than.
For broken now are her beheſtes
And pleaſant looke ſhe gaue,

And

And therfore now all my requestes,
From peril can not saue.
Yet woulde I well it might appeare
To her my chief regard,
Though my desertes haue ben to deere
To merite such reward.
Sins fortunes will is now so bent.
To plague me thus poore man,
I must my selfe therewith content,
And beare it as I can.

To his loue that hath geuē him aunswer of refusall.

The aunswer that ye made to me my deare
When I did sue for my poore hartes redresse,
Hath so appalde my countenaunce & my chere,
That in this case, I am al comfortlesse,
Sins I of blame no cause can well expresse,
I haue no wrong, wher I can claime no right
Nought tane me fro, wher I haue nothing had
Yet of my wo, I cannot so be quite,
Namely sins that another may be glad,
With that, that thus in sorow makes me sad.
Yet none can claime (I say) by former grant.
That knoweth not of any graunt at all.
And by desert, I dare well make auaunt,
Of faithfull will, there is no where that shall
Beare you more trueth, more ready at your call.
Now good then call a gaine that bitter worde
That toucht your frēd so nere ye pangues of pain
And say my dere that it was said in borde,
Late, or to sone, let it not rule the game.
Wherwith free will, doth true desert retaine.

To his Lady, cruel ouer her yelden louer.

Such

SMch is the courſe that natures kinde hathe wrought,
that ſnakes hath time to caſt awaye their ſtinges,
Againſt chaind priſoners what neede defence be tought,
the fierce lion wil hurt no yelding thinges,
why ſhould ſuch ſpight be nurſed then by thought?
Sith al theſe powers are preſt vnder thy wings,
And eke thou ſeeſt, and reaſon thee hath taught
what miſchief malice many waies it brings,
Conſider eke, ỹ ſpight auaileth nought,
Therefore this ſong thy fault to thee it ſinges
Diſpleaſe the not, for ſaying thus (me thought)
Nor hate thou hī frō whō no hate foorth ſprings
For furies that in hell bee execrable,
For that they hate, are made moſt miſerable.

The louer complaineth that deadlie ſicknes cannot helpe his affection.

THe enemy to life, decaier of all kinde.
ỹ with his colde withers away the greene,
this other night me in my bed did finde.
And offred me to rid my feuer clene
And I did graunt, ſo did diſpaire me blinde,
He drew his bowe with arowes ſharp and keene,
And ſtrake the place where loue had hit before,
And draue the firſt dart deeper more and more.

The louer reioyceth the enioying of his loue.

OMee as me thought, foortun me kiſt,
And bad mee aſke what I thought beſt.
And I ſhould haue it as me liſt.
Therewith to ſet my hart in reſt.
I aſked but my ladies hart,
to haue for euermore mine owne,
Then at an end were all my ſmart,
then ſhould I nede no more to mone:

Yet for all that a stormye blast
Had ouerturnd this goodly nay:
And fortune semed at the last
That to her promise she saide nay.
But like as one out of dispaire,
to sodeyne hope reuiued I:
Now fortune shewed her selfe so faire,
that I content me wonderously.
My most desire my hand mye reache.
My wil is alway at my hande,
We nede not long for to beseche
Her ỳ hath power me to commaunde.
What earthly thing more can I craue?
What would I wish more at my wil
Nothing on earth more, would I haue,
Saue that I haue, to haue it stil.
For fortune now hath kept her promesse
In graunting me my most desire
Of my soueraigne I haue redresse,
And I content me with my hire.

The louer complaineth the vnkindnes of his loue.

My lute awake perfourme the laste
Labour that thou and I shall wast:
And end that I haue now begonne,
And when this song is song and past,
My lute be still, for I haue done.
As to be heard where eare is none.
As leade to graue in marble stone,
My sōg may pearce her hart as sone,
Should we then sigh, or sing, or mone?
No, no, my lute, for I haue done.
The rockes do not so cruelly
Repulse the waues continually,
As she my suite and affection:
So that I am past remedy,
Wherby my lute and I haue done.
Proude of ỳ spoile that thou hast gotte

Of

Of simple hartes through loues shot,
By whō vnkind thou hast them wonne,
thinke not he hath his bowe forgot
although my lute and I haue done.
Vengeaunce shall fall on thy disdaine
that makest but game on earnest paine,
thinke not alone vnder the sunne,
Vnquit to cause thy louers plaine,
Although my lute and I haue done.
Way chaunce thee lye withered and olde,
In winter nightes that are so colde,
Plaining in vaine vnto the mone,
Thy wishes then dare not be tolde,
Care then who list for I haue done.
And then may chaunce thee to repent
the time that thou hast lost and spent,
to cause thy louers sighe and swowne
then shalt thou knowe beauty but lent,
And wishe and want as I haue done.
Now cease my lute this is the laste
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that we begonne,
Now is this song both song and paste,
My lute be still for I haue done.

How by a kisse he found both his life and death.

NAture that gaue the Bee so feat a grace
To find honey of so wondrous a fashiō,
Hath taught the spider out of ỹ same place
to fetche poyson by straunge alteration,
though this be straūge, it is a stranger case
with one kisse by secret operation,
Both these at once in those your lips to find
In chāge wherof, I leaue my hart behind

The louer describeth his being taken with sight of his loue.

Vnwarely so was neuer no man caught,
With stedfast looke vpon a goodly face,
As I of late, for sodainly me thought
My hart was torne out of his place,
Thorow mine eye the stroke from hers did slide
And downe directly to my hart it ranne,
In helpe whereof the bloud thereto did glide.
And left my face both pale and wanne.
Then was I like a man for wo amazed.
Or like the foule that flieth into the fire.
For while that I vpon her beauty gased,
The more I burnde in my desire.
Anone the bloud start in my face agayne,
Inflamde with heate, that it had at my hart,
and brought therwith thoroughout in euery vaine
A quaking heat with pleasaunt smart.
Then was I like the straw, when ỹ the flame,
Is driuen therein, by force & rage of winde,
I cannot tell alas, what I shall blame,
Nor what to seeke, nor what to finde.
But well I wot, ỹ griefe doth holde me fore,
In heat & colde, betwixt both hope and dread,
That but her help to health do me restore,
this restlesse life I may not leade.

To his louer to looke vpon him.

ALl in thy looke my life doth whole depend,
thou hidest thy selfe, and I must die therefore,
But since thou maist so easely helpe thy frende,
Why doest thou stick to salue ỹ thou made sore.
Why do I die? since thou maiest me defend,
And if I die, thy life may last no more.
For eche by other doth liue and haue relefe,
I in thy looke, and thou most in my griefe.

The

The louer excuſeth him of wordes wherewith he was vniuſtlie charged.

pErdy I ſaide it not,
Nor neuer thought to doe,
As wel as I ye wot
I haue no power thereto
And if I did the lot
That firſt did me enchaine,
May neuer ſlake the knot,
But ſtraite it to my paine:
And if I did eche thinge
That may doe harme or woe,
Continually may wring
My hart where ſo I goe.
Report may alwaies ring
Of ſhame on me for aye,
If in my hart did ſpring
The words that you do ſay.
And if I did, eche ſtarre
that is in heauen aboue,
May frowne on me to marre
The hope I haue in loue
And if I did ſuch warre
As they brought vnto Troy,
Bring al my life as farre
From al his luſt and ioye.
And if I did ſo ſay,
the beauty that me bounde,
Encreaſe from day to day
More cruel to my wounde,
with al the mone that may,
To plaint may turne my ſong,
My life may ſone decaye
Without redreſſe by wrong.
If I be cleare from thought,
Why do you then complaine?
Then is this thing but ſought,
To turne my hart to paine.

Then this that you haue wrought,
you must it now redresse,
Of right therefore you ought
Such rigour to represse.
And as I haue deserued,
So graunt me now my hyre.
you knowe I neuer swerued,
you neuer found me lier.
For Rachel haue I serued
For Lea carde I neuer,
And her I haue reserued
within my hart for euer.

Of such as had forsaken him.

LAr my faire faulcon, and thy fellowes al,
How wel pleasant it were your libertie,
ye not forsake my, that faire mought you fal,
But they sometime liked my companye,
Like lyce away from dead bodies they crall.
Lo, what a proofe in light aduersitie,
But ye my birdes, I swere by al your belles,
yee be my frendes, and very fewe elles.

A prescription of such a one as he would loue.

A Face that should content me wounderous wel,
Should not be faire, but louely to behold,
Of liuely looke all griefe for to repell
with right good grace, so would I that it shoulde
Speake without woord, such woords as none can tel
Her tresse also should be of crisped golde,
with wit and these, perchaunce I might by tryde,
And knit againe with knot that shoulde not slide.

How vnpossible it is to finde quietnes in loue.

EVer my hap is ſlack and ſlow in comming
Deſire encreaſing ay my hope vncertaine.
with doubtfull loue that but encreaſeth paine
For Tiger like ſo ſwift it is in parting,
Alas the ſnow black ſhall it be ſcalding,
the ſea waterleſſe and fiſhe vpon the mountaine,
the temmes ſhal back retourne into his fountaine,
And where he roſe the ſunne ſhal take his lodging,
Ere I in this finde peace or quietneſſe,
Or that loue, or my lady right wiſely
Leaue to conſpire againſt me wrongfully
And if I haue after ſuch bitterneſſe,
One drop of ſwere, my mouth is out of taſte,
That all my truſt and trauell is but waſte.

Of loue, fortune and the louers minde.

LOue fortũe', and my mynde, which do remẽber
Eke that is now, and that once hath bene.
Torment my hart ſo ſore that very often
I hate and enuy them beyond all meaſure,
Loue ſleeth my hart whũe fortune is depriuer
Of al my comfort, the fooliſh minde than
Burneth and plameth, as one that very ſeldome
Liueth in reſt, ſo ſtill in diſpleaſure
My pleaſant dayes they flete and paſſe.
And dayly doth mine yll change to the worſe,
While more then halfe is runne now of my courſe,
Alas not of ſtele, but of brittle glaſſe,
I ſee that from my hand falleth my truſt,
And all my thoughts ar daſhed into duſte.

The louer prayeth his offred hart to be receiued.

HOw oft haue I, my dere and cruell foe,
With my great paine to get from peace or truce
Geuen you my hart: but you do not vſe,
In ſo high thinges, to caſt your mynde ſo low.

If any other loke for it, as you trow,
Their vaine weake hope doth greatly them abuse,
And that thus I disdain, that you refuse,
It was once mine, it can no more be so,
If you it chafe, that it in you can finde
In this exile, no maner of comfort,
Nor liue alone, nor where he is calde resort,
He may wander from his natural kinde.
So shal it be great hurt vnto vs twaine,
And yours the losse, and myne the deadly pain

The louers life compared to the Alpes.

LIke vnto these vnmesurable mountaines,
So is my painfull life the burden of yre,
For hye be they, and hye is my desire,
And I of teares, and they be full of fountaines.
Vnder craggy rockes they haue barren plaines,
Hard thoughtes in me my woful mynd doth tire,
Small fruit & many leaues their toppes do attire
With smal effect great trust in me remaines.
The boisteous winds oft their high boughs do blast
Hotte sighes in me continually be shed,
Wilde beastes in them, fierce loue in me is fed,
Vnmoueable am I, and they stedfast,
Of singing birdes they haue the tune and note,
And I alwaies plaintes passing through my throte.

Charging of his loue as vnpiteous and louing other.

IF amorous faith, or if an hart vnfained
A swete langour, a great louely desire,
If honest will kindled in gentle fire,
If long errour in a blinde maze chained,
If in my visage eche thought distained,
Or my speaking voice, lower, or hyer,

Which feare and ſhame, ſo wofully doth tyre,
If pale colour, which loue alas hath ſtained,
If to haue another then my ſelfe more dere,
If wailing or ſighing continually,
With ſorowful anger feding buſily
If burned farre of, and if friſing nere,
Are cauſe that I by loue my ſelfe deſtroy,
Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

A renouncing of loue.

FArre wel loue, and al thy lawes for euer,
Thy baited hookes ſhal tangle me no more,
Senec and Plato cal me from thy loue,
To perſit weith my wit for to endeuer.
In blinde errour when I did perſeuer,
Thy ſharp repulſe that pricketh ay ſo ſore,
Taught me in trifles that I ſet no ſtore,
But ſcape forth thence, ſince liberty is lieſer.
Therefore fare wel, go trouble yonger hartes,
And in time claime no more authoritie.
With ydle youth goe vſe thy propertie,
And thereon ſpend thy many brittle dartes,
For hitherto though I haue loſt my time,
Me liſt no longer rotten bowes to clime.

The louer forſaketh his vnkinde loue.

My hart I gaue the not to doe it paine,
But to preſerue, loe it to thee was taken.
I ſerued thee not that I ſhoulde be forſaken,
But that I ſhould receiue reward againe.
I was content thy ſeruant to remaine,
And not to be repaied on this faſhion.
Now ſince in thee there is none other reaſon,
Diſpleaſe the not, if that I doe refraine,
Vnſaciat of my wo, and thy deſire,
Aſſured by craft for to excuſe thy fault,
But ſince it pleaſeth the to faine default,

Fare

Farewell I say departing from the fire,
For he that doth beleue bearing in hand,
Ploweth in the water and soweth in the sand.

The louer describeth his restlesse state.

The flaming sighes that boile within my brest
Sometime breake forth & they can wel declare
The hartes vnrest and how that he doth feare
The paine therof the griefe and al the rest.
The shatered eyen from whence the teares do fall
Do feele some force or els they would be dry.
the wasted flesh of colour dead can try
And sometime tel what sweetenesse in the gall.
And he that lust to see and to discerne,
How care can sore within a wearied mind.
Come he to me, I am that place assinde.
But for al this no force it doth me harme,
the wound alas happe in some other place,
From whence no toole away the skarre can race.
But you which of such like haue had your part
Can best be iudge, wherefore my frend so dere,
I thought it good my state should now appere
to you and that there is no greate delart.
And whereas you in weighty matters great,
Of fortune saw the shadow that you knowe,
For trifling thinges I now am striken so
that though I feele my hart doth wound and beate,
I sit alone saue on the second day,
My feuer comes, with whom I spend my time
In burning heate while that she list assigne.
And who hath helth and libertye alwaye,
Let him thanke God and let him not prouoke
To haue the like of this my paineful stroke.

The louer lamentes the death of his loue.

The piller perisht is whereto I lent,
The strongest stay of mine vnquiet minde,

The

The like of it no man againe can finde
From Eaſt to weſt ſtil ſeeking though he went,
To mine owne happe for happe aſway hath rent,
Of al my ioye the very barke and rinde,
And I (alas) by chaunce am thus aſſinde,
Daily to morne til death do it relent.
But ſince that thus it is by deſteny,
what can I more but haue a woful hart,
My penne in plaint, my voice in careful cry,
My minde in wo, my body full of ſmart,
And I my ſelfe, my ſelfe alwaies to hate,
Til dreadful death do eaſe my doleful ſtate.

The louer ſendeth ſighes to mone his ſuite.

GO burning ſighes vnto the froſen hart,
Go breake the Iſe which pities painful dart
Might neuer pearce, and if that mortal prayer
In heauen be heard, at leaſt yet I deſire.
That death or mercy end my woful ſmart.
Take with the paine, whereof I haue my part,
And eke the flame from which I cannot ſtart:
And leaue me then in reſt I you require.
Goe burning ſighes fulfil that I deſire.
I muſt goe wooꝛke I ſee my craft and art,
For truth and faith in her is laide aparte.
Alas, I cannot therefore now aſſaile her,
with pitiful complaint and ſcalding fier,
That from my breſt diſceiuably doth ſtart.

Complaint of the abſence of his louer

SO feble is the threde, that doth the burden ſtaye,
Of my poore life in heauy plight, that faileth in decay,
That, but it haue elſewhere ſome aide or ſome ſuccour,
The running ſpindle of my fate anone ſhal ende his courſe,
For ſince thunhappy hower, that did me to depart,
From my ſwete weale one onely hope hath ſtaied my life aparte,
which doth perſwade ſuch wordes vnto my ſored minde.

Main-

Maintaine thy selfe O wofull wight, some better lucke to finde
For though thou be depriued from thy desired sight,
who can the tel, if thy returne be for thy more delight:
Or who can tel thy losse, if thou mayest once recouer:
So pleasant hour thy wo may wrap & thee defende, & couer.
Thus in this trust as yet it hath my life sustained,
But now (alas) I see it faint, and I by trust am trayned.
The time doth flete, & I see how the houres doe bende
So fast, that I haue scant the space to marke my comming ende.
Westward the sunne from out the Easte scant shewes his lyghte,
When in the west he hies him strait, within the darke of night.
And comes as fast, where he began his path awry,
From East to west, from west to East so doth his iourney lye.
The life so short so fraile that mortal meune liue here,
So greate a weight so heauy charge, the bodies that We bere
That when I thinke vpon the distaunce and the space,
that doth so farre diuide me from my dere desired face:
I knowe not how tattaine the winges that I require,
To lift me vp, that I might flye, to follow my desire.
Thus of that hope, that doth my life some thing sustaine,
Alas, I feare, and partly feele, ful little doth remaine.
Eche place doth bring me griefe where I doe not beholde
Those liuely eyes, which of my thoughts were wõt ẏ keis to hold.
Those thoughts were pleasant swete, whilst I enioyed ẏ grace,
Wy pleasure past, my present paine, when I might wel embrace.
And, for because my want should more my wo encrease:
In watch and slepe, both day and night, my will doth neuer ceasse
That thing to wishe, whereof since I did lose the sight,
Was neuer thinge ẏ mought in ought my wofull hart delight,
Thuneasy lyfe I leade doth teache me for to mete
The flouds, the seas, the land, the hils ẏ doth them entermete
Twene me, and those shene lightes, that wonted for to clere
Wy darked pãgs of cloudy thoughts, as bright as Pheb⁹ sphere
It teacheth me also what was my pleasant state,
The more to feele, by such record how that my welth doth hate,
If such record (alas) prouoke thenflamed minde,
which sprong that day, that I did leue the best of me behind,
If loue forgeat himselfe, by length of absence let,
who doth me guide (O wofull wretch) vnto his baited net:
where doth encrease my care, much better were for me,
As dumme as stone al thinge forgot ful absent for to be.
Alas, the clere chrystal, the bright transpiendant glasse,

Doth

Doth not bewray the colours hid, which vnderneth it haſe:
Is doth thaccumbred ſpryte the thoughtfull throwes diſcouer,
Of teares delite, of feruent loue, that in our hartes we couer,
Out by theſe eyes, it sheweth that euermore delight,
In plaint and teares to ſeeke redreſſe, and eke both day & night
Thoſe kindes of pleaſures moſt wherein men ſo reioyce,
to me they do redouble ſtill of ſtormy ſighes the boyce.
For I am one of them, whom plaint doth well content,
It fits me well my abſent wealth me ſeemes for to lament,
And with my teares, taſſay to charge myne eyes twayne,
Like as my hart aboue the brinke is fraughted full of payne.
And for becauſe thereto, that theſe faire eyes do treate,
Do me prouoke, I will returne, my plaint thus to repeate.
For there is nothing els, ſo toucheth me within,
where they rule all, and I alone nought but the caſe or ſkin.
wherefore I ſhall returne to them, as well, or ſpring.
From whom deſcendes my mortall wo, aboue all other thing.
So ſhall myne eyes in paine accompany my hart,
That were the guides, that did it leade of loue to feele the ſmart.
The criſped gold, that doth ſurmount Appollos pride,
The liuely ſtreames of pleaſant ſtarres that vnder it doth glide,
Wherein the beames of loue do ſtill encreaſe their heate,
which yet ſo farre touche me to nere, in colde to make me ſweate
The wiſe and pleaſant talke ſo rare, or els alone
That gaue to me the curteys gift, that erſt had neuer none,
Be farre from me, alas, and euery other thing,
I might forbeare with better will, then this that did me bring
With pleaſaunt woord and cheere, redreſſe of lingred paine,
And wonted oft in kindled will to vertue me to traine.
Thus am I forſt to heare, and harken after newes,
My comfort ſcant, my large deſire in doubtfull truſt renewes.
And yet with more delite to mone my wofull caſe,
I muſt complain thoſe hands, theſe armes & firmely do embrace
me from my ſelfe, and rule the ſterne of my poore life,
The ſwete diſdaines the pleaſant wraths, & eke the louely ſtrife,
that wonted well to tune in temper iuſt and mete,
the rage, that oft did make me erre, by furour vndiſcrete,
All this is hid fro me, with ſharpe and raged hilles,
As others will my long abode, my depe diſpaire fulfilles.
And of my hope ſometime riſe vp, by ſome redreſſe,
It ſtumbleth ſtreite, for feable faint, my feare hath ſuch exceſſe.
Such is the ſort of hoape, the leſſe for more deſire,

And

And yet I truſt ere that I die, to ſee that I require.
The reſting place of loue, where vertue dwelles and growes,
There I deſire my wery life, ſometime may take repoſe.
Thy ſong thou ſhalt attaine, to finde the pleaſaunt place
Wher ſhe doth liue, by whō I liue, may chaūce to haue this grace
When ſhe hath read, and ſene the griefe, wherein I ſerue,
Betweene her breſtes ſhe ſhall thee put, there ſhall ſhe the reſerue.
Then tell her, that I come, ſhee ſhall me ſhortly ſee,
And if for waight the body faile, the ſoule ſhall to her flee.

The louer blameth his loue for renting of the letter he ſent her.

SUffiſed not (Madame) that you did teare,
My wofull hart, but this alſo to rent,
The weping paper that to you I ſent,
Whereof eche letter was written with a teare
Could not my preſent paines (alas) ſuffiſe
your greedy hart? and that my hart doth feele
Tormēts ẏ prick more ſharper then the ſteele.
But new and new muſt to my lot ariſe?
Vſe then my death, ſo ſhall your crueltie,
Spite of your ſpite rid me from all my ſmart,
And I no more ſuch torments of the hart
Feele as I doe, this ſhall you gaine thereby.

The louer curſeth the time when firſt he fell in loue.

WHen firſt mine eies did view and marke
Thy faire beauty to beholde,
And when my eares liſtned to harke
The pleaſant wordes that thou me tolde,
I would as then I had been free,
From eares to heare and eyes to ſee.
And when my lips gan firſt to mone,
Where by my hart to thee was knowne,
And when my tong did talke of loue,

To

To thee ỹ hast true loue down throwne
I would my lippes and tongue also
Had then ben bounde, noe deale to goe.
And whē my hands haue handled ought
That they haue kept in memory,
And when my feete haue gone & sought,
To finde and get thy company,
I would eche hand a foote had ben,
And I eche foote a hand had seene,
And when in minde I did consent,
To follow this my fansies will,
And when my hart did first relent,
To taste such bayte my life to spill,
I would my hart had bene as thine,
Or els thy hart had bene as mine.

The louer determineth to serue faithfully.

SInce loue wil nedes, that I shal loue,
Of verye force I must agree.
And since no chaunce may it remoue
In wealth and in aduersitie.
I shall alway my selfe applie,
To serue and suffer pacientlye,
Though for good wil I finde but hate,
And cruelly my life to waste,
And though that stil a wretched state,
Should pine my daies vnto the last:
yet I professe it willingly
To serue and suffer pacientlye.
For since my hart is bound to serue,
And I not ruler of my owne,
what so befal, til that I sterue,
By proofe full well it shalbe knowne
That I shal stil my selfe applye
To serue and suffer pacientlye.
Yea though my griefe finde no redresse,
But still encreate before mine eies,
Though my reward be crueltie,
With all the harme, happe can deuise,

Yet I profesſe it willingly,
To ſerue and ſuffer paciently
yea though fortun her pleaſat face
Shouid ſhew to ſet me vp a lofte,
and ſtraight my welth for to deface
ſhould wythe away, as ſhe doth oft
yet would I ſtil my ſelfe apply
To ſerue and ſuffer pacientiy.
Ther is no grief, no ſmart no wo,
That yet I feele, or after ſhall,
that frō this mind may make me go
And whatſoeuer me befall,
I doe profeſſe it willingly
To ſerue and ſuffer pacientiy.

The louer ſuſpected blameth euil tonges.

MIſtruſtful mindes be moued
To haue me in ſuſpect,
The trouth it ſhalbe proued,
which time ſhal once detect:
Though falſhed go about
Of crime me to accuſe,
At length I doe not dout
But truth ſhal me excuſe.
Such ſauce as they haue ſerued
To me without deſert,
Euen as they haue deſerued,
therof God ſend them part.

The louer complaineth and his lady comforteth.

Louer. IT burneth yet alas my hartes deſire.
Ladye. What is the thing that hathe enflamed thy harte?
Louer. A certaine point as feruent as the fyre,
Ladye. The he at ſhal ceaſe, if that thou wilt conuert,
Louer. I cannot ſtop the feruent raging yre.

what

La. What may I do, if thy self cause thy smart?
Lo. Heare my request, and rew my weping chere.
La. With right good will say on, lo, I the here.
Lo. That thing would I, that maketh to content,
La. Thou seekest, perchaunce of me, that I may not,
Lo. Would God, thou wouldest, as thou maist, wel assent
La. That I may not the grieke is mine, God wot,
Lo. But I it feele, what lo thy wordes haue ment,
La. Suspect me not, my wordes be not forgot,
Lo. Then say, alas shall I haue helpe or no.
La. I see no time to aunswer, yea, but no.
Lo. Say, yea, dere hart, and stand no more in doubt,
La. I may not grant a thing that is so dere,
Lo. Lo, with delayes thou driuest me still about.
La. Thou wouldest my death it plainely doth appere,
Lo. First, may my hart his blood, and life blede out,
La. Then for my sake, alas thy will forbeare.
Lo. From day to day, thus wasteth my life away.
La. yet for the best sucker some small delay,
Lo. Now good, say yea, do once so good a deede,
La. If I said yea, what should thereof ensue?
Lo. In heart in paine of succour so should speede
Twixt yea, and nay, my dout shall still renew.
My swete, say yea, and do away this drede.
La. Thou wilt needes so, beit so, but then be trewe,
Lo. Nought would I els, nor other treasure none,
Thus hartes be woone by loue, request and mone,

VVhy loue is blinde.

OF purpose, loue chose first for to be blinde,
For he with sight of that, that I beholde,
Vanquisht had ben, against all godly kind.
His bow your hand, and trusse should haue vnfold.
And he with me to serue had ben assinde;
But, for he blind, and reckelesse would him holde,
And still, by chaunce, his dredy strokes beshow,
With such, as see. I serue, and suffer woe

To his vnkind loue.

What rage is this: what furour: of what kinde:
What power: what plague doth wery thus my minde
within my bones to rankle is allinde,
What poyson pleasant swete:
Lo, see, myne eyes flow with continuall teares
The body still away slepeleſſe it weares,
My foode nothing my fainting strength repaires
Nor doth my lymmes sustaine.
In depe wide wound, the dedly stroke doth turne
To cureleſſe sharre that neuer shall returne
Go to, triumph, reioyce the goodly turne,
Thy frend thou doest oppresse.
Oppresse thou doest, and hast of him no cure,
Nor yet my plaint no pitie can procure.
Fierce Tyger, fell hard rocke without recure,
Cruell rebell to loue.
Once may thou loue, neuer beloued agayne,
So loue thou still, and not thy loue obtaine,
So wrathfull loue, with spites of iust disdaine,
May threat thy cruell hart.

The louer blameth his instant desire.

Desire (alas) my maister, and my foe,
So sore altered thy selfe, how maist thou see
Sometime thou seekest, and drivest me to and fro,
Sometime thou leadest, that leadeth thee and mee,
What reason is to rule thy subiectes so
By forced law, and mutabilitie:
For where by thee I doubted to haue blame,
Euen now by hate againe I doubt the same.

The louer complaineth his estate.

I See, that chaunce hath chosen mee,
Thus secretly to liue in paine.
And to another geuen thee free,

Of

Of all my losse to haue the gayne,
By chaunce alsinde thus do I serue,
And other haue that I deserue.
Unto my selfe sometime alone
I do lament my wofull case,
But what auaileth me to mone,
Since trouth and pitie hath no place
In them, to whom I sue and serue,
And other haue what I deserue.
To seeke by meane to chaunge this minde
Alas, I proue it wil not bee,
For in my hart I cannot finde,
Once to refrayne, but still agree,
As bound by force, alway to serue:
And other haue that I deserue.
Such is the fortune that I haue,
To loue them most, that loue me lest,
And to my paine to seeke and craue
The thing, that other haue possest.
So thus in vayne alway I serue,
And other haue that I deserue.
And till I may appease the heate,
If that my happe will happe so well,
To wayle my wo my hart shall freate
whose penslike paine my tong can tell,
Yet thus vnhappy must I serue,
And other haue that I deserue.

Of his loue called Anna.

What woord is that, that chãgeth not
Though it be turnde and made in
It is mine Anna, God it wot, (t)waine
The onely cauſer of my paine.
My loue that medeth with disdaine,
Yet is it loued, what will you more:
It is my salue, and eke my sore.

That pleasure is mixed with euery paine

Venemous thornes that are so sharpe and kyne,
Weare flowers we see full freshly and faire of hue
Poyson is also put in medicine,
And vnto man his health doth oft renue.
The fier that all thinges eke consumeth clene
May hurt and heale, then if that this be true,
I trust sometime myharme may be my health.
Sins euery woe is ioyned with some wealth.

A riddle of a gift geuen by a ladie.

A Lady gaue me a gift she had not,
And I receiued her gift which I take not.
She gaue it me willingly and yet she would not,
And I receiued it, albeit, I coulde not,
If she geue it me, I force not,
And if she takes it againe she cares not.
Conster what this is, and tell not,
For I am fast sworne I may not.

That speaking or profering bringes alway speding.

S Peake thou & spede where will or power ought helpeth
Where power doth want, will must be wonne by wieth.
For nede will spede, where will worthes not his kinde.
And gayne thy foes thy frendes shall cause thee fynd.
For sute and golde, what doe not they obtayne?
Of good and bad the triers are these twayne.

He

He ruleth not though he reigne ouer realmes, that is subiecte to his owne lustes.

If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruel will, and see thou keepe thee free
From the foule yoke of sensuall bondage,
For though thine empire stretche to Indea sea,
And for thy feare trembleth the fardest Thules
If thy desire haue ouer thee the power,
Subiect then art thou and no gouernour.
If to be noble and highe thy mind be moued,
Consider wel thy ground and thy beginning,
For he that hath eche starre in heauen fixed,
And geues the Mone her hornes and her eclipsing
Alike hath made the noble in his working,
So that wretched no way may thou be,
Except foule lust and vice do conquere thee.
Al were it so thou had a flood of golde,
Unto thy thrist yet should not suffice,
And though with Indean stones a thouland folde,
More precious then can thy selfe deuise,
Ycharged were thy backe, thy coyntise,
And busy biting yet should neuer let,
Thy wretched lyfe, ne do thy death profet.

whether libertie by losse of life, or life in prison and thraldome be to be preferred.

Lyke as the birde within the cage encloled.
The doze vnsparred, her foe the hawke without,
Twixt death and prison piteously oppressed,
Whether for the chose standeth in dout,
Lo so do I which feare to bring about,
Which should be best by determination,
By losse of life liberty, or life by prison.
O mischiefe by mischiefe to be redressed,
Where paine is best, there lyeth but little pleasure

By short death better to be deliuered,
Then byde in painefull lyfe, thraldome, and dolour.
Smale is the pleasure, where much paine we suffer
Rather therefore to chose me thinketh wisedome,
By losse of life libertie, then life by prison.
And yet me thinkes although I liue and suffer
I doe but waite a time and fortunes chance,
Oft many thinges doe happen in one hower,
That which oppresse me now may me aduance,
In time is trust which by deathes gret euaunce
Is wholy lost, Then were it not reason,
By death to chose libertie, and not life by prison.
But death were deliuerance where life lengthens paine
Of these two illes let see now chose the best:
This bird to deliuer that here doth plaine,
What say ye louers: which shalbe the best:
In cage thraldome, or by the hauke oppresse
And which to chose make plaine conclusion,
By losse of life libertye, or life by prison.

A gainst hourders of money.

FOr shamefast harme of great, and hateful nede,
In depe dispaire, as did a wretch go,
with redy corde, out of his life to spede,
His stumbling foote did finde an hoorde, lo
Of golde, I say, where he prepard this dede,
And in eschange he left the cord tho.
He that had hid the golde, and found it not,
Of that he found he shapt his necke a knot.

Description of a gonne.

VVlcane begat me, Minerua me taught
Nature my mother, craft norisht me yere by yere
Three bodies are my food, my strength is in naught
Anger, wrath, wast, & noise, are my children dere,
Gesse frende, what I am and how I am wraught
Monster of sea, or of land, or of eis where,
Know me, and vse me, and I may the defend,
And if I be thine enemy, I may thy life ende.

Wyat

Wyat being in prison, to Brian.

Syghes are my foode, my drinke are my teares,
Clinking of fetters would such musike traue,
Stink, and close ayre, away my life it weares.
Poore innocence is all the hope I haue,
Raine, wind, or weather, iudge I by mine eares
Malice assauts that righteousnesse should haue
Sure am I Bryan, this wound shall heale againe,
But yet alas, the skarre shall still remaine.

Of dissembling woordes.

Throughout the woorld if it were sought,
Faire woordes ynough a man shall fynde,
They be good chepe they cost right nought,
Their substance is but onely winde,
But well to say and so to meane,
That swete accorde is seldome seene.

Of the meane and sure estate.

Stand who so list vppon the slipper wheele
Of high estate, and let me here reioyce,
And vse my life in quietnesse eche dele,
Vnknowen in court that hath the wanton ioyes
In hidden place my time shall slowly passe,
And when my yeres be past withouten noyse,
Let me die olde after the common trace.
For grypes of death doth he to parely passe,
That knowne is to all, but to himselfe alas
He dieth vnknowne, dased with dreadfull face.

The courtiers life.

In court to serue decked with freshe arraye,
Of sugred meates feling the swete repast,
The life is bankets, and sundry kindes of playe,

Amyd the preſſe of worldly lookes to waſte,
Hath with it ioyned oft times ſuche bitter taſte
That who ſo ioyes ſuch kinde of life to holde
In priſon ioyes fettered with chaynes of golde.

Of diſapointed purpoſe by negligence.

OF Carthage he that worthy warriour
Could ouercome, but could not vſe his chance.
And I likewiſe of all my long endeuour
The ſharpe conqueſt though fortune did auance
Ne could I vſe. The holde that is geuen ouer,
Vnpoſſeſſe, ſo hangeth now in balance
Of warre, my peace, reward of all my payne,
At Mountzon thus I reſtleſſe reſt in Spayne.

Of his returne from Spayne.

TAgus farewel ỹ weſtward with thy ſtremes,
Turnes vp the graines of golde already tried
For I with ſpurre and ſale, go ſeeke the Temines,
Eaynward the ſunne ỹ ſheweth her welthy pryde,
And to ỹ towne that Brutus ſought by dreames
Lyke bended moone that leaues her hilly ſyde
My king my countrey, I ſeke for whom I liue
O mighty Ioue the windes for this me giue.

Of ſodaine truſting.

DRiuen by deſire I did this dede
To daunger my ſelfe without cauſe why,
To truſt thuntrue not like to ſpede,
To ſpeake and promiſe faithfully,
But now the proofe doth verify,
That who ſo truſteth ere he know,
Doth hurt himſelfe and pleaſe his foe.

Of the mother that eate her childe at the siege of Ierusalem.

IN doutfullbrest whiles motherly pitty,
With furious famine standeth at debate,
The mother saith, O child vnhappy,
Retourne thy blood where thou hadst mylke of late
yelde me those limmes that I made vnto thee,
And enter there where thou were generate,
For of one bodie against all nature,
To an other must I make sepulture.

Of the meane and sure estate written to Iohn Poines.

My mothers maides when they do sow and spinne,
They sing a song made of the fildish mouse,
That forbecause her liuelode was but thinne,
Woulde needes goe see her towneish sisters house.
She thought her selfe endurd to grieuous paine,
The stormy blastes her caue so sore did souse
That when the furrous swemmed with the raine,
She must lie cold, and wet in sory plight,
And woosle then that, bare meate there did remaine
To comfort her, when she her house had dight,
Sometime a barely corne, sometime a beane,
For which she laboured hard both day and night
In harueste time, while she might go and gleane.
And when her store was stroied with the floode,
Then welaway for she vndone was clene.
Then was she faine to take in stede of foode
Slepe if she might her hunger to begile,
My sister quod she, hath a liuing good.
And hence from me she dwelleth not a mile:
In colde and storme, she lieth warme and dry
In bed of downe, the durt doth not defile
Her tender foote, she labours not as I.

Richely

Richely she fedes, and at the riche mans cost,
And for her meat she nedes not craue nor cry,
By sea, by land, of delicates the most,
Her cater seekes, and spareth for no perell,
She fedes on boilde meate, bake meat & on rost,
And hath therefore no whit of charge nor trauel.
And when she list the licour of the grape
Doth glad her hart, til that her belly swell.
And at this iourney makes she but a tape,
So forth shee goes, trusting of al this wealth,
With her sister her part so for to shape.
That if she might there kepe her selfe in helth,
To line a Lady while her life doth last.
And to the doze now is she come by stealth,
And with her foote anone she scrapes ful fast,
Thother for feare, durst not wel scarce appeare,
Of euery noise so was the wretch agast.
At last, she asked softly who was there,
And in her language as wel as she could,
Pepe (quod the other) sister I am here.
Peace (quod the town mouse) why speakest thou so loude,
And by the hand she tooke her faire and wel,
Welcome, quod she my sister by the roode.
She fested her, that ioye it was to tel
The feare they had, they dranke the wine so clere
And as to purpose now and then it fell.
She chered her with how sister what chere:
Amid this ioy befell a sory chaunce,
That wel a way, the stranger bought ful deare
The feare she had. For as shee looked a straunce:
Under a stole she spied two steming eyes,
In a round heade, with sharpe eares. In fraunce
Was neuer mouse so ferde, for the vnwise
Had not sene such a beaste before.
Yet nature taught her after her guyse
To knowe her foe and dreade him euermore.
The towne mouse fled, she knewe whether to goe,
Thy other had no shift, but wounders sore
Ferde of her life, at home she wisht her tho,
And to the doze, alas, as she did skippe,
The heauen it would so, & eke her chaunce was so
At the threshold her sely foote did trippe,

And

And ere she might recouer it againe,
The traitour cat had caught her by the hippe.
And made her there against her wil remaine,
That had forgot her poore suertye, and rest,
For seking welth, wherein she thought to raigne.
Alas (my Poynes) how men do seke the best,
And find the worse, by errour as the straye,
And no maruel, when sight is so opprest,
And blindes the guide, anone out of the way
Goeth guide and all, in seking quiet life.
O wretched mindes, there is no golde that may
Graunt that ye seke, no warre, no peace, nor strife,
No no, althoughe thy hedd were hoopte with golde
Sergeāt with mace, with hawbert sword nor knyfe
Can not repulse the care that follow should,
Eche kynde of life, hath with him his desease,
Liue in delites, euen as thy lust woulde,
And thou shal finde, when lust doth most thee please
It yrketh straight, and by it selfe doth fade.
A smal thing is it, that may thy minde appease
None of you all there is, that is so madde,
To seke for grapes on brambles or on briers.
For none I trow, that hath a witte so badde,
To set his haye for conies ouer riuers,
Nor ye set not a dragge net for a hare.
And yet the thing that most is your desire.
you doe mislyke, with more trauel and care:
Make plaine thine hart, that it be not knotted
with hope or dreade, and see thy will be bare
From al affectes, whom vice hath neuer spotted,
Thy selfe content with that is thee assinde,
And vse it wel that is to thee allotted,
Then seke no more out of thy selfe to finde,
The thing that thou hast sought so long before,
For thou shalt feele it sticking in thy minde
Made if ye list to continue your sore,
Let present passe, and gape on time to come,
And depe thy selfe in trauel more and more.
Hencefurth (my poines) this shalbe all and some,
These wretched fooles shal haue nought els of me,
But, to the greate God, and to his dome,
None other paine pray I for them to be,

But

But when the rage doth leade them from the right
That looking backeward, Vertue they may see.
Euen as she is, so goodly faire and bright,
And whilst they claspe their lustes in armes acrosse
Graunt them good lord, as thou mayst of thy might
To freat inward for losing such a losse.

Of the Courtiers life, written to Iohn Poines.

Myne owen Iohn Poynes, sins ye delight to knowe
The causes why that homeward I me draw,
And flee the preasse of courtes, where so they goe,
Rather then to liue thrall vnder the awe
Of lordly lookes, wrapped within my cloke
To will and lust learning to set a lawe,
It is not that because I skorne or mocke
The power of them whom fortune here hath lent
Charge ouer vs, of right to strike the stroke,
But true it is that I haue alwaies ment
Lesse to esteme them, then the common sort,
Of outward thinges, that iudge in their entent
Without regarde, what inward doth resort,
I graunt, sometime of glory that the fire
Doth touch my hart, Me list not to report,
Blame by honour, and honour to desire,
But how may I this honour nowe attaine,
That cannot die the colour blacke a lyer,
My Poines, I cannot frame my tunne to fain,
To cloke the truth, for praise without desert,
Of them that list all vile for to retaine.
I cannot honour them, that set their part
with Venus, and Bacchus, all their life long,
Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart,
I cannot crute he nor knele to such a wrong,
To worship them like God on earth alone,
That are as wolues these sely lambes among,
I cannot with my wordes complaine and mone,
And suffer nought nor smart without complaint,
Nor turne the woord that from my mouth is gone,
I cannot speake and looke like a saint,
Use wiles for wit, and make deceit a pleasure,

Call

Call craft counsaile for lucre still to paine.
I can not wrest the law to fyll the coffer,
with innocent blood to feede my selfe fatte,
And doe most hurt where that most helpe I offer.
I am not he that can allow the state
Of hie Ceasar, and damne Cato to dye.
That with his death did scape out of the gate,
From Ceasars handes & Liuy dothe not lye,
And would not liue where liberty was lost,
So did his harte the common welth apply,
I am not he such eloquence to bost
To make the crowe in singing, as the swanne.
Nor call the Lyon of coward beastes the most,
That cannot take a mouse as the cat can.
And he that dyeth for hunger of the golde,
Call him Alexander, and say that Pan
Passeth Appollyn musike many folde,
Prayse syr Topas for a noble tale,
And scorne the story that the knight tolde,
Praise him for counsel, that is dronke of ale,
Grinne when he laughes, that heareth al the sway,
Frowne whē he frowres and grone whē he is pale
On others lust, to hang doth night and day.
None of these pointes would euer frame in me.
My wit is nought, I cannot learne the way,
And much the lesse of thinges that greater be.
That asken helpe of colours to deuise
To ioyne the meane with eche extremitie,
with nerest vertue ay to cloke the vyce,
And as to purpose likewyse it shall fall.
To preise the vertue that it may not ryse,
As dronckennesse good felowshipt to call.
The frendly foe, with his faire double face,
Say he is gentle and curtis therwithall,
Affirme that fauill hath a goodly grace
In eloquence, And cruelties to name
Zeale of Justice, and change in time and place.
And he that suffreth offence without blame,
Call him pitiefull, and him true and playne,
That sayeth rechelesse vnto eche mans shame.
Say he is rude, that cannot lye & fayne,
The lecher a louer, and tyrannye

To

To be right of a Princes raygne.
I cannot I, no no, it wil not be.
This is the cause that I could neuer yet
Hang on their sleeues, that weigh (as thou maist see)
A chippe of chaunce, more then a pounde of wit,
This maketh me at home to hunt and hauke
And in foule weather at my booke to sit
In frost and snow, then with my bewe stalke,
No man doth marke where so I ryde or goe,
In lusty leas at libertie I walke,
And of these newes I fele nor weale nor woe:
Saue that a clogge doth hang yet at my hele.
No force for that for it is ordred so,
That I may leape both hedge and dike full well.
I am not now in fraunce, to iudge the wyne,
With sauery sauce those delicates to feele,
Nor yet in Spaine, where, one must him incline,
Rather then to be outwardly to seme.
I meddle not with wittes that be so fine,
Nor flaundres chere letties not my sight to deme
Of blacke, and whyte, nor takes my wittes away
With bestlinesse, such do those beastes esteme,
Nor I am not where truth is geuen in pray,
For money, prison, and treason of some
A common practise, vsed night and daye,
But I am here in kent and christendome
Among the Muses, where I reade and ryme,
Where yf thou list, myne owen John Poynes to come
Thou shalt be iudge, how I doe spende my tyme,

How to vse the court and him selfe therin, written to syr Fraunces Btian.

A Spending hand that alway powreth out,
Had nede to haue a bringer in as fast,
And on the stone that still doth turne about,
There groweth no mosse: These prouerbes yet do last

Reason

Reason hath set them in so sure a place,
That length of yeres their force can neuer wast.
when I remember this and eke the case
wherein thou standst, I thought fourthwith to write
(Bryan) to thee, who knowes how great a grace,
In writting is to counsaile man the right,
To thee therefore that trottes still vp and downe,
And neuer restes, but running day and night,
From realme to realme, from citie, strete, and towne
why doest thou weare thy body to the bones:
And mightest at home sleepe in thy bedde of downe,
And drink good ale so nappy for the nones.
Fede thy selfe fatte, and heape vp pound by pound
Lykest thou not this: No. why: for swines so groines
In frye, and chaw doung moulded on the ground,
And driuell on pearles, with head still in the manger
So of the harpe the asse doth heare the sound,
So sackes of durt be filde, The neast courtier
So serues for lesse, then do these fatted swine
Though I seme leane and dry withouten moister
yet will I serue my prince, my lorde and thine
And let them liue to feede the paunch that list,
So I may liue to feede both me and myne,
By God wel said, But what and if thou wist,
How to bring in as fast as thou doest spende:
That would I learne, and it shal not be mist
To tell thee how. Now harke what I intende.
Thou knowest well first, who can seeke to please
Shal purchase frindes, wher trouth shal but offend.
Flee therfore truth, it is both wealth and ease:
For though that trauth of euery man hath praise,
Full neare that wynde goth trouth in great mischaf
Vse vertue, as it goeth now a dayes,
In word alone to make thy language sweete,
And of thy deede, yet doe not as thou sayes,
Els be thou sure, thou shalt be farre vnmeete
To get thyne bred, eche thing is now so skant.
Seeke still thy profit vpon thy bare feete.
Lend in no wise: for feare that thou do want,
Vnlesse yet bee, as to a calfe a chese,
But if thou can be sure to winne a cant
Of halfe at least: it is not good to lese.

Learne

Learne at the ladde, that in a long white coate
From vnder the stall, withouten land or fee
Hath lept into the shop, who knowes by rote
This rule that I haue told thee here before.
Sometime also rich age beginnes to dote,
Se thou when there thy gaine may be the more
Stay him by the arme where so he walke or goe.
Be nere alway, and if he cough to sore,
What he hath spit tread out, and please him so,
A diligent knaue that pykes his maisters purse
May please him so, that he withouten mo
Executour is. And what is he the worse?
But if so chance, thou get nought of the man,
The widow may for all thy paine disburse
A rueled skinne a stinking breath, what than
A toothlesse mouth shal do thy lippes no harme.
The gold is good, and though she curse or banne,
yet where thou list thou maist ly good and warme
Let the olde mule byte vpon the bridle,
Whilest there do lye a sweter in thine arme.
In this also see that thou be not ydle,
Thy nece, thy colin, sister or thy daughter,
If she be faire, if hanso me be her middle,
If thy better hath her loue besought her,
Auaunce his cause, and he shall help thy neede,
It is but loue, trane thou it to a laughter
But wary I say, so golde the help and spede,
that in this case thou be not so vnwise
As pander was in such a like dede.
For he the sole of conscience was so nyce,
That he no gaine would haue for all his pain,
Be next thy selfe for friendship beares no price
Laughest thou at me why? do I speake in vaine?
No not at thee, but at thy thrifty iest,
Wouldest thou, I would for any losse or gayne,
Change that for golde, that I haue tane for best,
Next godly thinges, to haue an honest name?
Should I leaue that, then take me for a beast.
Nay then farewell, and if thou care for shame
Content the then with honest pouertie,
With free tong, what thee mislikes, to blame,
And for thy truth, sometime aduersitie.

And

And therewithal this gift I shal thee giue,
In this world now litle prosperitie,
And quoyne to kepe, as water in a siue.

The song of Iopas vnfinished.

WVhen Dido feasted first the wandring Troyan knight,
whom Amos wrath & stormes did force in Libick sãdes to (lighte
That mighty Atlas taught, the supper lesting longe
with crisped lockes on holden harpe, Iopas sang in song:
That same (quod he) that we the world do call and name,
Of heauen & earth with al contentes, it is the very frame.
Of thus, of heauenly powers by more power kept in one
Repugnant kinds, in middes of whom ỹ earth hath place alone.
Firme, rounde, of liuings the mother place and nourse,
without ỹ which in egal weight, this heauẽ doth hold his course.
And it is calde by name, the first and mouing heauen,
The firmament is placed next, conteininge other seuen,
Of heauenly powers that same is planted full and thicke.
As shining lights which we cal starres, ỹ therin cleue & sticke.
with great swift sway the first, & with his restles sours,
Carieth it selfe, and all those eight, in euen continuall cours.
And of this world so roũde within that rolling cale,
two pointes there be that neuer moue, but firmly kepe their place
The tone we see alway, the other standes obiect,
Against the same, diuiding iust the ground by line direct.
Whiche by ymagination, drawne from the one to thother,
Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is none other.
And these be calde the Poles, described by starres not bright
Artike the one northward wee see, Antartike the other hight.
The line that we deuise from thone to thother lo,
As axel is, vpon the which the heauens about do go.
Which of water nor earth, of aire nor fire haue kinde,
Therefor the substance of those same were hard for man to finde,
But they been vncorrupt, simple and pure vnmixt,
And so we say been all those starres, that in the same bee fixt.
And eke those erring seuen, in circle as they straye,
So calde, because against ỹ first they haue repugnant way.
And smaller by wayes too, scant sensible to man,
To busy worke for my poore harpe, let sing them he that can.
The widest saue the first, of all these mine aboue,
One hundreth yere doth aske of space, for one degree to moue

Of which degrees we make in the first mouinge heauen.
Three hundred and three score in partes, iustly deuided euen,
And yet there is another betwene those heauens two,
whose mouing is so slie so slack: I name it not for now.
The seauenth heauen or the shell next to the starry skye,
All those degrees that gathereth vp, with aged pace so slye.
And doth perfourme the same, as elders count hath bene.
In nine and twentye yeres complete, and dayes almost sixtene.
Doth carye in his bought the Starre of Saturne olde,
A threatrer of all liuing thinges, with drought and ℔ his colde,
The sixt whom this conteines, doth stalke with yonger pase.
And in twelue yere doth somewhat more thē thothers viage was
And this in it doth beare the starre of Ioue beninge,
twene Saturnes malice and vs men, frendly defending signe.
The fift bearers bloudy Mars, that in three hundred dayes
And twise eleuen with one ful yere, hath finisht al those wayes.
A yere doth aske the fourth, and howers therto sixe,
And in the same the baies eye, the sunne therin he stickes.
The third ☿ gouerned is by that, ☿ gouernes mee,
And loue for loue, and for no loue prouokes, as oft we see,
In like space doth perfourme ☿ course, ☿ did the tother:
So doth the next vnto the same, ☿ seconde is in order.
But it doth beare the starre, ☿ calde is Mercury,
That many a crafty secret steppe doth treade, as Caicars try
That skye is last, and sixt next vs those weies hath gone,
In seuen and twenty common dayes, and eke the third of one.
And beareth with his sway, the diuers Moone about,
Now bright now brown, now, bēt now full & now her lighte is out
thus haue they of their owne two mouings al these seuē,
One wherein they be caried stil, eche in his seueral heauen:
Another of themselues, where theire bodies be layde
In bywaies, and in lesser roundes, as I afore haue sayde.
Saue of them all the Sunne doth stray least from the streight,
the starry skye hath but one course, ☿ we haue calde the eighte.
And all these mouinges eight are ment from West to East,
Although they seeme to clime aloft, I say from Easte to west
But that is but by force of their first mouing skye.
In twise twelue howers frō East to east ☿ carieth thē by & by
But marke me wil alo the mouing of these seuen,
Be not about the exeitree of the first mouing heauen.
For they haue their two ℘oles directly tone to the tother. &c.

S.T.WYAT the elder.

Vncertaine auctours.

The complaint of a louer with sute to his louefor pitie.

IF euer wofull man might moue your hart to ruthe,
Good ladies heare his wofull plaint, whose death shall trye his (truethe
And rightfull iudges be on this his true report,
If he deserue a louers name among the faithfull sort.
Fiue hundred times the Sunne hath lodgd him in the west
Since in my hart I harbred first of all the goodliest gest,
Whose worthinesse to shew, my wittes are all to faint,
And I lacke cunning of the scholes, in colours her to paint.
But this I briefly say in wordes of egal wright,
So voyde of vice was neuer none, nor with such vertues freight
And for her beauties praise, no wight that with her warres.
For wher she comes, she shewes her self as sūne amōg ẏ starres
But lord thou wast to blame, to frame such perfiteneſſe,
And puttes no pitie in her hart, my sorowes to redresse.
For if ye knew the paines, and panges that I haue past,
A wonder would it be to you, how that my life hath last.
When all the Gods agreed, that Cupide with his bowe,
Should shote his arrow from her eyes on me his might to shew
I knew it was in vaine my force to trust vpon,
And well I wiste it was no shame, to yelde to suche a one:
Then did I me submit with humble hart and minde,
To be her man for euermore, as by the Gods assinde.
And since ẏ day, no wo, wherewith loue might torment,
Could moue me from this faithful band, or make me once repent
yet haue I felt full oft the hotteſt of his fire,
The bitter teares the scalding sighes, the burning hote desire.
And with a sodain sight the trembling of the hart,
And how the bloud doth come and go, to succour euery part.
When that a pleasant looke hath lift me in the aire,
A frowne hath made me fal as fast into a deepe dispaire.
And when ẏ I ere this my tale could well by hart,
And ẏ my tong had learned it so, that no word might start,
The sight of her ẏ set my wittes in such a staye,
That to be lord of al the world, one word I could not say.

And many a sodein cramp my hart hath pinched so,
That for the time my senses all, felt neither wele nor woe.
Yet saw I neuer thing, that might my minde content,
But wisht it hers, and at her will, if she could so content.
Nor neuer hard of wo that did her will displease,
But wisht the same vnto my selfe, so it might do her ease.
Nor neuer thought that faire, nor neuer liked face,
Vnlesse it did resemble her, or some part of her grace.
No distance yet of place could vs so farre deuide,
But that my hart and my good will did still with her abide.
Nor yet it neuer lay in any fortune power,
To put that swete out of my thought, one minute of an howre.
No rage of drenching sea, nor woodnes of the wynde,
Nor cānos & their thundring cracks could put her frō my mind.
For when both sea and land asunder had vs set,
My whole delight was onely then, my selfe alone to get.
And thitherward to looke, as nere as I couide gesse,
Where as I thought that she was then, ỹ might my wo redresse.
Full oft it did me good that wayes to take my winde,
So pleasant aire in no place els, me thought I could not finde.
I saying to my self, my life is ponder way.
And by thy winde I haue her sent, a thousand sighes a day.
And sayd vnto the sunne, great giftes are geuen thee,
For thou maist see mine earthly blisse where euer that she bee.
Thou seest in euery place, would God I had thy might,
And I the ruler of my self, then should she know no night.
And thus from wish to wish, my wittes haue bene at strife,
And wanting all that I haue wisht, thus haue I lead my life.
But it cannot last, that in such wo remaines,
No force for that, for death is swete to him ỹ feeles such paines.
yet most of all me grieues, when I am in my graue,
That she shall purchase by my death a cruel name to haue.
Wherefore all you that heare this plaint, or shall it see,
Wish that it may so pearce her hart, that she may pitie mee.
For and it were her will, for both it were the best,
To saue my life, to kepe her name, and set my hart at rest.

Of the death of maister Deuorox the Lorde Ferres sonne.

who

VVHo iustly may reioyce in ought vnder the skye?
As life or landes, a frendes or frutes, which onely liue to dye.
Or who doth not wel know all worldly woorkes are vaine,
And geueth nought but to thee lendes, to take the same againe.
For though it like some vp as we long vpward all
Such is the sort of slipper welth, al thinges do rise to fall.
Thuncertainty is such, experience teacheth so,
That what thinges men do couet most, them soonest they forgoe.
Lo Deuzor where he lieth, whose life men helde so deare,
That now his death is sorowed so, ỳ pitie it is to heare.
His birth of auncient blood, his parents of greate fame,
And yet in vertue farre before, the formost of the same.
His king and countrey both he serued to so great gaine,
That with the Brutes, record doth rest, and euer shal remaine.
No man in warre so mete, an enterprise to take,
No man in peace ỳ pleasurde more of enemies frendes to make.
A Cato for his counsaile, his head was surely such,
Ne Theseus frēdship was so greate, but Deuzor was as much
A graffe of so small grothe, so much good fruit to bring,
Is seldome heard, or neuer seene, it is so rare a thing.
A man sent vs from God, his life did wel declare,
And now sent for by God againe, to teache vs what we are.
Death, and the graue, that shal accompany al that liue,
Hath brought hi heuē, though sōwhat sone, which life could neuer (geue
God graunt wel al that shal profesle as he profest:
To liue so wel, to die no worse, and send his soule good rest.

They of the meane estate are happiest.

IF right be rak and ouercome
And power take part & open wrōge
If feare by force doe yeld to soone,
The lacke as like to last to long.
If goodes shalbe vnplaced,
If right for riches looses his shape,
If world for wisedome be embraced,
the gesse is great, much hurt may hap.
Among good things I prouide finde.
The quiet life doth most abound.

And sure to the contented minde.
There is no riches may befounde.
For riches hates to be content
Rule is enemy to quietnesse.
Power is most part impacient.
And seldome likes to liue in peace.
I heard a heard man once compare
That quiet nightes he had mo kept,
I ud had mo mery dates to spare,
Then he which ought ẏ beastes he kept.
I would not haue it thought hereby
The Dolphin swimme I mean to teach,
Nor yet to learne the Fawcon flye.
I rowe not so farre past my teache.
But as my part aboue the rest,
Is wel to wishe and wel to will,
So til my breath shal faile my brest,
I wil not cease to wish you stil.

Comparison of life and death.

The life is long that lothesomelye doth last,
The wicked daies drawe slowly to theire date.
The present panges, & paineful plages forpast,
yelde griefe aye grene to stablish his estate,
So ẏ I feele in this great stormе and strieke,
That death is swete ẏ endeth such a life.
Yet by the stroke of this straunge ouerthrowe.
At which conflicte in thraldome I was thrust
The lord be praised, I am well taught to knowe
From whence man came, & eke whereto he must.
And by the way vpon how feble force,
His terme doth stand til death doth end his course.
The pleasant yeres ẏ seme, so swift that runne,
The mery daies to end, so fast ẏ fleete,
The ioyful nightes, of which day dawneth so soone,
The happy howers which me do misse then meete.
Doe al consume as snow against the sunne,
And death makes ende of al, that life begonne.

Since

Since death shal dure till all the world be wast,
What meaneth man to dread deth than so sore?
As man might make that life should alway last.
Without regard the lorde hath led before
the daunce of de death, which all must runne on row
Though how, or when the lord alone doth know.

If man would mynd, what burdens life doth bring
What greuous crimes to God he doth commit,
what plagues, what pages, what perils therby spring
with no sure hower in all his dayes to sit.
He would sure think as with great cause I do,
the day of death were better of the two.

Death is a port, whereby we passe to ioy,
Life is a lake, that drowneth all in paine,
Death is so deare, it ceaseth all annoy,
Life is so leude, that all it yeldes is vaine:
And as by life to bondage man is brought
Euen so like wise by death was fredome wrought.

Therfore with Paule, let al men wish and pray
To be dissolud of this foule fleshly masse.
Or at the least be armde against the day,
That they be found good, prest to passe
From life to death, from death to life againe
to such a life, as euer shall remaine.

The tale of Pigmaleon with conclusion vpon the beautie of his loue,

IN Greece sumetime there dwelt a man of worthy fame,
to graue in stone his cunning was, Pigmaleon was his name
To make his fame endure, when death hath him bereft,
He thought it good, of his owne hand some fied worke were left
In secret study then such worke he gan deuise,
As might his cunning best commend, & please the lookers eyes
A courser faire he thought to graue, barbed for the field,
And on his back a semely knight, wel armde w speare & shilde.
Or else some foule or fish to graue he did deuise
And still in his wandring thoughts, new fansies did arise.

Thus varied he in mynde, what enterpryse to take,
Till fansye moude his learned hand a woman faire to make,
Wheron he staied, and thought such perfect fourme to frame
Wherby he might amase all Grece and winne immortal name
Of yuorie white he made so faire a woman than,
That nature scorned her perfectnesse so taught by craft of man,
Well shaped weere her limbs, full comely was her face,
Eche litle liuely coucht, ech part had semely grace.
Twixt nature & Pigmalion, there might appere great strife,
So semely was this ymage wrought, it lacke nothing but life.
His curious eye beheld his own deuised worke,
And gasing oft theron, he found much venom there to lurke,
For all the featured shape so did his fansy moue.
That with his ydoll, whome he made Pigmaleon fell in loue.
To whom he honour gaue, and decked it garlandes swete,
And did adourne with iewels rich, as is for louers meete.
Sometimes on it he faund, sometime in rage would cry,
It was a wonder to behold, howe fansy bleard his eye.
Since that this ymage domme enflamed so wise a man,
Why dere alas, since I you loue, what wounder is it then?
In whom hath nature set the glory of her name,
And brake her mould in greate despite, your like she couide not (frame.

The louer sheweth his wofull state, and praieth pitie.

LIke as the Larke within the Marlian foote,
With petesul tunes doth chirpe her yelden laye:
So sing I now, seing none other boote,
Thy rendring song, and to your will obey.
Your vertue mountes aboue my force so hye,
And with your beauty sealed I am so sure,
That there auailes re sistance none in me,
But pacientlye your pleasure to endure,
For on your will my fansy shal attende,
Thy life my death I put both in your choice,
And rather had my life by you to ende,
Then liue by other alwayes to reioyce,
And if your cruelty do thirst my blood,
Then let it fourth if it may do you good.

Upon

Vpon consideration of the state of his life he wasteth death.

The longer life, the more offence,
The more offence the greater paine,
The greater paine the lesse defence,
the lesse defence the lesser gaine.
The losse of gaine long yll doth trye.
Wherefore come death and let me die.
The shorter life, lesse count I finde,
The lesse account, the sooner made.
the count soone made, the merier minde,
The merier mind doth thought euade,
Short life in truth this thing doth trye,
Wherefore come death, and let me die.
Come gentle death, the ebbe of care,
The ebbe of care, the flood of life,
The floode of life, the ioyful fare,
The ioyfull fare, the ende of strife
The end of strife, that thing wish I,
Wherefore come death, and let me die.

The louer that once disdained loue, is now become subiect being caught in his snare.

TO this my song geue eare who list,
And mine entent iudge as ye wil,
the time is come, that I haue mist
The thing whereon I hoped stil,
And from the toppe of al my trust,
Myshapp hath throwē me in ỹ dust.
The time hath bene and that of late
My hart and I might leape at large
And was not shut within the gate.
Of loues desire, nor tooke no charge
Of any thing, that did pertaine.

As touching loue in any paine.

My thought was free, my hart was light
I marked not who lost, who saught,
I plaide by day, I slept by night,
I forced not, who wept, who laught,
My thonght from al such thinges was free
And I my selfe at liberty.

I tooke no hede to tauntes nor toies,
As leefe to see them frowne as smile,
Where fortune laught I scornd theire ioyes
I found theire fraudes and euery wile.
And to my selfe oft times I smilde,
To see how loue had them beguilde.

Thus in the net of my conceit
I masked stil among the sort
Of such as fede vpon ehe baite,
That Cupide laide for his disport,
And euer as I saw them caught,
I them behilde, and therat laught.

Til at the length when Cupide spied
My scorneful wil and spitful vse,
And how I past not who was tyed,
So that my selfe might still liue lose,
He set him selfe to lye in wayt,
and in my way he threwe a baite:

Such one as nature neuer made,
I dare wel say saue she alone.
Such one she was as would invade
a hart, more hard then marble stone,
Such one she is, I knowe it right,
Her nature made to shewe her might.

Then as a man in a mase,
when vse of reason is away,
So I begane to stare and gase,
And sodeinely, without delay,
Or euer I had the wit to looke,
I swaloed vp both baite and hooke.

Which daily grieues me more and more
By sundry sortes of careful woe,
And none aliue may salue the sore,
But onely she that hurt me so,
In whom my life doth now consist,

To

To saue or slay me as she list.
But seeing now ỳ I am caught.
And bounde so fast I cannot flye,
Be ye by mine ensample taught,
That in your fansies feele you free.
Despise not them ỳ louers are.
Lest you be caught within his snare.

Of fortune, and fame.

THe plage is great where fortune frownes.
One mischiefe bringes a thousand woes
where Trumpets geue their warlike sownes
The weake sustaine sharpe ouerthrowes
No better life they tast & feele
That subiect are to fortunes wheele.
Her happy chaunce may last no time,
Her pleasure threatneth paine to come,
She is the fall of those that climes
And yet her whele anaunceth some.
No force, where ỳ she hates or loues,
Her fickle mind so oft remoues.
She geues no gift, but craues so fast,
She sone repents a thankeful dede,
She turneth after euery blast,
She helpes them oft ỳ hath no nede:
where power dwells, and riches rest,
False fortune is a common gest.
Let some affirme & proue by skil,
Fortune is not a fliyng fame,
She neither can doe good nor yll,
She hath no fourme, yet beares a name,
Then We but striue against the stremes
To frame such toies on fansies dreames.
If she haue shape or name aloue,
If she doe rule or beare no sway,
If she haue body life or none.
Be she a spyte I cannot say:
But wel I wote, some cause there is,
That causeth wo & sendeth blisse.
The causes of thinges I wil not blame,

Lest

Leſt I offend the prince of peace.
But I may chide, & braule & fame,
To make her cry & neuer ceaſe.
To bloſwe ỳ trompe within her eares
That may appeaſe my woful teares.

A gainſt wicked tonges.

O Enil tonges, which clap at euery winde.
Yea flea the quicke, and the dead defame,
Thoſe that liue wel, ſome faute in them ye finde.
Ye take no thought in ſlaundering theire good name
Ye put iuſt men oft times to open ſhame
Ye ring ſo loude, ye ſound vnto the ſkies,
And yet in prooke, ye ſowe nothing but lies.
Ye make great warre, where peace hath ben of lōg
Ye bring riche realmes in ruen and decay,
Ye plucke downe right, ye doe enhaunce the wrong,
Ye turne ſwete mirth to wo, and wel awaye,
Of miſchiefes al ye are the ground I ſaye.
Happie is he, that liues on ſuch a fort,
That nedes not feare ſuch tonges of falſe report.

Hell tormenteth not the damned ghoſtes ſo ſore, as vnkindneſſe the louer.

THe reſtleſſe rage of deepe deuouring hell,
The blaſing brandes that neuer do conſume,
The roaring rout, in Plutoes den that dwel,
The fiery breath, ỳ from thoſe ympes doth fume
The dropſy drieth, that Tantale in the flood,
Endureth aye, al hopeles of relefe,
Ye hungerſterue, where fruite is ready foode,
So wretchedly his ſoule doth ſuffer griefe
The liuer gnawne of guilful Prometheus.
which Vulturnes fel with ſtrained talent tire,
The labour loſt of wered Siſiphus,

Theſe

These hellish houndes with paines of quencheleſſe fire,
Cannot ſo ſore the ſilly ſoules torment
As her vntruth my hart hath all to rent.

Of the mutabilitie of the worlde.

BI fortune as I lay in bed, my fortune was to finde,
Such fancies as my carefull thought had brought into my mīd
And when eche one was gone to reſt full ſoft in bed to lye,
I would haue ſlept, but than the watche did follow ſtill mine eye
And ſodeinly I ſaw a ſea of wofull ſorowes preſt,
Whoſe wicked wayes of sharpe repulſe bred mine vnquiet reſt,
I ſaw this world, and how it went, eche ſtate in his degres
And ẏ from wealth ygraunted is, both life and libertie.
I ſawe how enuy it did rayne, and beare the greateſt price,
Ye greater poyſon is not found within the Cokatrice.
I ſawe alſo, how that diſdaine oft times to forge my woe,
Gaue mee the cuppe of bitter ſweete to pledge my mortall foe.
I ſaw alſo, how that deſire, to reſt no place could finde,
But ſtill conſtrainde in endleſſe paine to followe natures kinde.
I ſawe alſo moſt ſtraunge of all, how nature did forſake,
The bloud ẏ in her womb was wrought, as doth ẏ lothed ſnake
I ſawe how fancie would retayne to lynger then her luſt,
And as the winde how ſhe doth chaunge, and is not for to truſt.
I ſawe how ſtedfaſtnes did flee with winges of often chaunge,
A flying birde, but ſeldome ſee, her nature is ſo ſtraunge.
I ſawe how pleaſant times did paſſe, as flowers do in the mede,
To day that riſeth red as roſe, to morowe falleth ded.
I ſawe my time how it did runne, as ſand out of the glaſſe,
Euen as eche howre appointed is from time and tide to paſſe.
I ſaw the yeres that I had ſpent, and loſſe of all my gaine,
And how the ſpot of youthfull plaies my folly did retaine.
I ſaw how that the little Ant in ſommer ſtill did runne,
To ſeeke her foode, whereby to liue in winter for to come.
I ſawe eke vertue how ſhe ſate, the threde of life to ſpinne,
Which ſheweth the end of euery worke, before it doth beginne.
And when al theſe I thus beheld with many moe pardy,
In me me thought, eche one had brought a perfite properties.
And then I ſaid vnto my ſelf, a leſſon this ſhalbe
For other, that ſhall after come, for to beware by me.

Thus al the night I did deuise, which way I might constraine,
To forme a plot, ỳ wit might worke these brauches in my braine

Harpal° cõplaint of Phillidaes loue bestowed on Corin. who loued her not and denied him that loued her.

Phillida was a faire maide.
as fresh as any flower,
Whom Harpal° the heard mã praide
To be his paramour.
Harpalus and eke Corin
were herdmen both ykere:
And Phillida could twist and spinne
And thereto sing ful clere.
But Phillida was al to coye
For Harpalus to winne,
For Corin was her onely ioye,
who forst her not a pinne
How oftẽ woold she flowers twins
How often garlants make:
Of Coulips and of Culumbine
And al for Corins sake.
But Corin he had hawkes to lure,
And forced more the fielde:
Of louers law he tooke no cure
For once he was beguilde.
Harpalus preuayled nought
His labour all was lost,
For he wasfarthest from her thought
And yet he loued her most.
Therefore wax he both pale & leane
And dry as clod of clay,
His flesshe it was consumed cleane
His colour gone away.
His beard it had not long be shaue,
His heare hong al vnkempt,
A man most fit euen for the graue
Whom spitefull loue had shent.

His

His eyes were red & all forwacht
his face bespzent with teares,
It seemed vnhap had him long hatcht
In middes of his dispaires.
His clothes were blacke & also bare
As one forlorne was he.
Upon his head alwaies he ware
A wzeathe of willowe tree.
His beastes he kept vpon the hill.
And he sate in the dale,
And thus with sighes & sozowes shzill,
He gan to tell his tale.
Oh Harpalus (thus would he say)
Unhappiest vnder sunne,
The cause of thine vnhappie day
By loue was firit begunne,
Foz thou wenest first by sute to seke
A Tygre to make tame,
that settes not by thy loue a leeke
But makes thy griefe her game.
As easy it were foz to conuert
the frost into the flame,
As foz to turne a froward hart,
whom thou so faine wouldest frame.
Cozin he liueth careiesse,
He leapes among the leaues
He eates the fruites of thy redzesse,
thou reapest, he takes the sheaues.
My beastes a while your foode refrai
And harke your herdmans sounde,
whom spitefull loue alas hath slaine
through girt with many a wounde.
O happie be ye beastes wilde
that here your pasture takes,
I see that ye be not beguilde
Of theese your faithful makes.
The Hart he zeedeth by the Hinde
the Bucke harde by the do.
The Turtle doue is not vnkind
to him that loues her so.
The Ewe she hath by her the Rãme
the yong Cowe hath the Bulle,

To

The Calfe with many a lusty lambe
Doe feede their hunger full.
But wel a way ẏ nature wrought
Thee Phillida so faire.
For I may say that I haue bought
thy beauty all to deare.
What reason is that cruelty
with beauty should haue part,
Or els that such great tiranny
Should dwell in womans hart.
I se therefore to shape my deathe
She cruelly is prest,
to thend that I may wāt my breath
My dayes ben at the best.
O Cupide graūt this my request
And doe not stoppe thine eares,
that shee may feele within her breste
The paines of my dispaires.
Of Corin that is careless
That she may craue her fee,
As I haue done in greate distresse.
That loud her faithfullye.
But since that I shal die her slaue
Her slaue and eke her thrall,
writ you my friendes vpō my graue
this chaunce ẏ is befall
Here lieth vnhappy Harpelus
By cruell loue now slaine,
whom Phillida vniustly thus
Hath murdred with disdaine.

Vpon sir Iames wilfordes death.

LO her the ende of man the cruel sisters three,
the web of Wilfordes life vneth had half esponne,
when rashe vpon misdeede theye all accorded be
To breake bertues course ere halfe the race were ronne.
And trip him on his way that els had wonne the game,
And holden highest place within the house of fame.
But yet though he bee gone, thong sense with him be past,

which trode the euen ſteppes that leaden to renoune,
we that remaine aliue, ne ſuffer ſhall to waſt,
The fame of his deſertes, ſo ſhall he loſe but ſo wone,
The thing ſhal aye remayne, aye kept as freſh in ſtore
As if his eares ſhould ring of that he wrought before.
Wayle not therefore his want, ſith he ſo left the ſtage
Of care and wretched life, with ioy and clap of handes
who playeth longer partes, may well haue greater age,
But few ſo well may paſſe the guile of fortunes ſandes
So friendly did he treade, ay preſt at vertues becke,
That fortune found no place to geue him once a checke,
The fates haue rid him hence who ſhall not after goe?
Though earthed be his corps, yet flouriſh ſhal his fame.
A gladſome thing it is, that ere he ſtept vs fro.
Such mirrours he vs left our life thereby to frame.
Wherefore his praiſe ſhal laſt ayefreſh in Britons ſight
Till ſune ſhal ceaſe to ſhine, & lend ỹ earth his light.

Of the wretchedneſſe in this worlde.

WHo liſt to liue vpright, and holde himſelfe content,
Shal ſee ſuch wõders in this worlde, as neuer erſt was ſet
Such groping for the ſweete, ſuche taſting of the ſower,
Such wandring here for worldly welth that loſt is in one hower
And as the good or badde, get vp in high degree,
So wades the worlde in right or wrong, it may none other bee:
And loke what lawes they make eche man muſt them obay,
And poke himſelfe with pacient hart to driue and draw that waie
yet ſuch as long ago, great rulers were aſſinde,
Both liues and lawes are now forgot & wone clene out of minde
So that by this I ſee, no ſtate on earth may laſt
But as their times appointed be, to riſe and fal as faſt,
The goodes that gotten bee, by good and iuſt deſart.
yet die them ſo that ready handes maye helpe to ſpend the parte.
For looke what hepe thou horded, of ruſty golde in ſtore,
Thine enemies ſhall waſte the ſame & neuer ſwat therefore.

The repentant ſinner in durance and aduerſitie.

VNto the liuing Lord for pardon do I pray,
From whō I grant, euen from ỹ well, I haue run ſtil aſtraye
And other liues there none (my death ſhall well declare)
On whome I ought to grate for grace, as faulty folkes do fare:
But the O lord alone, I haue offended ſo
That this ſmall ſcourge is much to ſcāt for mine offēce I know
I ranne without returns, the way the worlde like beſt.
And what I ought moſt to regarde, that I reſpected leſt:
The through wherein I thruſt, hath throwne me in ſuch caſe
That lood my ſoule is ſore beſet without thy greater grace.
My gyltes are growen ſo great, my power doth ſo appaire,
That with great force they argue oft, and mercie much diſpaire.
But then with faithe I flee to thy prepared ſtore.
Where there lieth help for euery hurt, and ſalue for euery ſore.
My loſt time to lament, my vaine waies to bewaile.
No day, no night, no place, no howre, no moment I ſhall faile.
My ſoule ſhal neuer ceaſe with an aſſured faith,
To knocke, to craue, to call, to crye to thee, for help, with faith.
Knocked it ſhalbe heard, but aſked and giuen it is.
And all that like to kepe this courſe, of mercy ſhal not miſſe.
For when I call to mynde how the one wandring ſhepe
Did bring more ioy with his returne, then all the flocke did kepe:
It yelds full hope and truſt my ſtrayed and wandring ghoſt
Shalbe receyued and held more dere, then thoſe were neuer loſt.
O lord my hope behold, and for my helpe make haſte.
To pardon the forepaſſed race that careleſſe I haue paſt.
And but the day draw neare that death muſt pay the det,
For loue of life which thou haſt lent and time of payment ſet.
From this ſharp ſhowre me ſhilde which threatned is at hand,
Whereby thou ſhalt great power declare, & I the ſtorm withſtande,
Not my will lorde but thine, fulfilled be in eche caſe,
to whoſe great wil & mighti power, al powers ſhal once giue place
My faith, my hope, my truſt, my God and eke my guyde,
Stretch forth thy hand to ſaue the ſoule, what ſo the body byde.
Refuſe not to receiue that thou ſo deare haſt bought.
For but by the alone I know, all ſafety in vaine is ſought.
I know and knowledge eke, albeit very late,
That thou it is I ought to loue and dread in eche eſtate.
And with repentant hart, do laud the lorde on hye,
that hath ſo gently ſet me ſtraight, that erſt walkt ſo awry.
Now graunt me grace my God, to ſtand thine ſtrong in ſpirite.
and let ỹ world then work ſuch waies as to ỹ world ſeines meete.

The

The louer here telleth of his diuers ioyes, and aduerſities in loue, and laſtly of his ladies death.

SYth ſinging gladdeth oft the heartes,
Of them that feele the panges of loue
And for the while doth eaſe the ſmartes
My ſelfe I ſhall the ſame way proue.
And though that loue hath ſmit that ſtroke
whereby is loſt my libertie,
which by no meanes I may reuoke,
yet ſhall I ſing, how pleaſantly
Fyue twenty yeres of youth I paſt,
which all in libertie I ſpent.
And ſo from firſt vnto the laſt,
Ere aught I knew what louing ment,
And after ſhall I ſing the wo,
the paine, the griefe, the dedly ſmart,
when loue this life did ouerthrowe.
That hidden lies within my heart:
And then the ioyes that I did feele,
when fortune lifted after this,
And ſet me hye vpon her whele,
And changed my wo to pleaſant bliſſe.
And ſo the ſodeyn fall agayne,
From all the ioyes that I was in,
All you that liſt to heare of payne,
Geue eare, for now I do begin.
Lo, firſt of all when loue began,
With hote deſires my hart to burne,
Me thought his might auayled not than
From libertie my heart to turne.
For I was free, and did not know,
How much his might, mans hart may greue,
I had profeſt to be his foe,
His law I thought not to beleue,
I went vntyed in luſty leas,
I had my wilfe all wayes at will,

There was no wo, might me displease,
Of pleasant ioyes I had my fill.
No painfull thought did passe my harte
I spilt no teare to wet my brest:
I knew no sorow, sigh nor smart,
My greatest grief was quiet rest.
I brake no slepe I tossed not.
Nor did delight to sitte alone
I felt no change of colde and hotte,
Nor nought a nightes could make me
For all was ioy ỹ I did feele, (mone
And of voide wandering I was free,
I had no clogge tide at my hele,
This was my life at libertie.
That yet me thinkes it is a blisse,
to thinke vpon that pleasure past,
But forthwithall I finde the misse,
For that it might no longer last.
Those dayes I spent at my desire,
Without wo or aduersitie,
Till that my hart was set a fire
With loue, with wrath, with ielousie,
For on a day (alas the while)
Lo heare my harme how it began,
The blinded Lord, the God of guile
Had list to end my freedome than.
And through mine eye into my hart
All sodainly I felt it glide,
He shot his sharped fiery dart,
So hard that yet vnder my side
The head (alas) doth still remayne,
And synce could I neuer know,
the way to wring it out againe,
Yet was it nye three yere agoe,
This sodayn stroke made me agast,
And it began to vexe me sore,
But yet I thought it would haue past,
As other such had done before.
But it did not that (wo is me)
So depe imprinted in my thought,
the stroke abode that yet I see. (wrought
Me thinkes my harme how it was

Kynde

Kynde taught me ſtraight that this was loue,
And I perceiued it perfectly.
yet thought I thus: Nought ſhal me moue,
I wil not thral my libertie,
And diuers waies I did aſſay,
By ſlight, by force, by frend, by foe,
This fiery thought to put away,
I was ſo loth for to forgoe.
My libertye, that me was leuer,
Then bondage was, where I heard ſay
who once was bound, was ſure neuer,
without great paine to ſcape away.
But what for that, ther is no choice
For my miſhappe was ſhapen ſo,
That thoſe my dayes that did reioyce,
Should turne my bliſſe to bitter wo.
For with that ſtroke my bliſſe tooke ende
In ſtede where of forth with I caught,
Hotte burning ſighes, that ſins haue brend
My wretched heart almoſt to naught.
And ſince that daye, O Lord my life.
The miſery that it hath felt.
That nought hath had, but wo and ſtrife
And hotte deſires my hart to melt.
O Lord how ſodaine was the change,
From ſuch a pleaſant libertie:
The very thraldome ſemed ſtrange,
But yet there was no remedy.
But I muſt yeld, and geue vp al.
And make my guide my chiefeſt foe,
And in this wiſe became I thrall,
Lo, loue and hap would haue it ſo.
I ſuffred wrong and held my peace,
I gaue my teares good leue to ronne,
And neuer would ſeke for redreſſe,
But hoopt to liue as I begonne.
For what it was that might me eaſe
He liued not that might it knowe:
Thus dranke I all mine owne diſeaſe
And al alone bewailde my wo.
There was no ſight that might me pleaſe
I fled from them that did reioice.

And oft alone my hart to ease,
I would bewayle with wofull voice:
My life, my state, my miserye.
And curse my selfe and al my daies.
thus wrought I with my fantasy,
And sought my helpe none other waies.
Saue sometime to my selfe alone,
when farre of was my helpe, God wot
Loude would I crye, My life is gone
My dere, if that ye helpe me not.
Then wisht I straight ỳ death might end
these bitter panges, and al this griefs
For nought, me thought, might it amend.
thus in dispaire to haue relife.
I lengered forth, til I was brought
with pinyng in so piteous case,
that al that saw me said, me thought
Lo death is painted in his face.
I went no where, but by the way
I saw some sight before myne eies
That made me sigh, and oft times say
My life, alas, I thee dispise.
This lasted wel a yere, and more,
which no wight knew, but onely I
So that my life was nere for lore.
And I dispaired vtterly.
Til one a day, as fortune would,
(For that, that shalbe, nedes must fal)
I sat me downe as though I should
Haue ended then my life, and all.
And as I sat to write my plaint
Meaning to shew my great vnrest.
With quaking hand and hart ful faint
I cyd my plaintes among the rest
I wrote with ynke, and bitter teares,
I am not myne, I am not myne,
Behold my life, away that weares,
and if I dye the losse is thine.
Herewith a litle hope I caught,
That for a while my life did stay:
But in effect al was for naught,
Thus lyued I still til on a day

As I ſat ſtaring on theſe eyes.
Thoſe ſhynig eyes, that firſt me bound,
My inward thought tho cryed, Ariſe,
Lo mercy where it may be found
And therewithall I drewe me nere,
with feble heart, and at abrayde
(But it was ſoftly in her eare)
Mercy Madam, was all I ſayde,
But wo was me, when it was tolde,
For therewithall fayntcd my breath,
And I ſate ſtill for to beholde.
And heare the iudgement of my death.
But loue nor hap would not conſent
To end me then but well awaye
there gaue me bliſſe, that I repent
To thinke I lyue to ſee this day:
For after this I playned ſtill
So long and in ſo piteous wyſe,
That I my wiſhe had at my will.
Graunted, as I would it deuiſe.
But lord who euer heard, or knewe
Of half the ioy that I felt than:
Or who can thinke it may be true,
That ſo much bliſſe had euer man,
Lo fortune thas ſet me aloft,
And more my ſorowes to releue,
Of pleaſant ioyes I taſted oft,
As much as loue or hoppe might geue,
The ſorowes olde, I felt before,
About my heart, were driuen thence,
And for eche griefe, I felt afore,
I had a bliſſe in recompence,
Then thought I al the tyme well ſpent.
that I in plaint had ſpent ſo longe,
So was I with my life content,
that to my ſelf I ſaide among,
Sins thou art ridde of all thine ill,
to ſhew thy ioyes ſet fourth thy voice,
And ſins thou hah thy wiſh at will,
My happy heart, reioyce reioyce,
Thus felt I ioyes a great deale mo,
then by my ſong may well be tolde:

And thynking on my passed wo,
My blysse did double manifolde.
And thus I thought with mannes blood
Such blisse might not be bought to deare,
In such estate my ioyes then stoode,
That of a change I had no feare,
But why sing I so longe of blisse:
It lasteth not that will away,
Let me therefore bewaile the misse,
And sing the cause of my decay.
Yet all this while there liued none,
that led her lyfe more pleasantly,
For vnder hap there was not one,
We thought so well at ease as I.
But O blynd ioy, who may the trust:
For no estate thou canst assure,
Thy faithfull vowes proue all vniust.
Thy faire behest be full vnsure.
Good profe by me, that but of late
Not fully twenty daies ago,
which thought my life was in such state,
that nought might worke my heart this wo.
Yet hath the enmy of myne ease,
Cruell mishape, that wretched wight,
Now when my life did moste me please
Deuised me such cruel spight.
That from the hyest place of all.
As to the pleasing of my thought,
Downe to the depest am I fall,
And to my helpe auaileth nought,
Lo, thus are all my ioyes quyte gone,
And I am brought from happinesse,
Continually to waple, and mone,
Lo such is fortunes stablenesse.
In welth I thought such suertie,
that pleasure should haue ended neuer,
But now alas, aduersitie.
Doth make my singing cease for euer,
O brittle ioy O welth vnstable.
Who feeles the moste, he shal not misse,
At length to be made miserable.

For

For al muſt end as doth my bliſſe.
There is none other certaintye
And at the end the woꝛſt is his,
That moſt hath knowen pꝛoſperitye.
For he that neuer bliſſe aſſaied,
May wel a waye with wꝛetchednelle,
But he ſhal finde that hath it ſaid,
A paine to part from pleaſantnelle.
As I do now, for ere I knewe
what pleaſure was, I felt no grieke.
Like vnto this, and it is trew
ỹ bliſſe hath bꝛought me ī this miſchek
But yet I haue not longen how
this miſchiefe came, but I intend
with wokul voice to ſing it now,
And therewithall I make an end.
But lorꝺ, now that it is begonne,
I fele my ſpirites are vexed ſoꝛe,
Oh geue me bꝛeath til this be done,
And after let me liue no moꝛe.
Alas the enemy of this life,
The ender of al pleaſantnelle,
Alas he bꝛingeth al this ſtrife,
And cauſeth al this wꝛetchednelle.
For in the middes of al the welth,
That bꝛought my hart to happinelle,
this wicked death he came by ſtelth,
And robde me of my ioyfulnelle.
He came when that I litle thought
Of ought that might me vexe ſo ſoꝛe,
And ſodenly he bꝛought to nought
My pleaſantnelle foꝛ euermoꝛe.
He ſlewe my ioye, al as the wꝛetch,
He ſlew my ioy, oꝛ I was ware,
And now, alas, no might may ſtretch
To ſet an end to my great care.
For by this curſed deadly ſtroke,
My bliſſe is loſt, and I foꝛloꝛe,
And no help may the loſſe reuoke,
For loſt it is foꝛ euermoꝛe.
And cloſed vp are thoſe faire eyes,
that gaue me firſt the ſigne of grace,

My

My fayre swete foes, myne enemies,
And earth doth hide her pleasant face.
The looke which did my life vphold,
And al my sorowes did confounde,
With which more blisse thē may be tolde
Alas, now lieth it vnder grounde.
But ceasse for I wil sing no more.
Since that my harme hath not redresse,
But as a wretche for euermore
My like wil waste with wretchednesse.
And ending this my woful song.
Now that it ended is and past,
I would my life were but as long,
And that this woord might be my last.
For lothsome is that life (men say)
That liketh not ỹ liuers minde,
Lo thus I seke mine owne decay.
And wil til that I may it finde.

Of his loue named white.

FAIre and white she is and white by name,
Whose white doth striue, ỹ lilies white to stain
Who may contempne the blast of blacke defame
Who in darke night, can bring day bright againe
The ruddy rose impreaseth with clere hewe,
In lippes and chekes, right orient to beholde,
That the nerer gaser may that reew,
And kele disperst in limmes the chilling cold,
For white all white his bloodlesse face wil be.
The ashy pale so alter wil his chere,
But I that doe possesse in ful degree
the harty loue of this my hart so deare,
So oft to me as she presentes her face,
For ioye do kele my hart spring from his place:

Of the louers vnquiet state.

What

What thing is that which I both haue and lacke,
With good Wil graunted, yet it is denyed:
How may I be receiued and put abacke,
Alway doing and yet vnoccupied.
Moſt buſy in that which I haue moſt applied
Still thus to ſeeke, and leſe that I winne.
And that was done is neweſt to begin.
In riches finde I wilful pouertie.
In greate pleaſure, liue I in heauineſſe.
In much freedome I lacke my libertye.
Thus am I both in toy and in diſtreſſe.
And in few wordes, if that I ſhalbe plaine,
In Paradiſe I ſuffer al this paine.

where good wil is, ſome proofe wil appere.

IT is no fire that geues no heat,
Though it appeare neuer ſo hot,
And they that runne and cannot ſweate,
Are very leane and dry God wot,
A perfect leche applieth his wittes,
To gather herbes of al degrees,
And feuers with their feruent fittes,
Be cured with their contraries.
New wine wil ſerche to finde a vent,
Although the caſke be ſet ſo ſtrong,
And wit wil walke when wil is bent,
although the way be neuer ſo long.
The Rabbets runne vnder ẏ rockes.
The ſnailes doe clime the higheſt towers
Gunpouder cleaues the ſturdy blockes.
A feruent wil at thing deuoures.
When wit with wil and diligent,
Applie themſelues and match as mates
There can no want of reſident,
From force defende the caſtell gates.
Forgetfulneſſe makes little haſte,
and ſloth delightes to liue ful ſoft,
That telleth the deaf his tale doth waſt,
And is full dry that craues ful oft,

Verſes

Songes

Verses written on the picture of sir Iames wilford knight.

ALas that euer death such vertues should forset,
As compasse was within his corps, whose picture is here set,
Or that it euer lay in any fortunes might,
through depe disdaine to ende his life ỳ was so worthye a wight:
For sith he first begane in armour to be clad,
A worthier Champion then he was, yet England neuer had,
And though recure be past, his life to haue againe,
yet would I wishe his worthynes in writing to remaine:
That men to minde might cal, how farre he did excell,
At al assaies to winne the fame, which were to long to tell,
And eke the restlesse race that he ful oft hath runne,
In painefull plight from place to place, where service was to done
Then should men well perceiue, my tale to be of trouth,
And he to be the worthiest Wight that euer nature wrought.

The Ladie praieth the returne of her louer abiding on the seas.

SHal I thus euer long, and be no whit the nere,
And shal I stil complaine to the, the which me wil not here:
Alas, say nay, and be no more so dome,
But open thou thy manly mouth, and say that thou shalt come.
That thou wilt come thy woord to sware, if thou a liues man bee,
the roaring hugy waues, they threaten my poore ghost,
And tosse the vp and downe the seas, in daunger to be lost.
Shal they not make me feare that they haue swalowed thee:
But as thou art most sure aliue, so wilt thou come to me:
whereby I shal goe see thy shippe ride on the strand,
And think and say loe where he comes and sure here wil he land,
And then I shal lift vp to the my litle hand,
And thou shalt thinke thine hart in ease, in helth to se me stand.
And if thou come in dede (as Christ the send to doe)
those armes which misse the yet, shal then embrace the two,
Eche vaine to euery ioint the liuely blood shal spred,

which

which now for want of thy glad ſight, doth ſhew full pale & dead.
But if thou ſlip thy trouth and do not come at all,
As minutes in the clocke do ſtrike ſo call for death I ſhall.
To pleaſe both thy falſe hart, and rid my ſelfe from wo,
That rather had to die in trouth then liue forſaken ſo.

The meane eſtate is beſt.

The doutfull man hath feuers ſtrange
And conſtant hope is oft diſeade,
Diſpaire cannot but breede a change,
Nor fleting hartes cannot be pleaſde,
Of all theſe bad, the beſt I thinke.
Is wel to hope, though fortune ſhrinke
Deſired thinges are not ay preſt,
Nor things denied left all vnſought,
Nor new thinges to be beloued beſt,
Nor all offers to be ſet at nought,
where faithfull hart hath been refuſde,
The chofers wit was there abuſde.
The wofull ſhip of carefull ſprite,
Fleting on ſeas of wayling teares,
with ſayles of wiſhes broken quite,
Hanging on waues of dolefull feares,
By ſurge of ſighes at wrecke nerehand
May faſt no anker hold on land,
what helpes the dyall to the blynde.
Or els the clocke without it ſound:
Or who by dreames doth hope to finde
The hidden golde within the ground:
Shalbe as free from cares and feares,
As he that holdes a wolfe by the eares
And how much mad is he that thinkes
to clyme to heauen by the beames,
what ioy alas hath he that ſwinkes,
At Tiran or his golden ſtreames.
His ioyes not ſubiect to his reaſons lawes
that ioyeth more then he hath cauſe
For as the Phenix that climeth hie,
The ſunne lightly in aſhes burneth,
Agayne, the Faulcon ſo quick of eye,

Done

Done on the ground the net maſketh.
Experience therefore the meane aſſurance
Preferes before the doubtfull pleaſance.

The louer thinkes no paine to great, wherby he may obtaine his ladie.

SIth that the way to wealth is wo,
And after paine is pleaſure preſt,
Why ſhould I than diſpaire ſo,
By bewayling mine vnreſt,
Or let to leade my life in paine,
So worthy a lady to obtayne
The fiſher man doth count no care,
To caſt his nets to wrack or waſt,
And in reward of eche mans ſhare,
A Gogen gift is much embraſt,
Should I then grudge in griefe or gall,
That loke at length to wheine a whall.
The pore man ploweth his groũd for gaine,
And ſoweth his ſeede increaſe to craue,
And for therpence of all his paine,
Oft holdes it hap his ſeede to ſaue:
Theſe pacient paines my hart doth ſhew,
to long for louerere that I know,
And take no ſcorne to ſcape from ſkill,
To ſpend my ſpirites to ſpare my ſpech,
To win for welth the want of will,
And thus for reſt to rage I reche,
Running my race as rect vpright,
Till teare of truth appeaſe my plight:
And plant my plaint within her breſt,
Who doubtleſſe may reſtore againe
My harmes to health, my ruth to reſt.
that laced is within her chaine.
For earſtine are the griefes ſo great,
As is the ioy when loue is met,
For who couets ſo high to clime,
As doth the bird that pitfall toke:

Or who delightes ſo ſwift to ſwimme,
As doth the fiſh that ſcapes the hoke.
If theſe had neuer entred ſwo,
How mought they haue reioyſed loe
But yet alas ye loucrs all.
That here my ioy thus leſſe reioice,
Judge not amys what ſo befall,
In me there lyeth no power of choiſe,
It is but hope that doth me moue,
whoſe ſtanderd bearer is to loue.
On whoſe enſing when I behold,
I ſee the ſhadow of her ſhape,
within my faith ſo faſt yfold,
Through drede I dye, through hope I ſcape
Thus eaſe and woo ful oft I finde,
what will you more ſhe knoweth my mynd.

Of a new maried ſtudient that played faſt or loſe.

A Studient at his booke ſo placed,
That welth he might haue wonne,
From boke to wife did flete in haſt,
From welth to wo to runne.
How, who hath played a feter caſt,
Since iugling firſt begonne:
In knitting of himſelfe ſo faſt,
Himſelfe he hath vndoone.

The meane eſtate is to be accompted the beſt.

Who craftly caſtes to ſtere his boate,
And ſafely ſcoures the flattering flood,
He cutteth not the greateſt waues.
For why that way were nothing good.
He fleteth on the crooked ſhore.
Leſt harme him happe awaiting geſt,
But wines away betwene them both
As who would ſay the meane is beſte.

Whoſo

Who waiteth on the golden meane,
He put in point of lickernes,
Hides not his head in sluttish cotes,
Ne shroudes himself in filthines
Ne sittes a loft in hye estate,
where hatefull hartes envye his chance,
But wisely walkes betwix them twaine,
Ne proudly doth him selfe auance.
The highest tree in all the wood
Is rifest rent with blustring windes,
The higher hall the greater fall
Such chaunce haue proude & lofty mindes.
When Iupiter from hye doth threat,
With mortall mace and dint of thunder
The hyest hilles bene battered eft,
When they stoode stille that stoden vnder.
The man whose head with wit is fraught
In wealth will feare a worser tyde
When fortune failes dispaireth nought,
But constantly doth still abyde,
For he that sendeth grisely stormes
with whisking windes and bitter blastes,
And soswith with haile the winters face,
And frotes the soile with hoyry frostes,
Euen he adawth the force of colde,
The spring in sendes with somer hote,
the same ful oft to stormy hartes
Is cause of bale, of ioy the roote.
Not alwaies ill though so be now
When cloudes be driuen then rides the rak
Phebus the freshe ne shoteth still,
Sometime he harpes his muse to wake.
Stand stike therfore pluck vp thy hart,
Lose not thy port though fortune faile:
Againe when winde do serue at will,
Take hede to hye to hoyse thy saile.

The louer refused, lamenteth his estate.

I Lent my loue to losse, & gaged my lyfe in vaine,
Ie hate for loue, and deathe for lyfe, of louers is the gaine.

And

And curse I may by course, the place the time and howre,
That nature first in me did forme to be a liues creature.
Sith that I must absent my selfe so secretly,
In place desert, where neuer man my secretes shall espye,
In doling of my dayes among the beastes so brute,
who with their tonges may not bewray the secretes of my sute,
Nor I in like to them may once to moue my minde,
But gase on them, and they on me, as beastes are wont of kinde.
Thus ranginge as refusde, to reache some place of rest,
All rufte of heare, my nayles vnnoct as of such seemeth best,
That wander by their wittes, deformed so to be,
That men may say, suche one may curse the time he first gan see
The beauty of her face, her shape in such degree.
As god him selfe may not descerne one place mended to bee,
Nor place it in like place, my fansie for to ·please,
who would become a herdmans hire, one howr to haue of ease,
wherby I might restore to me some stedfastnesse.
that haue no thoughtes heapt in my hed, thē like may lōg disgesse
As oft to throwe me downe vpon the earth so colde,
whereas with teares most rufully, my sorowes do vnfolde.
And in beholding them, I chikly call to minde,
What woman could finde in her hart, such bonding for to bynde,
then rashly fourth I yede to cast me from ẏ care,
Like as the byrd for foode doth fly, and lighteth in the snare,
From whence I may not meue, vntill my race be ronne,
So trained is my truth through her ẏ thinkes my life wel wōe
thus tosse I to and fro, in hoape to haue relefe,
But in the fine I finde not so, it doubleth but my griefe,
Wherefore, I will my want a warning for to bee,
Unto al men wishing ẏ they, a mirrour make of mee,

The felicitie of the minde imbracinge vertue that beholdeth the wretched desires of the worlde.

When dredful swelling seas, through boisteous windy blastes
So tosse ẏ shippes, ẏ al for nought serues āker, saile, & mastes
who takes not pleasure then, safely on shore to rest,
And see with drede & depe dispaire, how shipmen are distrest.
Not that we pleasure take, when others felen smart,
Our gladnes groweth to see their harmes, & yet to fele no part.

Delight we take also, well ranged in arraye,
when armes meete to see the fight, yet free be from this fray.
But yet among the rest, no ioy may match with this,
Taspire vnto the temple hye where wisdome throned is
Defended with the lawes of hory heads expert,
which clere it kepe frō errours mist, ẏ might the trueth peruert
From whence thou maist looke downe, and see as vnder foote,
Mās wandering will & doubtfull life frō whence they tooke their (roote,
How some by wit cōtend by prowes some to rayse.
Riches and rule to gaine and holde, is all that men deuise.
O miserable mindes, O hartes in folly drent,
Why see you not what blindnesse in this wretched life is spent?
Body deuoyde of griefe, minde free from care and drede,
Is all and some that nature craues, wherewith our life to feede.
So that for natures turne few thinges may well suffise,
Dolour and griefe cleane to expell, & some delight surprise.
yea and it falleth oft, that nature more content,
Is with the lesse, then when the more to cause delight is spent.

All worldly pleasures vade.

The winter with his griesly stormes no lenger dare abide,
The pleasant grasse with lusty grene, ẏ earth hath newly dide.
The trees hath leaues, ẏ bowes don spred, new changed is ẏ yere
the water brokes are clene sonk down, ẏ pleasant bankes appere.
The spring is come, ẏ goodly nimpes now daunce in euery place,
thus hath the yere most pleasantly of late ychaungde his face.
Hoape for no immortalitie, for wealth will weare away,
As we may learne by euery yere, yea howers of euery day:
For Zephirus doth moisty the colde and blustering windes,
The somers drought, doth take away ẏ spring out of our mindes
And yet the somer cannot last but once must step aside,
then Autumne thinks to kepe his place, but Autūne cānot bide
for whē he hath brought forth his fruites, & stuft ẏ barns wᵗʰ corne
Then winter eates & empties all, and thus is Autumne worne
then hory frosts possesse ẏ place, thē tēpests worke muche harme
Thē rage of stormes don make al cold, which somer had made so warme
Wherefore let no man put his trust in that, ẏ wil decay
For slipper welth will not continue, pleasure will were away.
For when that we lost haue our life, and lye vnder a stone,
What are we then we are but earth, then is oure pleasure gone.

No

No man can tell what God almight of euery wight do call
No man can say to day I liue til morne my life shall last.
For when thou shalt before thy iudge stand to receiue thy doome,
what sentence Minos doth pronounce ỹ must of ther become.
Then shal not noble stocke and bloud redeeme thom frō his handes
Nor lugred talke with eloquence shal lose ther from his bandes
Nor yet thy life vprightly led can helpe thee out of hell,
For who descendeth downe so depe must there abide and dwell.
Diana could not thence deliuer chast Hipolitus,
Nor Theseus could not call to life his frend Perithous,

A cōplaint of the losse of lybertie by loue.

I Mseeking rest vnrest I finde,
I find ỹ wealth is cause of woe,
Iwo worth the time that I enclynde
To fixe m minde on beauty so.
That day be darkned as ỹ nighte
Let furious rage it cleane deuoure,
ne sūne nor moone therein geue light,
but it cōsume & streame & shower.
Let no small birdes straine forth their voice,
with pleasant tunes, nc yet no beast,
finde cause wherat he may reioice
that day when chaficed mine vnrest.
wherin alas, frō me was raught
mine owne free choice & quiet mind
my life my death in balāce braught
and reasō rasde through bark & rind
And I as yet in floure of age,
Both wit & wil did stil aduance,
ey to resist that burning rage,
but whē I durst thē did I glaunce.
Nothing to me did seme so hye
in mind I could it straight attaine
Fansie perswaded me therby,
loue to esteme a thing most vaine.
But as the birde vpon the bzier,
doth prick & proine her wout care,

Not knowing alas (poore foole) how neere
She is vnto the foulers snare.
So I amid disceitfull trust,
Did not mistrust such woful happe,
Till cruel loue ere that I wist
Had caught me in his careful trappe.
Then did I feele and partly knowe
How litle force in me did raigne,
So loone to yelde to ouerthrowe
So fraile to flit from ioy to paine.
For when in welth wil did me leade,
Of libertie to hoyse my saile,
To hale at shete, and cast my leade,
I thought free chose would stil preuaile.
In whose calme streames I sayld so farre,
No raging stormе had in respect,
Untill I raisde a goodly starre
whereto my course I did direct.
In whose prospect in dolefull wise,
My tackle failde my compasse brake,
Through hote desires such stormes did rise,
That sterne and toppe went all to wrake.
Oh cruel happe, oh fatall chaunce,
O fortune why were thou vnkinde,
Without regard thus in a traunce,
To reue from me my ioyfull minde.
Wher I was free now must I serue
where I was lose now am I bound
In death my life I do preserue,
As one through girt & many a wound

A praise of his Ladye.

GIue place you Ladies & be gone,
Boast not your selues at all,
For here at hand approcheth one,
Whose face will staine you all.
The vertue of her liuely lookes
Excels the precious stone,
I wishe to haue none other bookes
To read or looke vpon.

In

In eche of her two chrystall eyes,
smileth a naked boy,
It woulde you al in hart suffise
to see that lambe of ioye.
I thinke nature hath lost ỹ moulde,
where she her shape did take,
Or els I doubte if nature coulde
so faire a creature make.

She may be wel comparde
vnto the Phenix kinde,
whose like was neuer sene or heard,
that any man can finde
In life she is a Diana chast,
in trouth Penelopey,
in woord and eke in dede stedfast,
what wil you more we say.

If al ỹ world were sought so farre,
who could find such a wight,
her beauty twinkleth like a starre
within the frosty night.

Her roseal colour come and goes,
with such a comely grace,
more ruddier to, then doth the rose,
within her liuely face.

At Bacchꝰ feast none shal her mete
ne at no wanton playe,
nor gasing in an open streete,
nor gadding as a straye.

The modest mirth ỹ she doth vse,
is mixt with shamefastnesse
all vice she doth wholy refuse,
and hateth ydelnesse.

O Lord it is a woord to see,
how vertue can repaire,
and decke in her such honestye,
whom nature made so faire.

Truely she doth as farre excede,
our Women now a dates.
as doth the Ielliflower, a weede,
and more a thousand waies.

How might I do to get a graffe,
of this vnspotted tree?

For al the rest are plaine but chaffe,
which seeme good corne to bee.
This gift alone I shal her geue
when death doth what he can,
her honest fame shal liue,
within the mouth of man.

The poore estate to beholden for the best.

EXperience now doth shewe what God vs taught before.
Desired pompe is vaine, and seldome doth it last,
who climbes to raigne with kinges, may rue his fate ful sore,
Alas the woful end that comes with care ful fast,
Reiect him doth renoune his pompe ful lowe is cast,
Deceiued is the byde by sweetenesse of the cal,
Expel that pleasant tast wherein is bitter gall.
Such as with oten cakes in poore estate abides,
Of care haue they no cure, the crab with mirth they rost.
More ease feele they then those, that from their height down slides
Excesse doth breede their wo, they saile in Scillacs cost,
Remaining in the stormes til ship and al be lost.
Serue God therefore thou poore, for lo, thou liuest in rest,
Eschew the golden hall, thy patched house is best.

The complaint of Thestilis amid the desert wood.

THestilis a sely man, when loue did him forsake,
In mourning wise amid ỹ woods thus gan his plaint to make
Ah woful man (quod he) fallen in thy lot to mone,
And pine away with careful thoughts vnto thy loue vnknowne.
Thy lady thee forsakes whom thou didst honour so,
That aye to her thou were a freende, and to thy selfe a foe,

Ye loa

ye louers that haue loſt your hartes deſired choice,
Lament with me my cruell happe, and helpe my trembling voice,
was neuer man that ſtode ſo great in fortunes grace.
Nor with his ſwere alas to deare poſſeſt ſo high a place.
As I whoſe ſimple hart aye thought him ſelfe full ſure,
But now I ſee hys ſpringing tydes they may not ay endure.
She knowes my giltleſſe hart, and yet ſhe lets it pine,
Of her vntrue profeſſed loue, ſo feeble is the twine,
what wonder is it than, if I berent my heares,
And craueng death continually do bathe my ſelfe in teares.
when Creſus king of Lyde was caſt in cruell bandes,
And yelded goods and life alſo into his enemies handes.
what tong could tell his wo, yet was his grieke much leſſe
thē mine for I haue loſt my loue which might my wo redreſſe.
ye woods that ſhroude my limbs geue now your hollow ſound,
That ye may help me to bewayle the cares that me confound.
ye riuers reſt a while and ſtay the ſtreames that runne,
Kew Neſtilis moſt wofull man that reſtes vnder the ſunne.
Tranſport my ſighes ye windes vnto my pleaſant foe,
My trickling teares ſhall witneſſe beare of this my cruel woe.
O happy man were I, if all the goddes agreed,
that now the ſiſters three ſhould cut in twaine my fatal threede.
Till life with loue ſhall end, I here reſigne all ioy,
thy pleaſant ſwete I now lament, whoſe lack bredes mine annoy
Farewell my deare therefore farewell to me well knowne,
If that I dye it ſhalbe ſaid that thou haſt ſlaine thine owne.

An aunſwer of comfort.

THeſtilis thou ſely man, why doſt thou ſo complaine,
If needes thy loue will thee forſake, thy mourning is in vaine.
For none can force the ſtreames againſt their courſe to runne,
Nor yet vnwilling loue with teares or wailing can be wonne.
Ceaſe thou therefore thy plaintes. let hope thy ſorowes eaſe,
The ſhipmen though their ſaile be rent, yet hope to ſcape ỹ ſeas.
Though ſtrange ſhe ſeme a while, yet think ſhe will not change
Good cauſes driue a ladies loue, ſome time to ſeme full ſtrange.

No louer that hath wit, but can forefee ſuch happe,
that no wight can at wiſh or will ſleepe in his ladies lappe.
Archilles for a time faire Briſes did forgo,
yet did they mete with ioy againe. Then thinke thou maiſt do ſo
though he, and louers all, in loue, ſharpe ſtormes do finde,
Diſpaire not thou poore Theſtilis, though thy loue ſeme vnkind
Ah think her grafted loue cannot ſo ſone decay
Hye ſpringes may ceaſe from ſwelling ſtill, but neuer dry away.
Oft ſtormes of louers pre do more their loue encreaſe,
As ſhyning ſunne refreſh the fruits, when raining gines to ceaſe
When ſpringes are waxen low, then muſt they flow againe,
So ſhall my hart aduaunced be, to pleaſure out of paine.
When lacke of thy delight moſt bitter griefe apperes,
Think on Etraſcus worthy loue, that laſted thirty yeres,
which could not long atchiue, his hartes deſired choice,
yet at the end he found reward, that made him to reioice.
Since he ſo long in hope with pacience did remaine,
Cannot thy feruent loue forbeare thy loue, a month or twaine?
Admit ſhe mind to chaunge and needes will the forgo,
Is there no moe may thee delight but ſhe that paineth thee ſo?
Thiſtilis draw to the towne and loue as thou haſt done,
In time thou knoweſt by faithful loue, as good as ſhee is wone.
And leue the deſert woodes and wailing thus alone,
And ſeeke to ſalue thy ſore els where, if all her loue be gone.

The louer praieth pitie ſhewing that nature hath taught his dog as it were to ſue for the ſame by kiſſing of his ladies handes.

Nature that taught my ſely Dog God wot
Euen for my ſake to like wher I do loue,
Inforced him wher as my lady ſate,
with humble ſute before her falling flate,
As in his ſort he might her praye and moue
to rue vpon his lord and not forgeat,
The ſtedfaſt faith he beareth her, and loue,
kiſſing her hand whom ſhe could not remoue.

Away

Away that would for frowning nor for threat
As though he would haue said in my behoue,
Pity my lord your slaue that doth remaine,
Lest by his death, you giltlesse slay vs twaine,

Of his ring sent to his ladye

SInce thou my ring maist goe, where I ne may,
Since thou maist speake wher I must hold my peace
Say vnto her that is my liues stay,
Grauen within which I doe here expresse,
That sooner shal the sunne not shine by day,
And with the raine the floodes shal waxen lesse.
Sooner the tree the hunter shal bewray,
Then I for chaunge, or choice of other loue,
Do euer seeke my fansy to remoue.

The changeable estate of louers.

FOr that a restlesse hed must some what haue in vre,
where with it may acquainted be, as falcon is with lure.
Fansy doth me awake out of my drowsy slepe.
In seing how the litle mouse, at night begins to creepe,
So the desirous man, that longes to catch his pray,
In spying how to watche his time, lieth lurking stil by daye.
In hoping for to haue, and fearing for to finde
The salue that should recure his sore, & soroweth but the minde
Such is the guise of loue, and the vncertaine state.
That some should haue theire hoped hap, and other hard estate.
That some should seme to ioy in that they neuer had,
And some againe shal frowne as fast, where causelesse they be sad.
Such trades do louers vse, when they be most at large
That guided ẏ stere when they themselues ly freted in ẏ barge.
The grenesse of my youth cannot thereof expresse
The processe, for by proofe vnknowen, al this is but by gesse.
Wherefore I hold it best, in time to hold my peace,
But wanton will it cannot holde, or make my penne to cease,

A pen

A pen of no auaile, a frutleſſe labour eke,
My troubled hed with fanſies fraught, doth paine it ſelfe to ſeeke
And if perhaps my wordes of none auaile do pricke
Such as doe feele ỹ hidden harms, I would not they ſhould kick
As cauſeleſſe me to blame which thinketh them no harme,
Although I ſeme by others fire, ſometime my ſelfe to warme.
which clerely I deny, as guiltleſſe of the crime,
And though wrong deemed I be therin, truth it wil trie in time.

A prayſe of Audley.

WVhen Audley had run out his race, and ended wer his daies,
His fame ſtept forth & bad me writ of him ſōe worthy praiſe.
What life he lad, what actes he did, his vertues and good name.
Whereto I calde for true report, as witnes to the ſame.
Wel borne he was, wel bēt by kinde, whoſe mind did neuer ſwerue
A ſkilful hed, a valiant hart, a redy hand to ſerue,
Brought vp & traind in fetes of warre long time beyond the ſeas
Cald home againe to ſerue his prince, whō til he ſought to pleaſe
what turney was there he refuſde, what ſernice did he ſhoon?
Where he was not nor his aduice, what great exploit was doon.
In towne a lambe, in filde ful fierce, a Lion at the nede.
In ſober wit a Salomon, yet one of Hectors ſeede:
Then ſhame it were that any tong ſhould defame his dedes,
That in his life a mirrour was to al that him ſuccedes.
No poore eſtate nor high renowne his nature could peruart,
No hard miſchaunce ỹ him befel could moue his conſtant hart.
Thus long he liued, loued of al, as one miſlikte of none,
And where he went who calde him not the gentle Baragon.
But courſe of kind doth cauſe eche fruit to fal when it is ripe,
And ſpiteful death wil ſuffer none to ſcape his grieuous gripe.
Yet though the grounde receiued haue his corps into her wombe,
This Epitaph ygraued in braſe, ſhal ſtand vpon his tombe.
Lo here he lies that hated vice, and vertuous life imbraſt.
His name in earth, his ſpirite aboue, deſerues to be wel plaſte.

Time trieth truth.

EThe thing I ſee hath time, which time muſt trye my truth.
which truth deſerues a ſpecial truſt, on truſt gret frendſhip gro
And frendſhip may not faile where faithfulneſſe is found. (weth
And

And faithfulneſſe is ful of fruite, and fruiteful thinges be ſounde.
And ſounde is good at proofe, and proofe is prince of praiſe.
And precious praiſe is ſuch a pearle, as ſeldome nere decayes:
All theſe thinges time tries fourth, which time I muſt abide.
How ſhould I boldly credit craue till time my truth haue tride
For as I found a time to fal in fanſies frame,
So I doe wiſhe a lucky time for to declare the ſame.
If hap may aunſwere hoape, and hoape may haue his heire,
Then ſhal my hart poſſeſſe in peace the time that I deſire.

The louer refuſed of his loue embraſeth vertue.

MY youthful yeres are paſt.
My ioyful dates are gone
my life it may not laſt,
my graue and I am one.
My mirth and ioies are fled.
and I a man in wo,
deſirous to be ded,
my miſchiefe to forgo.
I burne and am a colde
I freeſe amids the fire,
I ſee ſhe doth with hold
that is my moſt deſire.
I ſee my help at hand
I ſee my life alſo,
I ſee where ſhe doth ſtand
that is my deadly foe:
I ſee how ſhe doth ſee
and yet ſhe wilbe blinde,
I ſee in helping me
ſhe ſekes and wil not finde.
I ſee how ſhee doth wrye
when I beginne to mone.
I ſee when I come nie,
how faine ſhe would be gone.
I ſee what wil ye more
ſhe wil me gladly kil,
and pon that ſee therefore
that ſhe ſhal haue her wil.

I can

I cannot liue with stones
It is to hard a foode,
I wilbe dead at ones
To do my lady good.

The picture of a louer.

BEhold my picture here wel protrayed for the nones,
with hart consumed & falling flesh, beholde the very bones.
whose cruel chaunce alas, and destenye is such,
Onely because I put my trust in some folke al to muche.
For since the time that I did enter into this pine,
I neuer saw the rising sunne but with my weping eyen.
Nor yet I neuer harde so swete a voyce or sounde,
But that to me it did encrease the dolour of my wounde:
Nor in so soft a bedde, alas I neuer lay,
But that it semed hard to me or neuer it was daye.
Yet in this bodye bare, that nought but like retaines,
The strength whereof cleane past away, the care yet stil remaynes
Like as the Cole in flame doth spend it selfe you see,
To vaine & wretched cindre dust til it consumed bee:
So doth this hope of mine enforce my feruent suite,
To make me for to gape in vaine, whilst other eate the fruite.
And shal doe til that death doth geue me such a grace
To rid this sely woful spryte out of this doleful case.
And then would God were wryte in stone or els in leade
This Epitaph vpon my graue, to shewe why I am ded.
Here lieth the louer lo, who for the loue he aught,
I liue vnto his lady deare, his death thereby he caught.
And in a shielde of blacke, lo here his armes appeares
with weping eyes as you may see. wel poudred al with teares.
Lo here you may beholde, aloft vpon his brest,
A womans hand straining the hart of him that loued her best
wherefore al you ỹ see this corps for loue that starues,
Example make vnto you all. that thankelesse louers sarues.

Of the death of Phillips.

BEwaile with me all ye that haue profest
Of in a sticke tharte, by though of coarde or winde,

Lay

Lay downe your lutes and let your gitterns rest,
Philips is dead whose like you can not finde,
Of musick much exceding all the rest,
Muses therefore of force now must ye wrest
your pleasant notes into another sounde,
The string is broke, the lute is disposest,
The hand is colde, the body in the ground
The louring lute lamenting now therefore,
Philips her frende that can her touch no more.

That al thing sometime finde ease of their paine, saue onely the louer.

I See there is no sorte
Of thinges that liue in griefe,
which at sometime may not resort
whereas they haue relefe.
The stricken Dere by kinde
Of death that standes in awe,
For his recure an herbe can finde,
The arrowe to withdraw.
The chased Dere hath soyle,
to coole him in his heate,
The Asse after his wery toyle,
In staple is vp set.
The Cony hath his caue,
The litle bird his nest,
Frō heat & cold thēselues to saue,
At all times as they list.
The owle with feeble sight,
Lyes lurkinge in the leaues,
The sparrowe in the frosty night
May shroude her in the eaues.
But woe to mee alas,
In sunne nor yet in shade,
I cannot finde a relling place,
My burden to vnlade:
But day by day still beares
The burden on my backe,

with

With weping eye and watrye teares,
to holde my hope abacke.
All thinges I see haue place
wherin they bowe or bende,
Saue this allas my wofull case,
which no where findeth end.

Thassaute of Cupide vpon the fort where the louers hart lay wounded, and how he was taken.

When Cupide scaled first the forte
wherin my heart lay wounded sore,
the batry was of such a sort
that I must yelde or die therfore.
There sawe I loue vpon the wall,
howe he his banner did displaye,
alarme alarme he gan to call,
and bad his souldiours keepe araye.
The armes the which that Cupide beare
were pearced hartes with teares besprent.
in silluer and sable to declare
The stedfast loue he alwaies ment.
There might you see his hand all dresse.
in colours like to white and blacke,
with pouder & with pellets prest,
to bring them foorth to spoile and sacke.
Good will the maister of the shot,
stoode in the rampire braue and proude
for spence of pouder he espared not,
assault assaulte to crye aloude.
There might you heare ỹ cannons rore
Eche piece discharged a louers looke,
which had the power to rent and tore
in any place where as they tooke.
And euen with the trumpets sowne
the scaling ladders were vp set,
and beauty walken vp and downe,
with bowe in hand and arrowes whet.
Then first dasire began to scale
and shrowded him vnder his targe,

As one the worthiest of them al,
and aptest for to geue the charge.
The pushed souldiers & their picks
and holbordes with handy strokes,
the hargabushe in flesche it lightes,
and dimps the aire & misty smokes.
And as it is now souldiers vse
when shot & pouder gins to waut,
I hanged vp my flage of truce,
and pleded for my liues geaunt.
whē kāsy thus had made her breach
and beauty entred with her bande,
with bagge and baggage selly wretche
I yeld into beauties hand.
Then beauty had to blow retrete,
and euery souldiour to retire,
and mercy milde with speede to set
me captiue bound as prisoner.
Madam (quod I) sith þ this day
had serued you at al assaies,
I yelde to you without delay
here of the fortresse al the kaies.
And sith that I haue been the marke
at whom you shot at with your eye,
nedes must you & your handy warke
or salue my sore or lit me dye.

The aged louer renounceth loue.

I Loth that I did loue,
In youth that I thought swete,
as time requires for my behoue,
me thinkes they are not meete.
My lustes they doe me leaue,
my fansies all are fled,
and tract of time beginnes to weaue
gray heares vpon my hed.
For age with stealing steppes
hath clawde me with his crouche.

And

And lusty like away she leapes,
As there had bene none suche.
My muse doth not delight
me as she did before,
My hand and pen are not in plight,
as they haue been of yore.
For reason me denies
this youthly idle time,
And day by day to me she cryes
Leaue of these ioyes in time.
The wrinkles in my browe,
The furrowes in my face,
Say limping age will lodge him now,
where youth must geue him place.
The harbinger of death,
to me I se him ride,
The cough, the cold, & gasping breath
doth bid me to prouide
A picke axe and a spade,
and eke a shreding sheete,
A house of clay for to be made,
for such a geast most meete.
Me thinkes I heare the clarke
that knowles the carefull knell,
And bids me leaue my wofull warke
ere nature me compell.
My kepers knit the knot.
that youth did laugh to scorne,
Of me that cleane shalbe forgot
as I had not been borne.
Thus must I youth geue vp,
whose badge I long did weare,
to them I yelde the wanton cup,
that better may it beare.
Lo here the bareked skull,
by whose balde signe I know,
that stouping age away shall pull,
which youthfull yeres did sowe.
For beauty with her band
these croked cares hath wrought
and shipped me into the land,
from whence I first was brought.

And

And ye that byde behynde,
Haue ye none other truſt,
As ye of clay were caſt by kind,
So ſhall ye waſt to duſt.

Of the lady wentworths death.

TO liue to dye, and dye to liue againe,
With good renowm of fame wel led before,
Here lyeth ſhee that learned had the lore
whom if the perfect vertues wouided dayne,
To be ſet furth with folie of worldly graee,
was noble borne, and matcht in noble race,
Lord wentworthes wife, nor wanted to attaine
In natures gifts herpraiſe among the reſt
But that they gaue her praiſe aboue the beſt
Not fame, her wedlockes chaſtnes durſt diſtaine
Wherin with childe, delinering of her wombe
Thūtimely birth hath brought them both in tombe
So left ſhe life by death to liue againe.

The louer accuſing his loue for her vnfaithfulneſſe purpoſeth to liue in libertie.

THe ſmoky ſighes the bitter teares,
That I in vaine haue waſted,
The broken ſleepes, the woe and feares
That long in me haue laſted,
The loue and all I owe to thee,
Here I renounce and make me free.
Which fredome I haue by thy guylt
And not by my deſeruing.
Since ſo vnconſtantly thou wilt
Not loue but ſtil be ſweruing
to leaue me of whych was thine owne.
Without cauſe why as ſhalbe knowne.
The fruits wer faire the which did growe

Within my garden planted,
the leaues were grene of euery bough
And moisture neuer wanted,
Yet ere the blossomes gā fall,
the catterpiller wasted all.
The body was the garden place,
And surgred woordes it beareth,
the blossomes all thy faith it was,
Which as the canker weareth
the caterpiller is the same,
that hath wonne the & lost thy name
I meane the louer loued now,
By the pretenced foly,
which wil proue like þ shalt find how
Unto a tree of holly
that barke & bery beares alwais,
The one, birdes feedes, the other slaies
And right wel mightest thou haue thy wish,
Of thy loue, new acquainted,
For thou art like vnto the dishe,
that Adrianus painted.
Wherin were grapes portraied so faire
that, fowles for food did there repaire.
But I am like the beaten foule,
That from the nett escaped,
And thou art like the raueming owle,
that all the night hath waked,
For none intent but to betray,
The sleping fowle before the day.
Thus hath thy loue ben vnto me.
As pleasant and commodious,
as was the fire made on the sea
By Naulus hate so odious,
Therwith to traine the Grekish host,
Frō Troys returne wher they wer lost.

The louer for want of his desire, sheweth his death at hande,

As

AS Cypres tree that rent is by the roote,
As braunche or ſlip better frō whence it groweſ
As well ſowne ſede for drought that cannot ſprout
As gaping ground that rainleſſe cannot cloſe
As Howles that whan the earth to do them bote,
As fiſhe on land to whom no water flowes,
As Chamelon that lackes the ayre ſo ſote
As flowers do fade whē Phebus rareſt ſhowes,
As Salamandra repulſed from the fire,
So wanting my wiſh I dye for my deſire.

A happy end excedeth al pleaſures and riches of the worlde.

THe ſhyning ſeaſon to ſome,
The glory in the worldes ſight,
Renoumed fame though fortun wōne
The glittering golde the eyes delight.
The ſenſuall life that ſemes ſo ſwete,
The heart with ioyfull dayes replete,
The thing wherto ech wight is thrall
The happy end excedeth all.

Againſt an vnſtedfaſt woman.

O Temerous taunters that delightes in toyes,
Tumbling cock boate tottring to and fro,
Jangling ieſters, deprauers of ſwete ioyes
Ground of the graffe whēce all my grief doth grow
Dullen ſerpent enuironed with deſpite,
That ill for good at all times doth requite.

A Prayſe of Petrarche and of Laura his Ladie.

O Petarche head and prince of Poets all.
Whose liuely gift of flowing eloquence
Well may we seke, but finde not how or whence.
So rare a gift with the did rise and fall,
Peace to thy bones and glory immortall
Be to thy name, and to her excellence,
Whose beautie lightned in thy tyme and sence,
So to be set furth as none other shall.
Why hath not our pēes rimes so perfit wrought,
Ne why our tyme furth bringeth beauty such:
To trye our wittes as golde is by the touch,
If to the style the matter ayded ought:
But there was neuer laura more then one,
And her had Petrarche for his Paragone.

That Petrark cannot be passed but notwithstandinge that Laura is farre surpassed.

VVIth Petrarch to cōpare there may no wight,
Nor yet attaine vnto so high a stile,
But yet I wote full well were is a file,
To frame a lerned man to praise a right,
Of stature meane of semely forme and shape,
Eche lime of iust proportion to her height,
Her colour fresh, and mingled with such sleight,
As though the rose sate in the lilies lap.
In wit and tong to shew what may be sed.
To euery dede she ioines a perfect grace.
If Laura liued, she would her cleane deface.
For: I dare say, and lay my lyfe to wed
That momus could not, if he downe descended,
Once iustly say, Lo this may be amended.

Against a cruel woman,

CRuel vnkind whom mercie cannot moue,
Harbour of vnhap wher rigors rage doth raigne
Ground of my grife where pitie cannot proue,

Tickle

Tickle to truſt of al vntruth the traine,
Thon rigorous rocke that truth cannot remoue
Daungerous delph, depe dungeon of diſdaine,
Darke of ſelfewil, the cheſt of craft and chaunge
what cauſeth thee thus cauſeleſſe for to chaunge:
Thy pitieleſſe plaint whom plaint cannot prouoke
Den of diſceite that right doth ſtil refuſe,
Cauſeleſſe vnkinde that cariest vnder cloke
Cruelty and craft me cruely to abuſe,
Stately & ſtubborne withſtanding Cupides ſtroke
Thou marueilous maſe that makeſt men muſe,
Swollen by ſelfe wil, moſt ſtone ſtiffe and ſtraunge,
what cauſeth thee thus cauſeleſſe for to change:
Slipper and ſecret where ſuertie cannot ſow.
Net of newetie, neſt of newfangleneſſe,
Spring of al ſpite, frō whence whole flods do flow.
Thou caue & cage of care & craftyneſſe,
Wauering willow that euery blaſt doth blow
Graſſe without groth and cauſe of carefulneſſe,
Heape of miſhappe of al my griefe the grange,
what cauſeth thee thus cauſeleſſe for to change.
Haſt thou forgot that I was thine inſeft
By force of loue, haſt thou not hart at al:
Haweſt thou not other for thy loue were left
Knoweſt thou vnkinde, that nothing mought befal.
Fro out of my heart that could haue thee bereft
what meaneſt thou then, at riot thus to range:
And leaueſt thine owne ỹ neuer thought to change

The louer ſheweth what he would haue, if it were graunted him to haue what he would wiſhe.

If it were ſo that god wouldе graunt me my requeſt,
And that I might of earthly thinges haue that I lyked beſt,
I wouldе not wiſhe to clime to princely hie eſtate,
which ſlipper is and ſlides ſo oft, and hath ſo fickle fate,
Nor yet to conquer realmes with cruel ſword in hande,

And so to shed the guiltlesse blood of such as would withstand,
For I would not desire in worldly rule to raigne
whose fruit is al vnquietnesse, and breaking of the braine
For riches in excesse of vertue so abhorde,
I would not craue which breedeth care, and causeth al discord
But my request should be more worth a thousand folde,
That I might haue & her enioy that hath my hart in holde.
Oh god what lusty life should we line then for euer.
In pleasant ioye & perfect blisse to length our liues together.
With woordes of frendly chere, and lookes of liuely loue,
To vtter al our hot desires, which neuer should remoue.
But grosse and gredy wittes which grope but on the grounde,
To gather mucke of worldly goodes which oft do them confound
Cannot attaine to knowe the misteries diuine,
Of parfit loue whereto hye wittes of knowledge do encline
A niggard of his golde such ioie can neuer haue,
Which geats & toyle & kepes with care, & is his monies slaue.
As they enioy al waies, that taste loue in his kinde,
For they do holde continually a heauen in theire minde,
No worldly goodes could bring my heart so great an ease.
As for to finde or doe the thinge that might my lady please,
For by her onely loue, my heart should haue all ioy,
And with the same put care away, and al that could annoy,
As if that any thing should chaunce to make me sadde,
The touching of her coral lippes, woulde straight waies make me glad
And when ỳ in hart I do feele ỳ did me greue,
With one embracing of her armes she might me soone relieue.
And as the angels al which sit in heauen hye,
With presence and the sighe of God, haue theire felicities
So likewise I on earth, should haue al earthly blisse,
with presence of that Paragon, my god in earth that is.

The Ladie forsaken of her louer praieth his returne, or the end of her owne life.

TO loue, alas who would not feare,
That seeth my wofull state,
For he to whom my hart I beare
Doth me extremely hate.

And why therefore I cannot tell,
He will no lenger with me dwell.
Did you not ſue and long me ſerue,
Ere I you graunted grace:
And wil you thus now frō me ſwerue
That neuer did treſpace:
Alas poore woman then alas,
I wery like here muſt I paſſe.
And ſhall my faith haue ſuch refuſe
In dede and ſhall it ſo:
Is there no choyce for me to chuſe
But muſt I leaue you ſo:
Alas poore woman then alas,
I wery like hence muſt I paſſe.
And is there now no remedy
But that you will forget her:
there was time when that perdy
you would haue harde her better.
But now that time is gone and paſt,
And all your loue is but a blaſt,
And can you thus breake your beheſt
In dede and can you ſo:
did you not ſwoare you loeud me beſt
And can you now ſay no:
Remember me poore wight in paine,
And for my ſake turne once againe.
Alas poore Dido now I feele
Thy preſent painfull ſtate,
When falſe Eneas did him ſteele,
From thee at Carthage gate,
And left thee ſleeping in thy bed,
Regarding not what he had ſed.
Was neuer woman thus betrayde,
Nor man ſo falſe forſworne,
His faith and trouth ſo ſtrongly tyde,
Untrueth hath al to torne.
And I haue leaue for my good will,
To wayle and wepe at one my fill.
But ſince it will not better bee
My teares ſhall neuer blin,
To moiſt the earth in ſuch degree

That I may drowne therein.
That by my death all men may say,
Lo women are as true as they.
By me all women may beware,
That see my wofull smart,
To seke true loue let them not spare,
Before they set their hart.
Or elis they may become as I
Which for my trueth am like to dye.

The louer yelden into his ladies handes, prayeth mercye.

IN fredome was my fantesie,
I abhorring bondage of the minde,
But now I yelde my libertie,
And willingly my selfe I bynd,
Truely to serue with al my hart,
Whiles life doth last not to revert.
Her beauty bounde me first of al,
And forst my wil for to consent,
And I agree to be her thral,
For as she list I am content.
My will is hers in that I may
And where she biddes I wil obay,
It lieth in her my woe or welth,
She may do that she lyketh best:
If that she list I haue my helth,
If she list not, in wo I rest
Sins I am fast within her bandes.
My wo and welth lye in her handes.
She can no lesse then pittye me,
Sith that my fitte to her is knowne
It weare to mucht extremitie
With crueltie to vse her owne,
Alas a sinfull enterprise,
To slay that yeldes at her deuise:
But I think not her hart so harde,
Nor that she hath such cruel lust.

I

I doubt nothing of her reſwarde
For my deſert.but wel I truſt
As ſhe hath beauty to allure,
So hath ſhe a hart that wil recure.

That nature which worketh al thinges for our behoofe, hath made women alſo for our comfort and delight.

AMong dame natures woorkes ſuch perfit laſw is wrought,
That thinges be ruide by courſe of kind in order as they ought
And ſerueth in theire ſtate, in ſuch iuſt frame and ſort,
That ſlender wits may iudge the ſame, and make thereof report
Behold what ſecret force the winde doth eaſely ſhowe,
which guides the ſhippes amid the ſeas, if he his belloſwes bloſw
The waters waxen wilde where bluſtering blaſtes do riſe,
yet ſeldome do they paſſe theire bondes, for nature that deuiſe.
The fier which boyles the leade, and tryeth out the golde,
Hath in his power both helpe and hurt, if he his force vnfold.
The froſt which killes the fruite, doth knit the bruſed bones,
And is a medicine of kinde, prepared for the nones.
The earth in whoſe entrailes the foode of man doth line,
At euery ſpring and fal of leafe, what pleaſure doth she geue:
The ayre which life deſires, and is to health ſo ſweete.
Of nature yeldes ſuch liuely ſmelles, that comforte euery ſpirite
The ſunne through natures might, doth draw, away the dew
And ſpreds ye flowers where he is wont his princely face to ſhew
The moone which may be calde the lanterne of the night,
Is halfe a guide to traueling men, ſuch vertue hate her light.
The ſtarres not vertueleſſe are beauty to the eyes,
A lodes man to ye mariner, a ſigne of calmed ſkyes.
The flowers and fruiteful trees, to man do tribute pay,
And when they haue theire duity done. by courſe they fade away
Eche beaſt both fiſhe and fowle, doth offer life and al,
To norriſhe man & doe him eaſe, ye ſerue him at his cal.
The ſerpents venemous, whoſe ougly ſhapes we hate,
Are ſouereigne ſalues for ſundry ſores, and nedeful in their ſtate
With natures ſhewes her poſwer, in eche thing thus at large,
Why ſhould not man ſubmit hunſelfe to be in natures charge:

who

who thinkes to flee her force, at length becomes her thrall,
The wisest cannot slippe her snare, for nature gouernes al.
For nature gaue vs shape, for nature fedes our liues,
Thē they are worse thē mad I thinke, against her force ỹ striues
Though some do vse to say, which can do nought but faine,
women were made for this entent, to put vs men to paine,
yet sure I thinke they are a pleasure to the minde,
A ioy which man can neuer want, as nature hath assinde.

VVhen aduersitie is once fallen it is to late to beware.

TO my mishappe alas I finde
That happy hap is daungerous,
And fortune woorketh but her kinde,
To make the ioyful dolorous.
But all to late it comes to minde,
to waile ỹ want that makes me b'ind:
Amid thy mirth and pleasantnesse,
Such chaunces is chaunced sodainly,
That in dispaire without redresse.
I finde my chiefest remedy.
No new kinde of vnhappynesse
Should thus haue left me cōfortlesse.
who would haue thought ỹ my request,
Should bringe me furth such bitter fruite:
But now is hapt that I feard lest,
And al this harme comes by my suit.
For when I thought me happiest
Euen then hapt al my chiefest vnrest.
In better cas was neuer none,
And yet vnwars thus am I trapt.
My chiefest desire doth cause me mōs
And to my harme my welth is hapt.
There is no man but I alone,
That hath such cause to sighe & mone,
Thus am I taught for to beware,
And trust no more such pleasant chāce
My happy hap bredc me this care,
And brought my mirth to great mischance.
There is no man whom hap will spare
But when she list his welth is bare

Of

Of a louer that made his onely God of his loue

ALl you that frendſhip do profeſſe.
And of a frend preſent the place,
Geue eare to me that did poſſeſſe.
As frendly fruites as ye embrace,
And to declare the circumſtance.
There were themſelues thet did auance
To teache me truely how to take,
A faithfull frende for vertues ſake.
But I as one of litle ſkill,
To knowe what good might growe thereby
Unto my wealth I had no will,
Nor to my nede I had none eye,
But as the childe doth learne to goe.
So I in time did learne to knowe,
Of al good fruites ỹ world brought forth
A faithfull frende is thing moſt worth.
Then with al care I ſought to finde,
One worthy to receiue ſuch truſt,
One onely that was riche in minde,
One ſecret, ſobre, wiſe and iuſt,
whom riches could not raiſe at al.
Nor pouertie procure to fal,
And to be ſhort in fewe woords plaine.
One ſuch a frende I dyd attaine.
And when I did enioy this welth
who liued lord in ſuch a caſe,
For to my frendes it was great health.
And to my foes a fowle deface,
And to my ſelfe a thing ſo riche
As ſeke the world and finde none ſuch.
Thus by this frende I ſet ſuch ſtore,
As by my ſelfe I ſet no more.
This frende ſo much was my delight.
when care had clene ouercome my hart,
One thought of her rid care as quite,
As neuer care had cauſde my ſmart.
Thus ioied I in my frend ſo deare,
Was neuer frend ſat man ſo nere.

I cards

I carde for her so much alone,
That other God I carde for none.
But as it doth to them befal,
That to themselues respect haue none
So my swete graffe is growen to gal
Where I sowed mirth I reaped mone,
This ydol that I honored so,
Is now transformed to my foe.
That me most pleased, me most paines
And in dispaire my heart remaines.
And for iust scourge of such desart.
Three plages I may my selfe assure,
First of my frend to lose my part
And next my life may not endure,
And last of al the more to blame.
My soule shal suffer for the same,
Wherefore ye frendes I warne you al.
Sit fast for feare of such a fall.

Vpon the death of sir Antonye Denny.

DEath and the king, did as it were contend,
Which of them two bare Denny greatest loue:
The king to shewe his loue gan farre extend.
Did him aduance his betters farre aboue,
Were place, much wealth, great honour, eke hi gaue
To make it known what power great princes haue.
But when death came with his triumphant gift,
From worldly carke he quit his wearied ghost,
Free from the corps, and straight to heauen it lift,
Now deme that can, who did for Denny most,
The king gaue welth but fading and vnsure,
Death brought him blisse that euer shal endure.

A comparison of the louers paines.

LYke as the brake within the riders hande
Doth strain ỹ horse, nye wood with griefe of pain

Not vſed before to come in ſuch a bande,
Striueth for grief, although god wot in vain,
To be as erſt he was at libertie,
But force of force doth ſtraine the contrary.
Euen ſo ſins band doth cauſe my dedly griefe
That made me ſo my wofull chaunce lament,
Like thing hath brought me ẽto pain & miſchif
Haue willingly to it I do aſſent.
To blinde ỹ thing in fredome which was free,
That now ful ſore alas repenteth me.

Of a Roſemarie branche ſent.

SUch grene to me as you haue ſent,
Such grene to you I ſend againe,
A flouriſhing heart that will not feint
For drede of hope or loſſe of gaine,
A ſtedfaſt thought al wholy bent,
So that he may your grace obtayne,
As you my proofe haue alwaies ſeene.
To liue your owne & alwaies grene.

To his loue of his conſtant heart.

AS I haue been, ſo will I euer be
Vnto my death, and lenger if I might
Haue I of loue the frendly looking eye,
Haue I of fortune fauour or deſpite,
I am of rocke by proofe as you may ſee
Not made of wax, nor of no metall light
As leeſe to die, by change as to deceiue
Or breake the promyſe made. And ſo I leaue.

Of the token which his loue ſent him.

The

THe golden apple that the Troyan boye
Gaue to Venus the faireſt of the three
Which was the cauſe of all the wracke of Troy
Was not receiued with a greater ioy,
Then was the ſame (my loue) thou ſent to me.
It healed my ſore it made my ſorowes free,
It gaue me hope, it baniſht mine annoy,
Thy happy hande full oft of me was bliſt,
That can geue ſuch a ſalue, when thou liſt

Manhode auaileth not without good fortune.

THe Cowerd oft whom deynty vyands fed,
That boſted muche his ladies eares to pleaſe,
By helpe of them whom vnder hym he led,
Hath reapt the palme that valiance could not ceaſe,
The vnexpert that ſhores vnknowne nere ſought,
Whom Neptune yet appaled not with feare,
In wandring ſhippe on truſtles ſeas hath tought,
The ſkil to ſell that time to long doth leare,
The ſporting knight that ſkorneth Cupides kinde
With famed chere the pained cauſe to bryde,
In game vnhydes the leaden ſparkes of mynde,
And gaynes the gole, where glouing flames ſhould ſpede.
Thus I ſee proue that troth and malice hart
May not auayle, if fortune chauuce to ſtart.

That conſtancy of all vertues is moſt worthie.

THoughe in the warelaiperfect picture made,
Doth ſhew as faire as in the marble ſtone,
Yet do we ſee it is eſtemed of none.
Becauſe that fire or force the fourme doth fade
Wheras the marble holden is full dere:
Since that endures the date of lenger dayes.
Of Dyamondes is the greateſt prayſe,

So

So long to laſt and alwaies one tappere.
Then if we do eſteme that thing for beſt,
which in perfeccion longeſt time do laſt,
And that moſt vaine that turnes with enery blaſt:
what iewel then with tong can be expreſt?
Like to that hart where loue hath framde ſuchfeth
That cannot fade but by the force of deth.

The vncertaine ſtate of a louer.

LYke as the rage of raine,
Filles riuers with exceſſe,
And as the drought againe,
Doth drawe them leſſe and leſſe,
So I both fall and clyme,
with no and yea ſometime.
As they ſwell hie and hye,
So doth encreaſe my ſtate,
As thy fall dry and drye,
So doth my welth abate,
As yea is mixt with no,
So mirth is mixt with wo.
As nothing can endure,
that liues and lackes relife,
So nothing can ſtand ſure,
Wher change doth raigne as chiefe,
Wherfore I muſt intend,
to bowe when others bende.
And when they laugh to ſmyle,
And when they wepe to waile,
And when they craft begyle,
And when they fight, aſſaile,
And think there is no change
Can make them ſeme to ſtrange.
Oh moſt vnhappy ſlaue,
What man may lead this courſe?
to lacke that he would faineſt haue,
Or els to doe much worſe.
Theſe be rewardes for ſuch,

As

As liue and loue to much.

The louer in libertie ſmileth at them in thraldome, that ſometime ſkorned his bondage.

AT liberty I ſit and ſee,
The that haue erſt laught me to ſcorne
whipt with the whip that ſcourged me,
And now they banne that they wer borne,
I ſee them ſit ful ſoberly,
And think their earneſt lokes to hide:
Now in themſelues they cannot ſpye,
that they or this in me haue ſpyde.
I ſee them ſitting all alone.
Marking the ſteppes eche worde & loke,
And now they tread where I haue gone,
The painfull pathe that I forſoke,
Now I ſee well I ſaw no whit.
When they ſawe well that now are blind,
But happy happe hath made me quite,
And iuſt iudgement hath them aſſind,
I ſee them wander all alone.
And tread ful faſt in dredful dout
The ſelfe ſame path that I haue gone,
Bleſſed be hap that brought me out.
At liberty all this I ſee.
And ſay no word but erſt among:
Smyling at them that laught at me,
Lo ſuch is happe, marke well my ſong.

A compariſon of his loue with the faithful & painful loue of Troilus to Creſide.

I Rede how Troylus serued in Troye
A Lady long and many a day,
and how he boade so great annoy,
for here as al the story say,
that halfe the paine had neuer man,
which had this wofull Troyan than.
His youth, his sport, his plesant cheere,
his courtly state and company,
In him so strangely altered were,
with such a face of contrary,
that euery ioy became a wo,
this poyson new had turned him so.
And what men thought might most hi ease
and most that for his comfort stode,
the same did most his mind displease,
and set him most in furious mode,
for al his pleasure euer lay,
to thinke on her that was away.
His chamber was his common walke,
wherein he kept him secretly,
he made his bed the place of talke,
to here his great extremitie,
In nothing els had he delight,
but euen to be a martir right.
And now to call her by her name
and straight therewith to sighe & shrobbe:
and when his fansies might not frame,
then into teares and so to sobbe.
all in extremes and thus he lies,
making two fountaines of his eies.
As agues haue sharpe shiftes of fits
of colde and heat successiuely:
So had his head like chaunge of wits
his pacience wrought so diuersly,
now vp now downe, now here, now there,
like one he was he wist not where.
And thus though he wer Priams sone,
and comen of the kings hye bloode,
this care he had ere he were wonne,
till she that was his maistres good,
and loth to see her seruant so,
became Phisicion to his wo,

And toke him to her handes and grace,
And said she would her minde applye,
to helpe him in his woful case
If she might be his remedy.
And thus they say to ease his smart
She made him owner of her hart.
And truth it is except they lye.
From that day forth her study wente.
To shew to loue him faithfully,
And his whole minde for to content.
So happy a man at last was he,
and eke so worthy a woman was she,
Lo lady then iudge you by this
mine ease, and how my case doth fall,
For sure betwene my life and his
No difference there is at all,
His care was greate so was his paine,
And mine is not the least of twaine
For what he felt in seruice true
For her whom ỳ he loued to,
the same I feele as large for you
to whom I doe my seruice owe.
There was ỳ time in him no paine.
But now the same in me doth raigne.
Which if you can compare & waye,
And how I stand in euery plight,
then this for you I dare wel say,
your hart must nedes remorse of right:
to graunt me grace and so to do,
As Creid then did Troylus to.
For wel I wot you are as good
And euen as faire as euer was she,
And comen of as worthye blood
And haue in you as large pitie
to tender me your owne true man,
As she did him his seruant than:
Which gift I pray god for my sake,
Full sone & shortly you me send,
So shall you make mye sorowes slacke.
So shall you bring my wo to ende.
And set me in as happy case,
As Troylus with his lady was.

To leade a vertuous and honest life.

FLee from ỹ prease & dwel with soothfastnes
Suffise to thee thy good though it be smal,
for horde hath hate, and climming ficklenes,
Praise hath enuy, & weale is blinde in all,
Fauour no more then thee behoue shall
Rede wel thy selfe ỹ others wel canst rede,
and trouth shall thee deliuer, it is no drede,
Paine the not eche croked to redresse,
In hoape of her that turneth as a ball,
Great rest standeth in litle busines se.
Beware also to spurne against a nall,
Strive not as doth a croke against a wal,
Deme first thy selfe that demest others dede,
and truth shall thee deliuer, it is no drede.
That thee is sente, receine it in buxomnesse,
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall.
Here is no home, here is but wildernesse,
Forth pilgrim forth beast out of thy stall,
Looke vp on hye, geue thankes to God of all,
weane well thy lust, and honest life aye leade.
So trouth shall thee deliuer, it is no dread.

The wounded louer determineth to make sute to his lady for his recure.

SInce Mars first moued warre, or stirred men to strife,
was neuer seen so fierce a fight, I scarce could scape with life,
Resist so long I did till deathe approchd so nye,
to saue my selfe I thought it best with spede away to flye,
In daunger still, I fled, by flight I thought to scape
From my deare foe, it vailed not, alas it was to late.
From Venus from her campe brought Cupide with his bronde,
who said now yelde or els desire shall chase thee in euery lande.
Yet would I not straight yelde till fansie fiercely stroke,
who from my wil did cut the raines & chargd me with this yoke

Then all the dayes and nights mine eare might heare the sound
what careful sighes my hart would steale, to feele it selfe so bound
For though within my brest, thy care I worke (he saide)
Why for good will didst thou beholde her percing eye displaide?
Alas the fishe is caught through baite & hides the hooke
Euen so her eye me trained hath, & tãgled with her looke.
But or that it be long, my hart thou shalt be faine
to stay my life, pray her foorth throw swete lokes whē I cõplain.
when that she shall deny, to doe me that good turne,
Then shal see to ashes gray, by flames my body burne.
Desert of blame to her, no wight may yet impute,
For feare of nay I neuer sought, the way to frame my sute.
yet hap & what hap shall decay I may to long,
A stay I shall for I heare say, the still man oft hath wrong.

The louer shewing of continuall paines that abide within his brest, determineth to dye because he cannot haue redresse.

The doleful bell that still doth ring
the wofull knell of al my ioyes,
The wretched hart doth perce & wrynge,
and filles mine eare with dedly noyes.
The hungry Viper, in my brest,
that on my hart doth lye and knaw,
Doth daily brede my newe vnrest.
and dieper sighes do cause me drawe.
And though I force both hand and eye,
On pleasant matter to attende,
my sorowes to deceiue therby
and wretched life for to amende:
yet goeth the mill within my hart
which greindeth nought but pain and wo
and turned all my ioy to smart,
the euil corn it yeldeth so.
Though Venus smile with yelding eies
and swete muske doth play and sing
yet doth my spirits feele none of these
the clacke doth at myne eare so ring.

As

As smalest parkes vneared for
to greatest games do soonest grow,
euen so did this mine inward sore,
begin in game and ende in wo,
And now by vse so swift it goeth,
that nothinge can mine eares so fill,
but that the clacke it ouer goeth
and plucketh me backe into the mill.
But since the mil wil nedes aboute,
the pinne whereon the wele doth goe,
I wil assay to strike it out,
and so the mill to ouerthrow.

The power of loue ouer gods themselues.

FOr loue Appollo (his godhed set aside)
was seruant to the kinge of Thessaly.
whose daughter was so pleasant in his eye.
that both his harpe and his sawtry he deade,
and bagpipe solace of the rural bride,
Did puffe and blowe, and od the holtes hie,
His cattell kept with that rude melody.
and oft eke him that doth the heauens gide,
Hath loue transformed to shapes for him to passe
transmuted thus sometime a swan is he.
Leda toccoy, and eft Europe to please,
a mild white bull, vnwrinkled front and face
Suffreth hir play til on his backe lept she,
whom in greate care he ferieth through the seas.

The promise of a constant louer.

AS Lawrel leaues that cease not to be grene
From parchinge sun, nor yet from winters threet
as hardened oke that feareth no sword so kene
A flint for toole in twaine that wil not frete.
As fast as rocke, or piller surely set:
So fast am I to you, and ay haue bene.
Assuredly whom I cannot forget.

For ioy, for paine, for torment nor for tene
For losse, for gaine, for frowning nor for thret
But euer one, yea both in calme and blast,
Your faithful frinde, and wilbe to my last.

Against him that had slaundered a gentlewoman with himselfe.

FAlse may be, and by the powers aboue
Neuer haue he good spede or lucke in loue
That so can lie or spot the worthy fame.
Of her for whom thou R. art to blame
For chast Diana ỳ hunteth stil the chace,
And al her maides, that sue her in the race.
With faire bowes bent and arrowes by theire side
Can say ỳ thou in this haste falsely lyde.
For neuer hong the bowe vpon the wall,
Of Dians temple, no, nor neuer shal,
Of broken chaste the sacred vow to spot
Of her whom thou dost charge so large I wot,
But if ought be whereof her blame might rise.
It is ỳ she did not wel aduise
to marke thee right, as now she doth thee knowe,
False of thy dede, false of thy talke also.
Lurker of kinde like serpent laide to bite,
As poison did vnder the suger white.
What daunger such? so was the house defilde
Of Collatine, so was the wife begilde,
So smarted she, and by a traiterous force
The Carthage queene, so she forbid her corse
So strangled was the Rodopeim maide.
Fye traitour fye, to thy shame be it saide,
Thou dunghil Crow ỳ crokst againe the raine,
Home to thy hole, brag not with Phebe again,
Carrion for thee, and lothsome be thy voice.
Thy song is foule I werie of thy noyce.
Thy black fethers, whiche are thy wearing weede
wet thẽ w teares, & sorow for thy deede: (crye
And in darke caues where yrkesome wormmes do
Lurke thou al day, & flye whẽ thou shouldst slepe,

And

And neuer light wher liuing thing hath life,
But eate and drink where stinch & filth is rife
For she that is a fowle of fethers bright,
Admit she tooke some pleasure in thy sight,
As fowle of state sometimes delight to take
Fowle of meane sorte their flight & them to make
For play of wing, or solace of their kind,
But not in sort as thou dost breake thy minde:
Not for to trade with such foule fowle as thou,
No no I were, & dare it here auow,
Thou neuer settest thy foote within her nest,
Boast not so broad then to thine owne vnrest,
But blush for shame, for in thy face it standes,
And thou canst not vnspot it with thy handes.
For all the heauens against the record beare,
And all in earth against thee eke will sweare,
That thou in this art euen none other man,
But as the Iudges were to Susan than.
Forgers of that wherto their lust them prickt,
Bash, blaser then, the truth hath thee conuict:
And she a woman of her worthy fame
Unspotted standes, & thou hast caught ꝑ shame,
And ther I pray to God that it may rest,
False as thou art, as false as is the best.
That so canst wrong the noble kinde of man,
In whom al trouth first florisht and began,
And so hath stand til now thy wretched part
Hath spotted vs, of whose kind one thou art,
That all the shame that euer rose or may,
Of shamefull dede on the may light I say,
And on thy kynde, & thus I wish the rather,
That all thy sede may like be to their father,
Untrue as thou and forgers as thou art,
So as al be blameleſſe of thy part.
And of thy dede and thus I do thee leaue.
Stil to be false, and falsly to deceiue.

A praise of maistresse R.

I Heard when came with thundring voice did cõmon to appere,
The chief of natures children all, that kind hath placed here,

The view what vyce by vertue got their liues could iustly craue
and bad thē shew what praise by truth they worthy were to haue
Wherewith I saw how Venus came and put her selfe in place,
And gaue her ladies leaue at large to stand and plead their case.
Eche one was cald by name a row, in that assembly there
that hence are gone or here remaines in court or other where.
A solemne silence was proclaimde, the iudges sate and herde,
What truth could tell, or craft could fain, & who should be preferd
Then beautie stept before the barre, whose brest & neck was bare
With heare trust vp, & on her hed a caule of golde she ware.
Thus Cupides thrales began to flock whose hungry eies did lay
that she had stained all the dames, that present were that day.
For er she spake, & whispring words, ỹ prease was fild through-
And fansie forced cōmon voice, thereat to geue a shout. (out
Which cried to fame take forth thy trūp, & sound her praise on hye,
That glads the hart of euery wight that her beholdes with eye.
What sturre and rule (quod order than) do these rude people make
Wee holde her best that shall deserue a praise for vertues sake.
This sentence was no soner sayd, but beauty therwith blusht,
the noyse did cease, the hall was still and euery thing was whust.
Then fineneſſe thought by training talke to win that beauty lost,
And whet her tong with ioly words, and spared for no cost.
Yet wantonnesse could not abide, but brake her tale in hast,
And peuish pride for peacockes plumes would nedes be hiest plast
And therewithall came curiousneſſe and carped out of frame,
the audience laught to heare the strife as they beheld the same.
Yet reason sone appeased the vyce her reuerence made & done.
She purchased fauour for to speake, and thus her tale begon
Sins bounty shall the garland were, and crowned be by fame,
O happy iudges cal for her, for she deserues the same.
Wher'tēperance gouerns beauties flowers & glory is not sought
And shamefast meknes mastreth pride, & vertue dweis i thought
Bid her come forth and shew her face, or els assent eche one,
that trus report shall graue her name in golde or marble stone.
For all the worlde to reade at will, what worthynesse doth rest,
In perfect pure vnspotted life, which he hath here possest.
Then skill rose vp and sought the prease to finde if that hee might
A person of such honest name, that men should praise a right,
This one I saw full sadly sit, and shrink her selfe aside,
whose sober lokes did shew what gifts her wiuely grace did hide
Lo here (quod skill, good people all) is Lucres left a liue,
And she shall most accepted be, that least for praise did striue,

No

No lenger fame could hold her peace, but bleswe a blaſt ſo hye,
That made an eccho in the ayre and ſwoning through the ſkye.
The voice was loude, & thus it ſaid, come R. with happy daies,
thy honeſt life hath wonne the fame, and croſwned the with praiſe.
And when I heard my maiſters name, I thruſt amids the thrōg.
And clapt my handes & wiſht of god that ſhe might proſper long.

Of one vniuſtly defamed.

I Me can cloſe in ſhort and cunning verſe
The worthy praiſe of bounty by deſart.
The hateful ſpite and ſclaunder to reherſe,
Of them that ſee but knowe not what thou art
For kinde by craft hath wrought the ſo to eye.
That no wight may thy wit and vertue ſpie,
But he hath other fele then outward ſight,
The lacke whereof doth hate and ſpite to trye
Thus kinde by craft is let of vertues light,
Se how the outward ſhew the wittes may dul
Not of the wiſe but as the moſt entend,
Minerua yet might neuer perce their ſcull
That Circes cup & Cupides brand hath blend
whoſe fond affectes now ſtirred haue the brain
So doth thy hap thy hue with colour ſtaine.
Beauty thy foe thy ſhape doubleth thy ſore.
To hede thy wit and ſhew thy vertue vayne,
Fel were thy fate, if wiſedome were not more:
I meane by thee euen G. by name,
whom ſtormy windes of enuy and diſdaine
Do toſſe & boiſterous blaſtes of wicked fame,
where ſtedfaſtneſſe as chiefe in thee doth raine
Pacience thy ſuttle minde doth guide and ſtere
Silence and ſhame with many reſteth there.
Til time thy mother liſt them forth to call.
Happy is he that may enioy them all.

Of the death of the late counteſſe of Penbroke.

yet

YEt once againe my muſe I pardon pray
Thine intermitted ſong if I repeat
Not in ſuch wiſe as when loue was my play,
My ioly wo with ioiful verſe to treate.
But now (vnthanke to our deſart be geuen,
which merite not a heauens gift to kepe)
Thou muſt with me bewaile ẏ fate hath reuen
From earth a iewel laide in earth ſo ſlepe.
A iewel, yea a gemme of womanhed.
Whoſe perfect vertues linked as in chaine,
So did adorne that humble wiuely hed,
As is not rife to finde the like againe.
For wit and learning framed to obey,
Her huſbandes wil that willed here to vſe,
The loue he bare her chiefely as a ſtay,
For al her frendes ẏ would her furtherāce choſe.
Wel ſaid therefore a heauens gift ſhe was,
Becauſe the beſt are ſoneſt hence bereft,
And ſought her ſelfe to heauen hence did paſſe,
Her ſpoile to earth frō whence it came ſhe left.
And to vs teares her abſence to lament,
And eke his chaunce that was her make by law
whoſe loſſe to loſe ſo great an ornament,
Let them eſteme which true loues knot can draw.

That eche thing is hurt of it ſelfe.

WHy feareſt thou thy outward foe
when thou thy ſelfe thy harme doth fede.
Of griefe, or hurt, of paine or wo,
within eche thing is ſowen the ſede.
So fine was neuer yet the cloth,
No ſmith ſo hard his yron did beate,
But thone conſumed was with mothe,
Thother with canker al to freate.
The knotty oke and wainſcot old,
within doth eat the ſely worme
Euen ſo a minde in enuy rolde,
Alwaies within it ſelfe doth burne.

Thus

Thus euery thing that nature wrought
within it selfe his hurt doth beare,
No outward harme nede to be sought,
where enemies be within so neare.

Of the choyse of a wife.

THe flickering fame that flieth from eare to eare
and aye her strength encreaseth her flight.
Geues first the cause why men to her delight
Of those whom she doth note for beauty bright
And with this fame that flyeth on so fast,
Fansie doth hie when reason makes no hast.
And yet not so content they wish to se,
And thereby know if fame haue said aright.
more trusting to the trial of theirs eye.
then to the brute ẏ goes of any wight,
wise in ẏ point that lightly wil not leeue.
vnwise to seeke ẏ may them after greue.
who knoweth not how sight may loue allure
and kindle in the hart a hote desire,
The eye to works ẏ fame could not procure.
Of greater cause there commeth hotter fire.
For ere he wete him himselfe he feeleth warme
The fame & eye the causers of his harme.
Let fame not make her knowē who I shal know
Not yet mine eye therin to be my guide,
Sufficeth me ẏ vertue in her growe,
whose simple life her fathers walles do hide,
Content with this I leaue the rest to goe,
And in such choise shal standc in wealth & woe.

Discription of an vngodly worlde.

VVHo loues to line in peace, and marketh euery change,
shal here such newes frō time to time, as seme right wōdrous (straūge
Such fraude in frendly lokes, such frēdship al for gain,
Such cloked wrath in hateful harts, which worldly mē retayn
Such fained flattring faith amonges both hie and lowe,

Suche

Such greate diſceit, ſuch ſubtil wittes, the poore to ouerthrowe.
Such ſpite in ſugred tonges, ſuch malice ful of pride,
Such open wrong, ſuch great vntruth, which cannot goe vnſpyde
Such reſtleſſe ſuit for rowmes, which bringeth men to care.
Such ſliding downe from ſlipperie ſeates, yet can we not beware.
Such barking at the good, ſuch bolſtring of the yll,
Such threatning of the wrath of god, ſuch vice embraſt ſtil.
Such ſtriuing for the beſt, ſuch climing to eſtate,
Such great diſſembling euery where, ſuch loue all mixt with hate
Such traines to trap the iuſt, ſuch prolling fautes to picke,
Such cruel woordes for ſpeaking trouth, who euer hard the like?
Such ſtrife for ſturring ſtrawes, ſuch diſcord daily wroughte,
Such forged tales dul wits do blind, ſuch matters made of nought
Such trifles tolde for trouth, ſuch crediting of lies,
Such ſcilence kept when fooles do ſpeake, ſuch laughing at ỹ wiſe
Such plenty made ſo ſcarce, ſuch crying for redreſſe,
Such feared ſignes of our decay, which tong dares not expreſſe.
Such chaunges lightly markt, ſuch troubles ſtil appeares,
Which neuer were before this time, no not this thouſand yeares.
Such briбing for the purſe, which euer gapes formore,
Such hoarding vp of worldly wealth, ſuch keping mucke in ſtore,
Such folly found in age, ſuch wil in tender youth,
Such ſlidry ſorts among great clearks, & few ỹ ſpeakes ỹ truthe
Such falſhed vnder crafte, and ſuch vnſtedfaſt waies,
Was neuer ſene within mens harts, as is found now a daies
The cauſe and grounde of this, is our vnquiet minde,
Which thinke to take thoſe goods away, which we muſt leue behinde
Why doe men ſeke to geat that they cannot poſſeſſe?
Or breake theire ſlepes & careful thoughtes & al for wretchednes
Though one amongeſt a ſcore, hath welth and eaſe a while,
A thouſand want which toileth ſore and trauaile many a mile.
And ſome although they ſlepe, yet welth fals in theire lap,
Thus ſome be riche, and ſome be poore, as fortune geues the hap.
wherefore I hold him wiſe which thinkes himſelfe at eaſe,
And is content in ſimple ſtate, both god and man to pleaſe.
For thoſe that liue like gods, and honored are to day,
within ſhort time their glory falles, as flowers doth fade away.
Uncertaine is their liues on whom this world wil frowne,
For though they ſit aboue ỹ ſtarre, a ſtorme wil caſt them downe.
In welth who feares no fall, may ſlide from ioy ful ſoone,
There is no thing ſo ſure on earth, but chaungeth as the moone.
what pleaſure hath the rich, or eaſe more then the poore?

Although he haue a pleasant house, his trouble is the more,
They bow and speake him faire, which seke to sucke his blood
And some do wishe his soule in hell, & all to haue his good,
The coueting of the goodes, doth nought but dull the spite,
and some men chaunce to tast the sower, that gropeth for ỹ swete.
The riche is stil enuied by those which eate his bread,
with fawning speche & flattering tales his eares are dayly fead.
I finde I see and proue the riche haue many foes,
He slepeth best, & careth least, ỹ litle hath to lose.
As time requireth now, who would auoide much strife,
were better liue in poore estate, then leade a princes life.
To passe those troublesom times I see but litle choise,
But helpe to waile with those ỹ wepe, & laugh whē they reioyce.
For as we see to day, our brother brought in care,
to morow may we haue such chaunce to fall with him in snare.
Of this we may be sure, who thinks to sit most fast,
Shal soonest fall like withered leaues ỹ can not bide a blast,
Though ỹ the flood be great, the ebbe as lowe doth runne:
when euery man hath plaied his part our pagent wilbe done
Who trusts this wretched world, I hold him worse then madde
Here is not one that feareth God, the best is al to badde,
For those ỹ seme as saintes, are deuils in their dedes,
though that ỹ earth brings foorth some flowers it beareth many
I see no present help from mischiefe to preuaile, (weedes
But flee the seas of worldly care or beare a quiet saile.
For who ỹ medleth least, shall saue him selfe from smart,
who stirres an oare in euery boate shall play a foolish part.

The dispairing louer lamenteth.

WAlking the path of pensiue thought.
I askt my hart how came this wo:
thine eye (quod he) this care me thought
Thy minde, thy witte thy will also,
Enforce me to loue her euer,
This is the cause (oy shall I neuer.
And as I walke as one dismaide,
thinking that wrong this wo me lēt.
right sēt me word by wrath which saide,
this iust iudgement to thee is sent,

Neuer

Neuer to die, but dying euer,
Til breath thee fail ioy shalt thou neuer.
Sith right doth iudge this wo tendure,
of health, of welth, of remedy,
as I haue done so be she sure,
of faith and truth vntill I dye,
and as this paine cloke shall I euer,
So inwardly ioy shal I neuer.
Griping of gripes grieue not so sore,
Nor serpents sting causeth such smart,
Nothing on earth may paine me more,
Then sight ỹ perst my wofull hart,
Drowned with cares stil to perseuer,
come death bettimes ioy shal I neuer.
O libertie why doest thou swarue,
and steale away thus al at ones,
and I in prison like to starue
For lacke of foode do gnaw on bones,
my hoape and trust in thee was euer,
Now thou art gone ioy shal I neuer.
But still as one all desperate,
To leade my life in misery,
Sith feare from hope hath lockt the gate,
where pitie should graunt remedie,
Dispaire this lot assigned me euer,
To liue in paine, ioy shall I neuer.

The louer praieth his seruice to be accepted, and his defaultes pardoned.

PHocrin that sometime serued Cephalus,
with har as true as any louer might,
yet her betide in louing his vnright,
That as in hart with loue surprised thus,
She on a day to see this Cephalus,
where he was wont to shroude him in ỹ shade,
When of his hunting he an end had made
within the woods ỹ dredful fote forth stalketh

So

So busily loue in her head it walketh:
that shee so see him may her not restrain.
this Cephalus ẏ heard one shake the leaues,
Uprist al eager thursting after pray,
with dart in hand him list to further dayne
to see his loue but slew her in the greues.
that ment to him but perfect loue alwaye.
So curious been alas the rightes all
Of mighty loue, that vnnethes may I thinke
In his high seruice how to looke or wink.
thus I complain ẏ wretchedst am of al,
to you my loue, & soueraigne lady dere,
that may my hart with deth or life stere,
As ye best list, tthat ye vouchesafe in all.
mine humble seruice, and if me misfall,
By negligence or els for lack of wit,
and thinke ẏ loue made Procrin shake ẏ leaues
when with vnright she slaine was in ẏ greues

Description and praise of his loue,

LIke the Phenix a bird most rare in sight.
that nature hath with golde & purple drest
Such she me seemes in whom I most delights
If I might speake for enuy at the least.
Nature I thinke first wrought her in despite
Of rose and lilly ẏ sommer bringeth first,
In beauty sure exceading al the rest,
Under the bent of her bowes iustly pight,
As Diamonds or Saphers at the least,
Her glistring light the darkenes of the night
whose litle mouth and chinne like al the rest
Her ruddy lips excedes the Corall quite,
Her puery teeth where none excedes the rest
Fautelesse she is from fote vnto the wast,
Her body small, and straight as mast vpright,
Her armes long in full proporcion cast,
Her hādes depaint w̄ vaines al blewe & white.

What

What shall I saye for ỳ is not in sight?
the hidden partes I iudge them by the rest,
And if I were the foreman of the quest,
To geue a verdit of her beauty bryghte
forgeue me Pheb⁹, thou shouldest be dispossest
which dost vsurpe my ladies place of right,
her wil I cease lest enuy cause despight.
but nature whē she wrought so faire a wight,
In this her worke she surely did entend,
to frame a thing ỳ god could not amende.

The louer declareth his paines to exceade farre the paines of hell,

THe soules ỳ lacked grace,
which lie in bitter paine
are not in such a place
as foolishe folke doe faine.
Tormented all with fire,
and boile in leade againe
with serpents ful of yre
strong oft with deadly payn.
Then cast in frosen pittes
to frese there cherin howers,
and for their painful fittes
appointed tormētours.
No no it is not so,
their sorow is not such
and yet they haue of wo,
I dare say twise asmuch.
Which comes because they lack
the sight of the Godhed,
and be from that kept back
wherewithe are angels fed.
This thing know I by loue
through absence cruelty,
which makes me for to proue
Hell paine before I die

Cheere

There is no tong can tell,
my thousand part of care,
there may no fire in hell
with my desire compare.
No boyling lead can passe
my scalding sighes in hete,
Nor snake that euer was,
with stinging can so frete
A true and tender hart,
As my thoughts dayly do,
So that I know but smart,
And that which longes therete.
O Cupid Venus sonne,
As thou hast shewed thy might,
And hast this conquest wonne
Now end the same aright.
And as I am thy slaue,
Contented with all this,
So help me soone to haue
my perfit earthly blisse.

Of the death of sir Thomas Wyat the elder.

LO dead he liues, that whylome liued here
Among the dead, that quick goes on ỹ ground,
Though he be dead, yet doth he quick appere,
By liuely name that death cannot confound,
His life for ay of fame the trump shall sound.
Though he be dead, yet liues he here aliue,
Thus can no death from Wyat life depriue.

That length of time consumeth all thinges.

WHat harder is then stone, what more then water soft:
yet with soft water drops, hard stones be perced oft,
what giues so strong impulse.
That stone ne may withstand
what giues more weake repulse
Then water prest with hand.

Yet weke though water bee,
It holoweth hardeſt flint,
By proſe therof wee ſee,
Time giues the greateſt dint,

The beginning of the epiſtle of Penelope to Vliſſes, made into verſe.

O Lingering Make Ulisſes dere, thy wife lo ſendes to thee
Her direy plaint, write not againe, but come thy ſelfe to mee,
Our hatefull ſcourge & womans foe, proud Troy now is fordon
We bye it dere, though Priam ſlain, and all his kingdome won
O that the raging ſurges great that lechers band had wrought,
when firſt with ſhip the forowed ſeas, and Lacedemon ſought
In deſert bed my ſhiuering coarſe thē ſhould not haue ſought reſt
Nor take in griefe the cherefull ſunne ſo ſlowly fall to weſt.
And whiles I caſt long rūning nightes how beſt I might begile
No diſtafe ſhould my widowiſh hand haue weary made & while
When dred I not more daungers great then are befall in dede,
Loue is a careful thing God wot & paſſing full of drede.

The louer aſketh pardon of his paſſed follie in loue.

YOu that in play peruſe my plaint, and read in rime the ſmart,
Which in my youth & ſighes ful cold I harboured in my heart
Know ye that loue in that fraile age, draue me to that diſtreſſe,
When I was halfe another man, that I am now to geſſe.
thē for this worke of wauering wordes wher I now rage now
Toſt in the toys of troublous loue, as care or cōfort grew (rew
I truſt with you that loues affaires by proſe haue put in vre,
Not only pardon in my plaint, but pitie to procure,
For now I wot that in the world a wonder haue I bee,
And wher to long loue made me blind, to late ſhame makes mee ſee
Thus of my fault ſhame is the fruit, & for my youth thus paſt,
Repentance is my recompence and thus I learne at laſt.
Loke what the world hath moſt in price, as ſure it is to kepe,
As is the dreame which fāſie driues, whiles ſence & reaſon ſlepe.

The

The louer ſheweth that he was ſtriken by loue on good friday.

I T was the day on which the ſunne depriued of his light
To rew Chriſtes death & his courſe gaue place vnto the night
when I amid mine eaſe did fall to ſuch diſtemperate fits,
That for the face that hath my hart I was bereft my wits.
I had the baite, the hooke and all, & wiſt not loues pretence
But farde as one that fearde none ill, nor forſt for no defence.
Thus dwelling in moſt quiet ſtate, I fell into this plight,
And that day gan my ſecret ſighes, when all folke wept in ſight.
For loue that vewed me voide of care, approcht to take his pray,
And ſtept by ſtelth from eye to heart, ſo open lay the way,
And ſtraight at eyes braſt out in teares, ſo ſalt that did declare.
By token of their bitter taſte that they were forge of care.
Now vaunt thee loue which fleeſt a maid defenſt wt vertues rare
And wounded haſt a wight vnwiſe, vnweaponed and vnware.

The louer deſcribeth his whole ſtate vnto his loue and promiſing her his faithfull good will aſſureth him ſelfe of hers agayne.

THe Sonne when he hath ſpred his rales,
And ſhewed his face ten thouſand wales:
Ten thouſand thinges do then begin
To ſhew the life that they are in.
The heauen ſhewes liuely art and hue,
Of ſundry ſhapes and colours new.
And laughes vpon the earth anone,
The earth as cold as any ſtone.
wet in the teares of her owne kinde,
Gins then to take a ioyful minde.
For well ſhe feeles that out and out,
The ſunne doth warme her rounds about.
And dries her childzen tenderly,
And ſhewes them forth full orderly:
The mountaines hye and how they ſtand,
The valleys and the great maine land.
The trees, the herbes, the towers ſtrong
The caſtels and the riuers long.

And euen for ioy thus of this heate
She sheweth foorth her pleasures great.
And slepes no more but sendeth foorth
Her clergions her own dere worth
To mount and flye vp to the ayre
Where then they sing in order faire,
And tell in song full merely,
How they haue slept full quietly
That night about their mothers sides
And when they haue song more besides,
Then fall they to their mothers brestes,
Where eis they fede or take their restes,
The hunter then soundes out his horne,
And rangeth straight through wood and corne
On hilles then shew the Ewe and Lambe,
And euery yong one with his damme,
Then louers walke and tell their tale,
Both of ther blisse and of their bale
And how they serue and how they doe,
And how their lady lones them to,
Then tune the birdes their armonie,
Thē flock the foule in company,
Then euery thing doth pleasure finde,
In that comforts al their kinde.
No dreames do drench them of the nighte,
Of foes that would them slea or bite,
As hounds to hunt them at the tayle.
Or men force them through hill and dale.
The shepe then dreames not of the woulf.
the shipman forces not the goulfe,
the Lambe thinkes not the butchers knife
shoulde then bereue him of his lyfe.
For when the Sunne doth once runne in,
then al their gladnes doth begin.
And thē their skips and their play
So failes their sadnes then away.
And thus all thinges haue comforting
In that that doth them comfort bring.
Saue I alas, whome neither sunne,
Nor ought that god hath wrought and done
May comfort ought, as though I were
A thing not made for comfort here.

For

Foꝛ being abſent from your ſight,
which are my ioy and whole delight.
My comfoꝛt and my pleaſure to
How can I ioy, how ſhould I do:
May ſicke men laughe that roꝛe & paine
Joy they in ſonges that doe complaine:
Are martiers in theire toꝛments glad:
Do pleaſures pleaſe them that are mad:
Then how may I in comfoꝛt be,
That lacke the thing ſhould comfoꝛt me:
The blinde man oft that lackes his ſight
Complaines not moſt the lacke of light
But thoſe that knewe theire perfectnes,
And then doe miſſe theire bliſſefulneſſe.
In martiers tunes they ſing and waile
The want of that which doth them faile
And hereof comes that in my braines,
So many fanſies woꝛke my paines.
Foꝛ when I waight your woꝛthineſſe,
your wiſedome and your gentleneſſe,
your vertues and your ſundꝛy grace,
And mind the countenance of your face
And how that you are ſhe alone,
To whom I muſt both plaine and mone,
whom I doe loue and muſt doe ſtill,
whom I embꝛace and ay ſo wil.
To ſerue and pleaſe you as I can,
Is may a woful faithful man
And finde my ſelfe ſo far you fro,
God knowes what toꝛment & what wo
My ruful heart doth then imbꝛace.
The blood then chaungeth in my face
My ſineꝛes dull in dompes I ſtand,
No life I feele in foote noꝛ hande,
Is pale as any clout and ded,
So ſodenly the blood oꝛeſpꝛed
And gone againe it nil ſo bide,
And thus from life to death I ſlide.
Is colde ſometimes as any ſtone,
And then againe as hot anone.
Thus comes and goes my ſundꝛy fits,
To gyue me ſundꝛy ſoꝛts of wꝛites.

Til that a sight becomes my frende
And than to all this wo doth ende,
And sure I thinke the sigh doth ronne
From me to you where as you wõne,
For wel I finde it easeth me,
And certes much it pleaseth me,
To thinke that it doth come to you,
As would to god it could so doe.
For then I knowe you would soe find
By sent and sauour of the winde,
That euen a martirs sigh it is,
whose ioy you are and his bliss,
His comfort and his pleasure eke,
And euen the same that he doth seke,
The same that he doth wish & craue,
The same that he doth trust to haue,
To tender you in al he may,
And al your likinges to obay.
As farre as in his powre shal lye,
Til death shal dart him for to die.
But wel away mine owne most best.
My ioy, my comfort and my rest,
The causer of my wo and smart,
And yet the pleaser of my hart,
And she that on the earth aboue,
Is euen the worthiest for to loue,
heare now my plaīt, heare now my wo
Heare now his paine that loues you so
And if your hart doe pitie beare,
Pitie the cause that you shal heare.
A doleful foe in al this dout,
who leaues me not but seeke me out.
Of wretched forme and lothsome face,
while I stond in this wofull case,
Comes forth and takes me by ẏ hand,
And saies frend harke and vnderstād.
I see well by thy port and chere,
And by thy lookes and thy maners
And by thy sadnesse as thou goest
And by the sighes ẏ thou outhrowest,
That thou art stuffed ful of wo.
The cause I thinke I doe wel know,

A fanta=

A fantaſer thou art of ſome.
By whom thy wits are ouercome
But haſt thou red old pamphlets oft:
Or haſt thou knowē how bokes haue taught
That loue doth vſe to ſuch as thou,
when they do think them ſafe enow,
And certain of their ladies grace,
Haſt thou not ſeene oft times the caſe
That ſodenly theire hap hath turnde
As thinges in flame conſumde and burnde
Some by diſceit forſaken right,
Some likewiſe changed of fanſie light,
And ſome by abſence ſone forgot,
the lottes in loue, why knoweſt thou not:
And tho that ſhe be now thy owne.
And knowes thee well as may be knowne,
and thinks thee to be ſuch a one,
As ſhe likes beſt to be her owne,
Thinkes thou that others haue not grace,
to ſhow and paine their wofull caſe:
And chooſe her for their lady now,
And ſwere her trouth as wel as thow,
and what if ſhe doe alter minde,
where is the loue that thou wouldeſt finde,
Abſence my frende worꝛkes wonders oft
Now bꝛinges full lowe that laye full loft,
Now turnes the minde now to now fro,
And where art thou if it wer ſo:
If abſence quod I bee marueilous
I finde her not ſo daungerous:
For ſhe may not remoue me fro,
the pooꝛe good will that I do owe.
To her, whom vnneth I loue and ſhall
And chooſen haue aboue them all,
to ſerue and be her owne as far,
As any man may offer her.
And wil her ſerue, and will her loue,
And lowly as it ſhall behoue,
And die her owne if fate bee ſo,
thus ſhall my hart nay part her fro,
And witnes ſhall my good will be,
that abſence takes her not from me.

But that my loue doth still encreale.
to minde her still and neuer ceale,
And what I feele to bee in mee,
the same good will I think hath shee.
As firme and fast to biden ay,
till death depart vs both away.
And as I haue my tale thus tolde
Steps vnto me with countenance bold
A stedfast frend a counsellour,
And named is hope my comfortour,
And stoutly then he speakes and saies,
thou hast said trouth withouten naies:
For I assure thee euen by othe,
And thereon take my hand and troth,
that she is one the worthiest,
The truest and the faithfullest,
the gentlest and the meekest of minde,
That here on earth a man may finde.
And if that loue and trouth were gone.
In her it might be founde alone.
For in her minde no thought there is,
But how she may be true iwis.
And tenders thee and all thy heale,
And wisheth both thy health and weale.
And loues thee euen as farre forth than,
As any woman may a man.
And is thine owne and so she saies
And cares for thee ten thousand waies.
On thee she speakes on thee she thinkes,
with thee she eates with thee she drinkes.
with thee she talkes with thee she mones
With thee she sighes, with thee she gro nes
with thee she saies farewell mine owne,
whē thou God knowest full farre art gone.
And euen to tell thee all aright,
to thee she saies full oft good night.
And names thee oft, her owne most dere.
Her comfort, weale and all cheere.
And telles her pillow all the tale,
How thou hast done her wo and bale.
And how she longes and plaines for thee.
And saies why art thou so from me.

Am I not ſhe that loues the beſt
Do I not wiſh thine eaſe and reſt:
Seke I not how I may thee pleaſe:
why art thou then ſo from thine eaſe:
If I bee ſhe for whom thou careſt,
For whō in tormentes ſo thou fareſt
Alas thou knoweſt to finde me here,
wher I remaine, thine own moſt dere
thin own moſt true, thin own muſt iuſt
Thine owne ỹ loue the ſtil and muſt,
thine owne that cares alone for thee,
As thou I thinke doſt care for me.
And euen the woman, ſhe alone,
that is ful bent to be thine owne.
what wilt ỹ more what cāſt thou craue
Since ſhe is as ỹ wouldeſt her haue:
Then let this driuel out of the dore,
ỹ in thy braines ſuch tales doth poure
Of abſence and of changes ſtraunge,
Send him to thoſe that vſe to change,
For ſhe is none I thee auow,
And wel thou maiſt beleue me now,
whē hope hath thus his reaſon ſayde,
Lord how I feele me wel apaide.
A new blood then orelpreds my bones
that al in ioy I ſtande at ones.
My hand I throw to heauen aboue,
And humbly thanke the God of loue,
That of his grace I ſhould beſtow,
My loue ſo wel as I it owe,
And al the planets as they ſtand
I thanke them to with hart & hande,
That theire aſpectes ſo frendly were
that I ſhould ſo my good wil bere
to you that are the worthieſt,
the faireſt and the gentilleſt.
And beſt can ſay, and beſt can do,
that longes me thinkes a woman to.
And therefore are moſt worthy far,
to be beloued as you ar,
And ſaies hope in al this tale,
whereby he eaſeth al my bale,

For

For I beleue and thinke it true,
That he doth speake or say of you.
And thus contented lo I stand.
With that that hope beares me in hand,
That I am yours and shal so bee,
Which hope I kepe ful sure in me
As he that al my comfort is
On you alone which are my blisse,
My pleasure chief which most I find
and euen the whole ioy of my minde,
and shal so be vntil that death,
Shal make me yelde vp life and breth
Thus good my owne, lo here my trust
Lo here my truth and seruice iust,
Lo in what case for you I stande,
Lo how you haue me in your hande
And if you can requite a man,
Requite me as you finde me than.

Of the troubled comen welth restored to quiet by the mighty power of God.

The secret flame that made al Troy so hote.
Long did it lurke within the wooden horse,
The machine huge Troians suspected not,
The guiles of Grekes, nor of their hidden force.
Till in theire beddes their arme foes them mete
And slew them there, and Troy on fire set.
Then rose the roze of treason round about,
and children could of treason cal and cry.
wyues wrong their handes, & whole fired towne throughout
when that they saw theire husbandes slain thēby.
And to the gods and to the skies they shright,
Vengeaunce to take for treason of that night.
Then was the name of Sinon spred & blowne
and whereunto his filed tale did tend
The secret states and metinges then were knowne,
Of Troian traitours tending to this ende,
And euery man could say as in that case,
Treason in Anthenor and Eneas,

But

But al to long ſuch wiſedome was in ſtore,
To late come out the name of traitour than
when that theire kinge the altar lay before,
Slaine there alas, that worthy noble man,
Ilium on flame, the matrons crying out,
And al the ſtretes and ſtremes of bloud about.
But ſuch was fate, or ſuch was ſimple truſt,
That king and al ſhould thus to ruine runne,
For if our ſtories certaine be and iuſt
There were that ſaw ſuch miſchiefe ſhould be done,
And warning gaue which compted were in ſort,
As ſaid diuines in matter but of ſport.
Such was the time and ſo in ſtate it ſtode,
Troy trembled not, careleſſe were the men
They brake the walles they toke this horſe for good
They demed Grekes gon, they thought al ſuerty thē
when treaſon ſtarte, and ſet the towne on fire,
And ſtroied Troians and gaue Grekes their deſire.
Like to our time, wherein hath broken out,
The hidden harme that we ſuſpected leaſt,
wombed within our walles and realme about
As Grekes in Troy were in the Grekiſh beaſt,
whoſe tempeſt great of harmes and of armes,
We thought not on til it did noiſe our harmes.
Then felt we wel the piller of our welth,
How ſore it ſhoke then ſaw we euen at hande,
Ruine how ſhe ruſht to confounde our helth,
Our realme and vs with force of mighty hande:
And then we heard how treaſon loude did rore,
Mine is the rule and raigne I wil therefore.
Of treaſon marke the nature and the kinde,
A face it beares of al humilitye,
Truth is the cloake and frendſhip of the minde.
And depe it goes, and worketh ſecretly,
Like to a mine that crepes ſo ny the wal,
Til out breakes ſulphure, and ouerturneth all.
But he on hie that ſecretly behouldes
The ſtate of thinges, and times hath in his hande,
And pluckes in plages, and them againe vnfoldes,
And hath appointed realmes to fal and ſtande,
He in the midſt of al this ſturre and route,
Can bende his bowe, and moue himſelfe about,

As

As who should say and are ye minded so:
And thus to chose, and whom you know I loue,
Am I such one as none of you do know:
Or know ye not that I sit here aboue,
And my handes doe hold your welth and wo,
To raise you nowe to ouerthrowe.
Then thinke that I as I haue set you all.
In places where your honours lay and fame,
So now my selfe shal geue you eche your fall,
where eche of you shal haue your worthy shame,
And in theire handes I wil your fal shalbe.
Whose fal in yours you sought so sore to see.
Whose wisedome hy as he the same foresaw.
So is it wrought, such loe his iustice is.
He is the Lord of man and of his law,
Praise therefore now his mighty name in this,
And make accompt that this our case doth stande.
As Israel free from wicked Pharaos hande.

The louer to his loue hauing forsaken him and betaken herselfe to an other.

The birde that sometime built within my brest
And there as then chiefe succour did receiue,
Hath now els where built her another nest,
And of the olde hath taken quite her leaue.
To you my oste that harboure mine old guest,
Of such a one, as I can now conceiue.
Sith that in change her choise doth chiefe consist,
The hauke may checke, that now comes faire to fist

The louer sheweth that in dissébling his loue openly he kepeth secret his secret good will.

NOt like a God came Iupiter to wo,
When he the faire Europa sought vnto.

In other forme his godly wiſedome toke
Such effect as writeth Ouides boke.
Is on the earth no liuinge wight can tel,
That mighty Ioue did loue the quene ſo well.
For had he come in golden garmentes bright,
Or ſo as men mought haue ſtard on the ſight,
Spred had it bene both through erth and aire
That Ioue had loued the Lady Europa faire.
And then had ſome bene angry at the heart
And ſome againe as ielous for their part.
Both which to ſtop, this gentle god tooke minde
To ſhape him ſelfe into a brutiſh kinde,
To ſuch a kinde as hid what ſtate he was.
And yet did bring him what he ſought to paſſe,
To both their loues, to both their comfort ſone.
Though knowen to none till al the thig was done
In which attempt if I the like aſſay,
To you to whom I do my ſelf bewray,
Let it ſuffice that I do ſeke to be.
Not counted yours, and yet for to be he.

The louer deceiued by his loue repenteth him of true loue he bare her.

A That Ulliſſes yeres haue ſpent,
To finde Penelope,
Finde wel that foly I haue ment.
To ſeke that was not ſo,
Since Troyus caſe hath cauſed me,
From Creſſed for to go,
And to bewaile Ulliſſes truth.
In ſeas and ſtormy ſkies,
Of wanton will and raging youth,
Which me haue toſſed ſore,
From Scilla to Caribdis clines
Upon the drowning ſhore.
Wher I ſought hauen ther found I hap
From danger vnto death:
Much like the Mouſe y treades y trap,
In hope to finde her foode,

And

And bites the bread that stoppes her breath,
So in likecase I stode,
Till now repentance hasted him
To further me so fast,
That where I sanke there now I swimme,
And haue both streame and winde,
And luck as good if it may last,
As any man may finde.
That wher I perished, sake I passe
And finde no perill there,
But stedy stone, no ground of glasse,
Now am I sure to saue,
And not to flete from feare to feare,
Such anker holde I haue.

The louer hauing enioyed his loue humbly thanketh the god of loue, and auowing his heart onely to her faithfully promiseth vtterlie to forsake all other.

THou Cupide god of loue, whom Venus thralles do serue,
I yeld thee thankes vpon my knees, as thou dost wel deserue
By thee my wished ioyes haue shaken of dispaire,
and all my stormy daies be past, and wether wexeth faire.
By thee I haue receiude a thousand times more ioy,
Then euer Paris did possesse, when Helen was in Troy.
By thee I haue that hope, for which I longd so sore,
And when I think vpon the same, my heart doth leape therefore.
By thee my heapy doubtes and trembling feares are fled,
and now my wits ẏ troubled were wᵗ pleasant thoughts are led.
For dreade is banish clene, wherein I stode full oft,
And doubt to speake that lay full low, is lifted now aloft.
With armes be spred abrode, with opened handes and hart,
I haue enioyed the fruit of hope, reward for all my smart.
The seale and signe of loue, the key of trouth and trust.
The pledge of pure good wil haue I, which makes ẏ louers lust
Such grace sins I haue found, to one I me betake,
The rest of Venus darlings all, I vtterly forsake:

And

And to perfourme this vow, I bid my eyes beware,
That they no ſtraungers do ſalute, nor on their beauties ſtare,
My wits I warne ye all from this time forth take hede,
that ye no wanton toyes deuiſe my fanſies new to fede,
My eares be ye ſhut vp, and here no womans voice,
that may procure me once to ſmile, or make my hart reioyce,
My feete ful ſlow bee ye and lame when ye ſhould moue,
to bring my body any where to ſeke an other loue,
Let all the Gods aboue, and wicked ſpirites below,
And euery wight in earth accuſe and curſe me where I go:
If I do falſe my faith in any point or caſe,
And ſodein vengance fall on me I aſke no better grace.
I way then lily ryme preſent myne erneſt faith,
Vnto my lady where ſhe is, and marke thou what ſhe ſaith.
And if ſhe welcome thee, and lay thee in her lap,
Spring thou for ioy, thy maſter hath his moſt deſired hap.

Totus mundus in maligno poſitus.

Complaine we may much is amiſſe,
Hope is nye gone to haue redreſſe:
Theſe dayes ben ill, nothing ſure is,
Kind hart is wrapt in heauines.
The ſterne is broke, the ſaile is rent.
The ſhip is geuen to wind and waue,
All helpe is gone, the rocke preſent,
That will be loſt what man can ſaue,
Things hard, therfore are now refuſd
Labour in youth is thought but vaine
Duty by (will not) is excuſed,
Remoue the ſtop the way is plaine.
Learning is lewde & held a foole,
wiſedome is ſhent counted to raile.
Reaſon is baniſht out of ſchole,
The blind is bolde & woords preuaile
Power without care ſlepeth at eaſe,
will without law runth where he liſt,
Might without mercy cannot pleaſe,
A wiſe man ſaith not, had I wiſt.

When

When power lackes care and forceth not,
When care is feble and may not,
When night is slouthfull and will not,
Wedes may grow where good herbes cannot.
Take wrong away, law nedeth not,
For law to wrong is bridle and paine,
Take feare away law booteth not,
To striue against streame, it is but vaine.
Will is witty, brainsicke is wise,
trouth is folly, and might is right,
wordes is reason and reason is lyes,
the bad is good and darknesse is light.
Wrong to redresse, Wisdome dare not,
Hardy is happy, and ruleth most,
Wilfull is witlesse and careth not,
Which end go first till all be lost.
Few right do loue and wrong refuse,
Pleasure is sought in euery state,
Liking is lust, there is no chuse,
the low geue to the high check mate
Order is broke in thinges of weight,
Measure and meane who doth not flee,
Two thinges preuaile, money and sleight,
To seeme is better then to bee.
The boule is round, and doth downe slide
Eche one thrusteth none doth vphold,
A fall failes not, where blinde is guide,
The stay is gone, who can him holde?
Folly and falshed praieth a pace,
Trouth vnder bushel is faine to crepe
Flattery is treble, pride singes the base,
the meane the best part scant doth pepe.
The fiery plague the worlde infectes
to vertue and truth it geues no rest,
Mens harts are burnde with sundry sectes
And to eche man his way is best.
With floods and stormes thus be we tost,
Awake good lorde, to thee we crie,
Our ship is almost song and lost.
Thy mercy help our misery.
Mans strength is weake, mans wit is dull
Mans reason is blinde, these things tamend,

Thy

Thy hand (O lord) of might is full
awake betime, and helpe vs send.
In thee we trust, and in no wight
Haue vs as cheekens vnder the hen,
Our crokednes ỹ canst make right
Glory to thee for aye. Amen.

The wise trade of lyfe.

DO all your deedes by good aduise
Cast in your minde,
wit bought is of to deare a price,
The tried trust, & take as friende.
For friendes I find ther be but two
Of countenaunce, and of effect,
Of thone sort there are ynowe.
But few been of the tother sect.
Beware also the venome sweete
Of crafty woordes and flattery.
For to deceiue they be most meete,
That best can play hypocrisie.
Let wisedome rule your deede and thought
So shall your workes be wisely wrought.

That few wordes shew wisedome, and worke muche quiet.

WHo list to leade a quiet life,
who list to rid him selfe frō strife,
Geue care to me marke what I say.
Remember well, beare it away,
Hold back thy tong at meate and meale,
Speke but few words, bestow thē wele
By wordes the wise thou shalt espye
By wordes a foole sone shalt thou try,
A wise man can his tong make cease,
A foole can neuer holde his peace.
Who loueth rest of woordes beware,
Who loueth wordes is sure of care.

For woordes oft many haue beene shent,
For silence kept none hath repent.
Two eares, one tong onely thou hast,
Mo things to heare then woordes to waste.
A foole in no wise can forbeare,
He hath two tongs and but one eare.
Be sure thou kepe a stedfast braine.
Lest that thy woordes put thee to paine,
woordes wisely set are worthe much golde,
The price of rashenes is lone tolde.
If time requirt woordes to be had.
To holde thy peace I count thee mad.
Talke onely of nedefull verities,
strive not for tryfling fantasies,
With soberneste the trueth boult out.
Affirme nothing wherin is doubt.
Who to this lore will take good heede,
and spend no more woordes then is neede:
Though he be a foole and haue no braine,
yet shal he a name of wisedome gaine.
Speake while time is or holde thee still,
woordes out of time do oft thinges spill.
Say well and do well are thinges twaine
Twise blist is he in whom both raygne.

The complaint of a whot woer delayed with doubtfull cold aunswers.

A kynde of coale is as men say,
which haue assayde the same,
That in ỹ fire will waste away,
And outward cast no flame.
Unto my selfe may I compare,
Those coales that so consume,
where nought is seene though men do stare.
In stede of flame, but fume.
They say also to make them burne,
Colde water must be cast,
Or els to ashes will they turne.

And

And halfe to cinder wast.
As this is wonder for to see,
Cold water warme the fire,
So hath your coldnesse caused me,
To burne in my desire,
And as this water cold of kinde
Can cause both heat and colde,
And cā these coles both breake & bind
To burne as I haue tolde:
So can your tong of frolen yse,
From whence colde aūswers come
Both coole the fire, and fire entice
To burne me all and some.
Lyke to ye corne ye standes on stack,
which women in winter sunne,
Full faire without, within is blacke,
Such heate therin doth runne.
By force of fire this water colde,
Hath bred to burne within,
Euen so am I, that heate doth holde
which colde did first begin:
which heate is stint when I do striue
To haue some ease sometime,
But flame a fresh I do reuiue,
wherby I cause to clime.
In stede of smoke a sighing breath:
with sparkes of sprinkled teares,
That I should liue this liuing death.
which walles and neuer weares.

The aunswere.

YOur borowed meane to moue yourmone, of sume Houtē flame
Being set from smithy smoking coales, ye seme so by the same
To shewe what suche coale vse is taught by such as haue assayde
As I that most do wish you well, and so right wel appayde,
That you haue such a lesson lernde, how either to maintaine,
Your freedome of vnkindled coale, vnheaped al in vaine,
Or how most fruitfully to frame with worthy workmans arte,
That cunning piece may passe therefore, by helpe of heated harte
Out of the forge wherein the fume of sighes do mount aloft.

That argues preſente force of fire to make the mettall ſoft.
To yelde vnto the hammer hed, as beſt the workeman lykes
That thyron glowing after blaſt in time and temper ſtrikes.
Wherin the vſe of water is, as you do ſeeme to ſay,
To quenche no flame ne hinder heate, ne yet to waſte away
But ẏ which better is for you and more delighteth me,
To ſaue you from the ſodain waſte, vaine cinderlike to be,
Which laſting better likes in loue, as you your ſemble plye,
Then doth the bauen blaſe, ẏ flames and flitteth by & bye,
Sith then you knowe eche vſe, wherin our cole may be applyde,
Either to lie and laſt an horde, in open ayre to bide,
Without en vſe to gather fat by falling of the raines,
That makes the pitchi iuyce to growe, by ſoking in his vaines,
Or lye on furnace in the forge, as is his vſe of right,
Wherin the water through may ſerue, & entrydde her might
By worke of ſmithes both hand & head, a cunning kay to make
Or other piece as cauſe ſhall craue and bid him vndertake,
Do as you deme moſt fit to do, and whereupon may growe
Such ioy to you, as I may ioy your ioyfull eaſe to knowe.

An Epitaph made by w. G. lying on his death bed to be ſet vpon his owne tombe.

LO here lyeth G. vnder the grounde,
Among the greedy wormes,
Which in his life time neuer founde
But ſtrife and ſturdy ſtormes:
And namely through a wicked wife,
As to the world apperes,
She was the ſhortning of his life,
By many daies and yeres.
He might haue liued long god wot,
His yeares they were but yong,
Of wicked wiues this is the lot,
To kill with ſpitefull tong.
Whoſe memory ſhal ſtill remaine
In writing here with me,
That men may know whome ſhe hath ſlaine,
And ſay this ſame is ſhe.

An aunſwere.

If ỹ thy wicked wife had ſponne the thread,
And were the weuer of thy wo,
Then art thou double happy to be deade,
As happely diſpatched ſo.
If rage did cauſeleſſe cauſe thee to complaine,
And made mode mouer of thy mone,
If frenſy forced on thy teſty braine.
Then bliſſe is ſhe to liue alone.
So whether were the grounde of others griefe,
Becauſe ſo doubtful was the dome,
Now death hath brought your paine a right relefe
And bleſſed be ye both become:
She, ỹ ſhe lines no longer bound to beare
The rule of ſuch a froward hed,
Thou, ỹ thou liueſt noe longer faine to feare,
The reſtleſſe rampe ỹ thou hadſt wed.
Be thou as glad therefore that thou art gone
as ſhe is glad ſhe doth abide,
For ſo be ye a ſunder, al is one,
A badder match cannot betide.

An Epitaph of maiſter Henry williams.

From worldly wo the ende of miſbelief
From cauſe of care that leadeth to lament.
from vaine delight, the grounde of greater griefe
from feare for frendes, from matter to repent,
from paineful panges laſt ſorow ỹ is ſent,
from dread of death, ſith death doth ſet vs free.
with it the better pleaſed ſhould we bee.
This lothſome life where liking we do finde
Thencreaſer of our crimes, doth vs bereue.
Our bliſſe ỹ alwaies ought to be in minde.
This wily world, whiles here we breath aliue
And fleſh our fained to do ſtifly ſtriue.
To flatter vs, aſſuring her the ioy
where we alas, do finde but great annoye,

Untold heapes though we haue of worldly welth,
Though we possesse the sea and fruitful grounde,
Strength, beauty, knowledge, and warmed helth.
Though at a wish al pleasure doe abounde,
It were but vaine, no frendship can be founde,
when death assauteth with his dredful darte
No ransome can stay the home hasting hart.
And sith thou cut the lines line in twaine
Of Henry, sonne to sir Johan williams knight,
whose manly hart and prowes none could staine,
whose godly life to vertue was our light
whose worthy fame shal flourish long by righte,
Though in his life so cruel mightest thou bee,
His spyte in heauen shal triumphs ouer thee.

Another of the same.

STay gentle frende that passest by,
And learne the lore that leadeth al
From whence we come with hast to hye
To liue to die, and stand to fal.
And learne the strength and lusty age,
That welth and want of worldly woe
Cannot withstand the mighty rage
Of death, our best vnwelcome foe.
For hopeful youth had light me helth,
My lust to last til time to die,
And fortune founde my vertue wealthe,
But yet for al that here I lye.
Learne also this, to ease thy minde,
when death on corps hath wrought his spight,
A time of triumph shalt thou find
with me to scorne him in delight.
For one day shal we mete againe
Mauger deathes dart, in life to dwel,
Then wil I thanke the for thy paine,
Now marke my words and fare thou wel

Against women either good or bad.

A man

A Man may liue thrise Nestors life,
Thrise wander out Ulisses race.
yet neuer finde Ulisses wife,
Such change hath chaunced in this case.
Lesse age will serue then Paris had,
Small peyne (if none be small ynough)
To finde good store of Helens trade,
Such sappe the roote doth yelde the bough
For one good wife Ulisses slew
A worthy knot of gentle blood,
For one ill wife Greece ouerthrew
The towne of Troy: Sith bad and good
bring mischiefe, Lord let be thy will
To keepe me free from eyther ill.

An aunswere.

THe vertue of Ulisses wife
Doth liue, though she hath ceast her race
And farre surmountes olde Nestors life,
But now in mo than then it was,
Such chaunce is chaunced in this case.
Ladies now liue in other trade,
farre other Helens now we see,
Than she whom Troyan Paris had,
As vertue feedes the roote, so bee
the sap and roote of bough and tree.
Ulisses rage, not his good wife
Spilt gentle blood Not Helens face
But Paris eye did raise the strife,
That did the Troyan buylding race.
Thus sith ne good, ne bad do ill,
Them all, O lord maintaine my will,
to serue with all my force and skill.

Against a gentle woman by whom he was refused.

TO faise report and flying fame,
whilest my minde gaue credit light,

Beleuing that her bolstred name
Had stuffe to shew ẏ praise did hight,
I find well now I did mistake
Upon report my ground to make.
I hard it said such one was she,
as rare to finde as paragone,
Of lowly chere of hart so free,
as her for bountie could passe none.
Such one were faire though fourme & face
were meane to passe in second place.
I sought it neare, & thinking to find
Report and deede both to agree,
But change had tried her suttle minde:
Of force I was enforced to see
That shee in deede was nothing so,
which made my will my hart forgo.
For she is such a geason none,
And what she most may boast to be,
I finde her matches mo then one,
what nede she so to deale with me?
Ha flyering face with scornfull hart,
So ill reward for good desart?
I will repent that I haue done,
To end so well the losse is small.
I lost her loue that lesse hath wonne
To want she had me as her thrall,
what though a gyllot sent that note,
By cock and pye I meane it not.

The aunswere.

Whom fansie forceth first to loue
Now frensy forceth for to hate,
whose mind erst madnes gan to moue
Inconstance causeth to abate
No mind of mean, but heat of braine
Bred light loue like hate againe.
What hurld your harte in so greate
Fāsy forced by fained fame (heat?
Belike that she was light to geat:
For if that vertue and good name

moued

Moued your mind, why changed your will
Sith vertue the cause abideth stil:
Such fame reported here to be
as farre it were to finde her peere,
For vertue and for honesty,
For her free hart and lowly chere
this lande had lied if you had sped,
and fame bene false that hath ben spred.
Sith she hath so kept her good name,
Such praise of life and giftes of grace,
as brute selfe blusheth for to blame.
Such fame as fame feares to deface,
you sclaunder not but make it plaine,
That you blame brute of brutish traine.
If you haue founde it looking neere,
Not as you take the brute to be.
By like you ment by lowly cheere,
Bounty and hart that you cal free.
But lewde lightnesse easy to frame,
To winde your will against her name.
May she may deme your deminge so,
A marke of madnesse in his kinde,
Such causeth not good name to goe.
as your fond folly sought to finde,
For brute of kinde bent il to blase,
alwaie saieth ill, but forced by cause.
The mo there be, such as is she,
More should be gods thank for his grace
The more is her ioy it to see.
Good should by geason earne no place,
Nor nomber make nought that is good,
Your strange lusting hed wants a hood.
Her dealinge greueth you (say ye)
Besides your labour lost in vaine,
Her dealing was not as we see,
Sclaunder the ende of your great paine
Ha lewde lying lips, and hateful hart,
what canst thou desire in such desart.
Ye wil repent, and right for done,
Ye haue a dede deseruing shame,
From reasons race farre haue ye ronne.
Hold your railing kepe your tong tame.

Her

Her loue, ye lye, ye lost it not,
ye neuer lost that ye neuer got.
She reft ye not your libertie,
She vaunteth she had you thral.
If oft haue done it, let it lye,
On rage that reft you wit and al,
What though a verlets tale you tel
By cocke and pie, you do it well.

The louer dreading to moue his suite for doubt of denial, accuseth al women of disdaine and fickle-nesse.

TO walke on doubtful grounde, where daunger is vnsene.
Doth double men that careless be in depe dispaire I wene,
For as the blinde doth feare what footing he shal finde,
So doth the wise before he speake, mistrust the straungers minde.
For he that bluntly runnes, may light among the breers.
And so be put vnto his plunge, where daunger least apperes,
The birde that selly foole, doth warne vs to beware.
who lighteth not on euery bushe, he dreadeth so the snare,
The Mouse that shons the trap, doth shew what harme doth lye
Within the swete betraying bait, that oft deceiues the eye,
The fishe auoides the hooke though hunger bids him byte,
And houereth stil about the worme, whereon is his delite.
If birdes and beastes can see, where their vndoing lyes,
How should a mischief scape our heads, that haue both wit & eyes
What madnesse may be more then plow the barrein fielde,
Or any fruiteful wordes to sowe, to eares that are vnwilde,
They heare & than mislike, they like and then they loth
They hate, they loue, they scorne, they praise, yet sure they can doe
We see what falles they haue þ climbe on trees vnknowne, (both
As they that trust to rotten bowes, must nedes be ouerthrowene.
I smart in silence kept, doth ease the hart much more,
Then for to plaine where is no salue, for to recure the sore.
Wherefore my griefe I hide within a holow hart,
Until the smoke thereof be spied, by flamming of the smart.

An

An aunswere.

TO trust the fained face, to rue on forced teares,
To credit finely forged tales wherein there of apperes.
And bretes as from the brest a smoke of kindled smart,
Where onely lurkes a diepe deceit within the hollow hart.
Betraies the simple soule, whom plaine disceit lesse minde
taught not to feare ẏ in it selfe, it selfe did neuer finde.
Not euery tricking teare doth argue inward paine,
Not euery sigh doth surely shewe the sigher not to faine,
Nor euery smoke doth proue a presence of the fire,
Not euery glistring geues the golde, that gredy folke desire,
Not euery wailing worde is drawen out of the deepe,
Not griefe for want of graunted grace enforceth al to wepe.
Oft malice makes the minde to shed the boiled brine,
And enuies humor oft vnlades by conduites of the eyen.
Oft craft can cause the man to make a seming shewe,
Of heart with dolour all distrande, where griefe did neuer growe
As cursed Crocodile most cruelly can tole,
With truthlesse teares vnto his death the sely pitying soule.
Blame neuer those therefore, ẏ wisely can beware
The guilefull man, ẏ sutly saieth himselfe to dreade the snare.
Blame not the stopped eares against the Sirens song,
Blame not ẏ minde not moud ẇ mone of falsheds flowing tonge.
If guile do guide your wit by silence so to speake,
By craft to craue & faine by fraude ẏ cause ẏ you would breake,
Great harme your suttle soule shal suffer for the same,
And mighty loue wil wreake the wronge, so clothed ẇ his name,
But we whom you haue warnde, this lesson learne by you,
To knowe the tree before we climbe, to trust to rotten bowe.
To view the limed bushe, to looke afore we lihgt,
To shunne the perilous baited hooke, and vse a further sight
As doth the mouse, the birde, the fishe, by sample sitly show,
That wily wits & ginnes of men do worke the simples woe.
So simple sith we are, and you so suttle bee,
God helpe the mouse, the birde the fishe, & vs your sleights to flee.

The louer complaineth his faulte, that with vngentle writing had dis-pleased his Ladye.

Ah loue how waiſward is his wit, what pāgs do perce his breſt
whom thou to waite vpon thy wil haſt reued of his reſt
The light, the darke, the ſunne, the moone, the day & eke the night,
His daily dying like himſelfe, he hateth in deſpight.
With firſt he light to looke on her that holdeth him in thral
His mouing eyen his mouing wit he curſeth hart and al.
From hungry hoape to pininge feare eche hap doth hurle his harte
From panges of plaint to fits of fume, from aking into ſmart.
Eche moment ſo doth chaunge his chere, not with recourſe of eaſe,
But with fere ſortes of ſorowes ſtil, he worketh as the ſeas.
Not turning windes not calme returned rule in vnruly wiſe
As if their holdes of hilles vphurlde they braſten out to riſe.
and puffe away the power ỳ is vnto the kinge aſſignde,
To pay ỳ ſith their priſonment they deme to be behinde.
So doth the paſſions long repreſt within the woful wight,
Breake downe the bankes of al his wits & out they guſhen quyte
To reare vprores now they be free from reaſons rule and ſtaye,
And hedlong hales thunruled race, his quiet quite awaye.
No meaſure hath he of his ruth, no reaſon in his rage, (age.
No bottome groũd wher ſtaies his griefe, thus weares away his
In wiſhing wants, in wailing woes, death doth he daily call,
To bringe releaſe, when of relicfe he ſeeth no hoape at all.
Thence comes that of in diepe diſpaire to riſe to better ſtate,
On heauen and heauenly lampes he laieth the faut of al his fate,
On god & gods decreed dome crieth out with curſing breath,
Eche thinge that gaue and ſaues himſelfe he damneth of his death
The wõbe him bare, ỳ breſts he ſuckt, eche ſtarre ỳ ỹ their might
Theire ſecret ſuccour brought to bringe ỳ wretch to worldly light
yea that to his ſoules peril is moſt haynous harme of al,
And craues the cruelleſt reuenge that may to man befall.
Her he blaſphemes in whom it lieth in preſent as ſhe pleaſe
To damne him downe to depth of hell, or plaint in heauens eaſe.
Such rage conſtraunde my ſtrained hart to guide thũhappy hand
That ſent vnfitting blots to his on whom my life doth ſtand.
But graunt O god that he for them may beare the worthy blame,
whom I doe in my diepe diſtreſſe finde guilty of the ſame.
Euen ỳ blinde boy that blindely guides ỳ faultrers to their fall,
That laughes when they lament ỳ he hath throwen into thrall.
Or lord ſaue loſing lookes of her what penance eis thou pleaſe,
So her contented wil be wonne, I count it al myne eaſe.
and thou on whom doth hãg my wil, ỹ hart, with ſoule & care
With life and al ỳ life may haue of wel or euil fare:

Graunte

Graunt grace to him ẏ grates therefore with sea of saltish brine,
By extreme heate of boyling brest distilled through his eien.
And with thy fansie render thou my selfe to me againe,
That daily then we duely may employ a painlesse paine,
To yelde and take ẏ ioyful fruites ẏ hartie loue doth lende,
To them that meane by honest meanes to come to happye end.

The louer wounded of Cupide wisheth he had rather bene sticken by death.

The blinded boy that bendes the bowe,
to make ẏ dint of double wound
the stoutest state to stoupe and knowe
the cruel craft ẏ I haue founde,
with death I would haue chopt a chãge
to borow as by bargaine made,
Eche other shaft when he did range
with restles roauing to inuade
Thũthralled minds of simple wightes:
whose giltles ghostes deserued not
to feele such fal of their delights,
Such ꝓanges as I haue past god wot:
Then both in newe vnwonted wise
Should death deserue a better name,
Not (as tofore hath been his guise)
Of crueltie to beare the blame.
But contrary be counted kinde
In leading life and sparinge space,
For sicke to rise and seke to finde
A way to wish their wery race.
To drawe to some desired ende
their long and lothed time to rid,
And so to feele how like a frẽd,
Before the bargaine made he did.
And loue should either bring againe
to wounded wightes their owne desire,
A welcome ende of pining paine,
As doth theire cause of ruth require,

Or when he meanes the quiet man,
a harme to hasten him to griefe,
a better dede he should do than,
with borowed dart to gene reliefe.
That both the sicke wel demed maye,
he brought me rightly my request,
and eke the other sort may say,
he wrought me truely for the best,
So had not fansie forced me,
to beare a brunt of greater wo,
then leauing such a life may be,
the ground where onely griefes do grow.
Unlucky liking linkt my hart,
In forged hoape and forced feare,
that oft I wisht the other dart,
had rather pearced me as neare,
A fained trust constrained care
most loth to lacke, most harde to finde,
In sunder so my iudgement taze
that quiete was quiet out of minde.
Absent in absence of mine ease,
present in presence of my paine,
the woes of want did much displease
the sighes I soughte did grieue againe.
Of griefe that boyled in my brest,
hath fraught my face with salt ish teares,
pronouncing proues of mine vnrest,
whereby my passed paine appeares.
My sighes full often haue supplied
than faine & wordes I would haue sayd.
My voice was stopt, my tong was tied,
my wittes with wo were ouerwaild.
with trembling soule and humble chere
Oft grated I for graunt of grace:
On hoape & bounty might be there
wher beauty had so pight her place.
At length I founde that I did feare,
How I had labourde al to losse,
my selfe had bene the carpentere,
That framed me the cruell crosse.
Of this to come ik dout alone,
though blent with trust of better speede,

So

So oft hath moued my mind to mone
So oft hath made my hart to blede.
What shal I say of it in dede,
Now hope is gone mine olde relefe
And I enforced all to feede
Upon the fruites of bitter grief.

Of womans chaungeable will.

I would I found not as I feele,
such chaūging chere of womās will
by fickle slight of Fortunes wheele,
by kinde or custome neuer still.
So should I finde no fault to laye
On Fortune for their mouing minde,
So should I know no cause to say
This chāge to chāce by course of kind
So should not loue so worke my wo,
To make death surgeon for my sore,
So should her wittes not wander so,
So should I reck the lesse therfore.

The louer complaineth the losse of his ladye.

NO ioy haue I but liue in heuinesse,
my dame of price berest by Fortunes cruelnesse
My hap is turned to vnhappinesse,
Unhappye I am vnlesse I finde relesse.
My pastime past, my youth like yere are gone,
My mouthes of mirth my glittering daies of gladsomnesse,
My time of triumphe turned into mone,
Unhappie I am vnlesse I finde relesse.
My wonted winde to chaunt my cheerefull chaunce,
Doth sigh, & song sometime the balades of my lesse,
My sobbes my sore and sorow do aduaunce,
Unhappie I am vnlesse I finde relesse.
I mourne my mirth for griefe that is gone,
I mourne my mirth whereof my musing mindefulnesse,

I

Is ground of greater griefe ỹ growes thereon,
Unhappie I am vnlesse I finde releasse.
No ioy haue I, for fortune frowardly,
hath bēt her browes, hath put her hād to cruel-
hath rest my dame, constrained me to cry, (nes
Unhappie I am vnlesse I finde releasse.

Of the gold' meane.

The wisest way, thy boate in waue & wind to guye.
Is neither stil the trade of middle streame to trye,
Me (warely shunning wrecke by weather) aye to nye
To presse vpon perilous shore.
Both clenely flies hee filth, ne wōnes a wretched wights
In calishe coate, & carefull court aye thrall to spite,
with port of proude estate he liues, who doth delight
Of goldē mean to hold the lore.
Stormes riefest rende the sturdy stout pine apple tree.
Of lofty ruing towers the falles the feller bee,
Most fierce doth lightnīg light, wher furthest we do see
The hilles the valley to forsake
Wel furnisht brest to bide ech chaunces chaunginge cheare,
In woe hath cherefull hope, in weale hath warefull feare,
One selue Ioue winter makes with lothfull lookes appeare,
That can by course the same aslake.
What if into mishap thy case now casten bee:
It forceth not such fourme of luck to last to thee,
Not alway bent is Phebus bowe, his harpe and hee,
Ceast siluer sōūd sometime doth raise.
Inhardest happe vse helpe of hardy hoapfull hart,
Seme bolde to beare the brunt of fortune ouerthwart,
Eke wisely when forewinde too full breathes on thy part,
Swage swelling saile & doubt decayes.

The praise of a true friende.

Whoso ỹ wisely waies the profite and the price
Of thinges wherin delight by worth is wont to rise,

Shall

Shall find no iewel ſo is riche ne yet ſo rare,
That with the frindly hart in value may compare,
What other welth to man by foztune may beefall,
But foztunes changéd chere may reue a man of all.
A frend no wzacke of wealth, no cruel cauſe of wo,
Can foꝛce his frindly faith vnfrindly to foꝛgoe.
If foztune frindly fawne, and lende the welthy ſtoꝛe,
Thy frindes conioined ioy doth make thy ioy the moꝛe.
If frowardly ſhe froẅne and vzge thee to diſtreſſe
His aide relues thy ruth, and makes thy ſoꝛow leſſe.
Thus foztunes pleaſant fruites by frends encreaſed bee.
The bitter ſharpe and ſoẅer by fryndes alaid to thee,
That when thou doſt reioyce, then doubled is thy ioy,
And eke in cauſe of care, the leſſe of thy anoy,
A loft if thou do liue, as one appointed here,
A ſtately part on ſtage of ẅoꝛldly ſtate to beare,
Thy frend as only free from fraud will the aduiſe.
To reſt within the rule of mean as do the wiſe.
He ſeeketh to foꝛeſee the peril of thy fall,
He findeth out thy faultes, and warnes the of them all,
Thee not thy lucke he loues, what euer bee thy caſe,
He is thy faithfull frend, and thee he doth embzace.
If churliſh chere of chance haue thzown thee into thzall,
And that they nede aſke ayde foꝛ to receiue thy fall,
In him thou ſecret truſt aſſured art to haue.
And ſuccour not to ſeeke, befoꝛe that thou can craue,
Thus is thy frende to thee the comfoꝛt of thy payne,
The ſtayer of my ſtate, the doubler of thy gaine,
In welth and wo thy frende annother ſelfe to thee,
Such man to man a God, the pꝛouerbe ſaith to bee,
As welth will bzing thee frendes in louing wo to pꝛoue,
So wo ſhal yeld thee frendes in laughing welth to loue.
With wiſedome choſe thy frinde with vertue him retaine,
Let vertue be the ground, ſo ſhall it not be vaine.

The louer lamenteth other to haue the fruites of his ſeruice.

SOme men would think of right to haue,
Foꝛ their true meaning ſome reward e,

But while that I do cry and craue,
I see that other be preferd,
I gape for that I am debard.
I fare as doth the hound at hatch,
The worse I speede, ẏ lēger I watch.
My wastfull will is trie by trust,
My fond fansy is mine abuse,
For that I would refraine my lust,
For mine auaile I cannot chuse.
I will, and yet no power to vse,
I will no will by reason iust,
Sins my will is at others lust.
They eat the hony, I holde ẏ hiue,
I sowe the sede, they reape the corne,
I wast, they winne, I draw they driue,
Theirs is the thank, mine is the scorne
I seeke, they speede, in wast my wind is worne,
I gape they get, and gredely I snatche
Till woorse I spede, the lenger I watche.
I fast, they feede, they drink I thurst,
They laugh, I wayle, they ioy, I mourne,
they gaine, I lose, I haue the wurst,
They whole, I sicke, they cold, I burne.
they leape, I lye, they slepe, I tosse and turne.
I would, they may, I craue, they haue at will
that helpeth them, lo cruelty doth me kill.

Of the suttletie of crafty louers.

SUch wayward waies haue soe when folly stirres their braines
to fain & plaine full oft of loue, when least they feele his paines.
And for to shew a griefe suche craft haue they in store,
That they can halt and lay a salue where as they feele no sore
As hound vnto the foote, or dog vnto the bowe,
So are they made to vent her out, whom bent to loue they know
that if I should describe one hundred of their driftes,
Two hundred wits beside mine owne, I should put to their shifts
As woodman better knowes how for to lodge his dere,
Nor shipman on the sea that more hath skill to guide the stere,
No beaten dogge to heard can water chose his gaine,

For

Nor scholeman to his fantasie can a scholler better frame,
then one of those which haue old Ouids art in vre,
Can seke the waies vnto their minde a woman to allure.
as round about a hiue the Bees do swarme alway,
So round about ẏ house they presse wherin they seke theyr pray,
and whom they so besege, it is a wonderous thing.
What crafty enginns to assault these wily warriers bring.
The eye as scout and watch to stirre both to, and fro,
Doth serue to state her hers and there where she doth cõe & goe,
The tonge doth pleade for right as heraulde of the hart,
and both the handes as oratours do serue to point their part.
So shewes the rountenaunce then with these fowre to agre,
as though in witnes with the rest, it would hers sworne bee,
But if she then mistrust it would turne blacke to white,
For ẏ ẏ woorier lokes most smoth when he would fainest bite,
then wit as councellour a helpe for this to finde,
Straight make the hand as secretarie forthw̃ to writ his minde
and so the letters straight embassadours are made,
to treate in hast for to procure her to a better trade.
wherin if she do thinke all this is but a shewe:
Or but a subtile masking cloke to hide a crafty shrewe.
Then come they to the larme, then shewe they in the fielde,
Then muster they in colours strange ẏ waies to make her yelde,
Then shote they batry of them compasse they her in,
at tilt and turney oft they striue this selly soule to winne,
Then sounde they on their lutes, then strain they forth their song
Then rumble they with instrumentes to lay her quite a long,
Then borde they her with giftes, then do they wo and watche,
Then night and day they labour hard this simple holde to catch,
As pathes within a wood, or turnes within a mase,
So thẽ they shewe of wiles & craftes they can a thousand wais

Of the vanitie of mans life.

VAyne is the fleting welth,
wheron the world stales,
Sith stalking time by priuy stelth,
Encrocheth on our dayes,
And elde which crepeth fast,
to taint vs with her wounde,

Will true turne eche blisse vnto a blast
Whiche lasteeh but a staunde.
Of youth the lusty floure,
Which whilome stode in price,
Shall vanish quite within an houre
As fire consumes the ice.
Where is become that wight,
For whose sake Troy towne,
Withstode the grekes till ten yeres fight,
Han rasde their walles adowne:
Did not the wormes consume,
Her carian to the dust:
Did dreadfull death forbeare his fume,
For beauty, pride, or lust?

The louer not regarded in earnest sute being becom wiser refuseth his profred loue.

DO way your phisik I faint no more,
The salue you sent it comes to late
You wist well all my griefe before,
And what I suffred for your sake.
Hole is my hart I plaine no more,
A new the cure did vndertake,
Wherefore doe way you come to late.
For whyles you knewe I was your
so lōg ī vain you made me gape, (own
and though my faith it were wel knowē
Yet small regard thou toke thereat,
But now the blast is ouer blowne.
Of vaine phisike a salue you shape,
Wherefore do way you come to late.
How long or this haue I ben faine,
To gape for mercy at your gate,
Untill the time I spide it plaine,
That pitie and you fell at debate.
For my redresse then was I faine
Your seruice cleane for to forsake.

Wher-

Wherefore doe way you come to late,
For when I brent in endleſſe fire.
who ruled then but cruel hate:
So that vnneth I durſt deſire
One looke my feruent heate to ſlacke,
Therefore another doth me hyre,
And al the profer that you make
Is made in vaine, and comes to late.
For when I aſked recompence,
which coſt you nought to graunt god
Thē laid diſdain to great expēce (wot
It were for you to graunt me that.
Therefore doe way your rere prētēce
that you would bind ẏ erſte you brake
For loe your ſaiue comes al to late.

The complaint of a woman rauiſhed and alſo mortally wounded.

A Cruel Tiger with teeth beebled,
A bloody tirantes hād in eche degree
A lecher that by wretched luſt was led
(alas) defloured my virginitie.
And not contented with this villanye,
Nor ẇ thoutragious terror of ẏ dede
ẇ bloody thirſt of greater cruelty, (ied
fearīg his heinoꝰ gilt ſhold be bewras
By crying death and vengeāce openly
His violent hand forth ẇ alas he laied
Upon my guiltles ſely childe and me,
And like ẏ wretch whō no horror diſ=
droūd in ẏ ſink of depe īiquity, (made
Miſuſing me the mother for a time;
Hath ſlaine vs both for cloking of his crime.

The louer being made thral by loue perceiueth how great a loſſe is libertie.

AY libertie haue I learned to knowe,
By lackinge thee what I ewell I possest.
When I receiued first from Cupides bow
the deadly wounde that festreth in my brest.
So farre (alas) forth strained were mine eyes
that I ne might refraine them backe, for loe,
they in a moment al earthly thinges despise
In heauenly sigh now are they fixed so.
What then for me but stil with mased sight
to wounder at that excellence diuine,
where loue (my freedome hauing in despight)
Hath made me thral through errour of mine eyes.
For other guerdon hope I not to haue,
My loltring tong so bashed ought to craue.

The diuers and conttary passions of the louer.

HOlding my peace alas how loud I crye,
Oppressed with hope & dread euen both at ones,
Strained with death, and yet I cannot die,
Burning in flame, quaking for colde that grones
Unto my hope withouten winges I flye.
Oppressed with dispaire, that breaketh al my bones
Walking as if I were, and yet am not.
Fainting with mirth most inwardly with mones,
Hard by my helpe, vnto my helth not nie,
Winds of the calme my ship on rocke it rones,
I serue vnbounde, fast fettred yet I lie,
In stede of milke that fed on marble stones,
My most wil is that I doe espie,
that workes my ioies and sorowes both at ones.
In contraries standeth al my losse and gaine,
and loe the guiltesse causeth al my paine.

The testament of the hawthorne.

IOely Haw whose hope is past,
In faithful true and fixed minde.

To her whom that I ſerued laſt,
haue all my ioyfulnes reſignde,
Becauſe I knowe aſſurely,
My dying day approcheth nie.
Diſpaired hart the carefull neſt,
Of all the ſighes that kept in ſtore,
Conney my carefull corps to reſt,
that leaues his ioy for euermore,
and when the day of hope is paſt
Geue vp thy ſpirite and ſigh the laſt.
But or that we depart in twaine,
tell her I loued with all my might,
that though ỹ corps in clay remaine,
Conſumed to aſhes pale and white,
and though ỹ vitall powers do ceaſſe
the ſpirit ſhall loue her natheleſſe.
And pray my lines ladie dere,
During this little time and ſpace,
that I haue to abiden here
Not to withdraw her wonted grace
In recompenſing of the paine,
That I ſhal haue to part in twaine.
And that at leaſt ſhe will witſaue,
to graunt my iuſt and laſt requeſt,
when that ſhe ſhal behold his graue,
that lieth of life here diſpoſeſt,
In record that I once was hers
to bathe the froſen ſtone with teares.
The ſeruice tree here do I make.
For my executour and my freud.
that liuing did not me forſake,
Nor will I truſt vnto my end,
to ſee my body well conueyde
In ground wher ỹ it ſhould be laide
Tombed vnderneth a goodly Oke,
with Iuy grene that faſt is bound,
there this my graue I haue beſpoke,
For there my ladies name do ſound,
Beſet euen as my teſtament tels
with oken leaues and nothing els.
Grauen whereon ſhalbe expreſt,
Here lyeth the body in this place,

Of him that lying neuer ceſt
to ſerue the faireſt that euer was.
The corps is here, that hart he gaue
to her forwhome he lieth in graue.
And alſo ſet about his herſe
two lamps to burne and not to queint
which ſhalbe token, and reherſe
That my good will was neuer ſpent.
When that my corps was layd alow,
My ſpirite did ſwereto ſerue no mo
And if you want of ringging bels,
When that my corps goeth into graue
Repete her name and nothing els,
to whom that I was bounden ſlaue,
When that my life it ſhall vnframe,
My ſpite ſhall ioy to here her name
With dolefull note & piteous ſound,
wherwith my hart did cleaue i twaine
With ſuch a ſong lay me in ground,
My ſpit let it with her remaine,
that had the body to commēd,
Till death therof did make an ende.
And euen with my laſt bequeſt,
When I ſhall from my life depart.
I geue to her I loued beſt,
My iuſt my true and faithfull hart.
Signed with the hand as cold as ſtōe
Of him that liuing was her owne.
And if he might liue againe,
As Phenix made by death anew,
Of this ſhe may aſſure her plaine,
that he will ſtill be iuſt and true.
Thus farewell ſhe on liue my owne,
And ſend her ioy when I am gone.

The louer in diſpaire lamenteth his caſe.

A Dieu deſert, how art thou ſpent.
Ah droppig teares how do ye waſh
Ah ſcalding ſighs, how be ye ſpent:

To

To pricke them forth that will not haſt,
Thy painted heart thou gapſt for grace
Euen there where pitie hath no place,
As eaſy it is the ſtony rocke
From place to place for to remoue,
as by thy plaint for to prouoke
a froſen hart from hate to loue,
What ſhould I ſay: ſuch is thy lot,
to fawns on them that force thee not.
Thus maiſt thou ſafely ſay and ſweare,
that rigour raineth and ruth doth faile.
In thankles thoughts thy thoughts do weare
thy truth, thy faith may nought auaile,
For thy good will why ſhould thou ſo,
Still graf where grace it wil not grow
Alas poore hart thus haſt thou ſpent
thy flowring time, thy pleaſant yeres,
with ſighing voice wepe and lament,
For of thy hope ne frute apperes,
thy true meaning is paide with ſcorne,
that euer ſoweth and reapeth no corne.
And where thou ſekeſt a quiet port,
thou doſt but weighe againſt the winde
For where ỹ gladlieſt would reſort,
there is no place for the aſſinde,
Thy deſteny hath ſet it ſo
that thy true hart ſhould cauſe thy wo.

Of his maiſtreſſe M, B.

IN Bayes I boaſt whoſe braſtich I beare
Such ioy therin I finde
That to the death I ſhal it weare,
To eaſe my careleſſe minde.
In heat, in colde, both night and day,
Her vertue may bee ſene,
when other fruites and flowers decay
The bay yet growes ful greene,
Her beries fede the birdes ful oft,
Her leues ſwete water make,

Her

Her bowes beset in euery loft,
For theire swete sauours sake.
the birds do shrowd them frō the cold
In her we daily see.
and men make arbers as they wounde,
Under the pleasant tree.
It doth me good when I repaire,
there as these baies do grow.
Where oft I walke to take the ayre,
It doth delight me so.
But lo: I stande as I were domme,
Ye beauty for to blasse.
Wherewith my spirites bee ouercome,
So long thereon I gase.
At last I turne vnto my walke,
In passing to and fro.
And to my selfe I smile and talke
And then away I goe.
Why smilest thou say lokers on,
what pleasure hast thou founde
With that I am as cold as stone
And ready for to sound,
Fie fie for shame saith fansy than,
Plucke vp thy faimed hart,
And speake thou boldly like a man,
Shrinke not for litle smart.
Wherat I blush and change my chere
My senses waxe so weake,
O god thinke I what make I here,
That neuer a worde may speake,
I dare not sigh lest I be heard.
My lokes I sely cast,
And stil I stand as one were scard,
Until my stormes be past
Then happy hap doth me reuiue,
The blood comes to my face
As merier man is not aliue.
Then I am in that case.
Thus after sorow seke I rest,
when fled is fansies fit.
And though I bee a homely gest,
Before the bayes I sit,

Where

Where I doe watche till leaues doe fal
when winde the tree doth ſhake.
then though my branche be very ſmal,
My leafe away I take.
And then I goe and clap my handes,
My hart doth leape for ioy,
theſe bayes do eaſe me from my handes
That long did me annoy.
For when I doe beholde the ſame,
which makes ſo faire a ſhew,
I find therin my maiſtreſſe name,
And ſee her vertues grow.

The louer complaineth his harty loue not requited.

WVhen Phebus had ỹ ſerpent ſlaine
He claimed Cupides boe
which ſtrife did turne hi to great paine
The ſtory wel doth proue.
For Cupide mads himſelfe much woe
In ſeeking Daphnis loue.
This Cupide hath a ſhaft of kinde,
which wounded many awight,
whoſe golden hed had power to binde
Eche hart in Venus bandes,
this arrow did on Phebus light,
which came from Cupides handes.
An other ſhaft was wrought in
which hedded was wᵗ lead, (ſpight
whoſe nature quenched ſwete delight
that louers muſt embrace
In Daphnis breſt this cruell hed
Had founde a dwelling place.
But Phebus fond of his deſire
Sought after Daphnis ſo,
He burnt with heat ſhe fele no fire,
Ful faſt ſhe fled him fro,
He gate but hate for his good will,
The gods aſſigned ſo.

My

My case with Phebus may compare,
His hap and mine are one,
I cry to her that knowes no care,
yet seke I to her most
when I approch then is she gone,
Thus is my labour lost.
Now blame not me but blame the shaft,
That hath the golden head,
And blame those gods that with theire craft
Such arrowes forge by kinde
And blame the colde and heauy leade,
That doth my ladies minde.

A praise of M.M.

IN Court as I behelde, the beauty of eche dame,
Of right me thought from al the rest should M. steale the same,
But, er I ment to iudge, I vewed with such aduise,
As ritcheiesse dome should not inuade the boundes of my deuyse.
And whiles I gased long, such heate did brede within,
As Priamus towne felt not more flame, when did the bale begyn,
By reasons rule, ne yet by wit perceiue I could,
That M. face of earth yfounde, enioy such beauty shoulde.
As fansie douted that from heauen had Venus come,
To norish rage in Britaines heartes, while corage yet doth blome
Her natiue hue so stroue, with colour of the rose,
That Paris would haue Helene left, and M. beauty chose.
A wight farre passing al, and is more faire to seme.
Then lusty may be lodge of loue, that clothes the earth in grene,
So angell like she shines, she semeth no mortal wight,
But one whom nature in her forge, did frame her selfe to spight.
Of beauty princesse chiefe, so makeiesse doth she rest,
whose eye would glad an heauen wight, and prison paine in brest.
I war astoned to see the fature of her shape
And wõdred ẏ a mortal heart such heauenly beames could scape
Her limmes so aunswering were, the mould of her faire face.
Of Venus stocke she semde to spring the roote of beautyes grace.
Her presence doth pretend such honour and estate,
That simple men might gesse her birth if folly bred debate,
Her looks in hartes of flint would such effectes impresse,
As rage of flame not Nilus stremes Nestors peres encrease.

Within the ſubtyle ſeate of her bright eyen doth dwell
Blinde Cupide with the prick of paine, that princes freedome ſell.
A paradiſe it is her beauty to beholde,
where natures ſtuffe ſo full is found, that natures ware is ſolde.

An olde louer to a yong gentle woman.

YE are to yong to bring me in.
And I to old to gape for flies
I haue to long a louer been,
If ſuch yong babes ſhould blere mine eyes.
But trill the bail before my face.
I am content to make you play,
I will not ſee, I hide my face,
and turne my backe and runne away.
But if you folow on ſo faſt,
And croſſe the waies where I ſhould go,
Ye may waxe wery at the laſt,
and then at length your ſelfe orthowe,
I meane where you and all your flocke,
Deuiſe to pen men in the pound,
I know a key can pick your locke,
and make you runne your ſelfe on ground.
Some birdes can eate the ſtrawie corne,
and flee the lyme that foulers ſet,
and ſome are ferde of euery thorne,
and ſo thereby they ſcape the net.
But ſome do light and neuer looke,
and ſeeth not who doth ſtand in wayte
as fiſh that ſwallow by the hooke,
and is begiled through the bayte.
But men can loke before they leape,
and be at price for euery ware,
and peniſworthes caſt to buy good cheape,
and in eche thing haue eye and care.
But he that bluntly runnes on hed,
and ſeeth not what thee race ſhalbe,
Is like to bring a foole to bed,
and thus ye get no more of me.

The

Songes

The louer forsaketh his vnkinde loue.

FArewell thou froſen hart and eares of hardened ſteele,
Thou lackeſt yeares to vnderſtand the griefe that I do feele,
the gods reuenge my wrong, with equall plague on thee,
whē pleaſure ſhal prick forth thy youth, to learn what loue ſhalbe
Perchance thou prouſt now to ſcale blinde Cupids hold,
and matcheſt where thou maiſt repēt, whē al thy cardes are told
But bluſh not thou therefore, thy betters haue done ſo,
Who thought they had retaīd a doue, whē they but caught a crow
And ſome do linger time with lofty lookes we ſee,
that lightes at length as low or worſe, then doth the betell Bee,
yet let thy hope be good, ſuch hap may fall from hie,
that thou maiſt be if fortune ſerue, a princeſſe ere thou die.
If chaunce preferre the ſo, alas poore ſely man,
Where ſhall I ſcape thy cruell handes, or ſeke for ſuccour than:
God ſhild ſuch gredy wolues ſhould lap in giltleſſe blood,
and ſēd ſhort horns to hurtfull heds, that rage like lions wood,
I ſeldome ſee the day, but malice wanteth might,
and hatefull hartes haue neuer hap, to wreeke their wrath aright
the mad man is vnmete a naked ſword to gide,
and more vnfit are they to clime, that are orecome with pride,
I touch not thee herein, thou art a faucon ſure,
that can both ſoer and ſtoup ſometime, as men caſt vp the lure,
the Peeock hath no place in thee when thou ſhall lift,
From ſome no ſoner make in ſigne, but thou perceiueſt the fift.
they haue that I doe want: and that hath the begilde,
the lacke ỹ thou doeſt ſee in mee doth make thy looke ſo wilde,
My luring is not good: it liketh not thine eare
My call it is not halfe ſo ſwete as would to God it were
well wanton yet beware, thou do no tiring take,
at euery hand that woulde the fede, or to the frindſhip make.
this counſell take of him that ought thee once his loue,
Who hopes to mete the after this, among the ſaintes aboue.
But here within this worlde, if he may ſhonne the place,
He rather aſketh preſent death then to beholde thy face.

The louer preferreth his lady aboue al other.

Reſigne

Resigne you dames whō tikeling brute delight,
The goldē prise the flatterers tromp doth sound
and vassalles be to her that claimes by right
the tittle iust that first dame beauty found,
whose dainty eyes such surgred baites do hide,
As poyson hartes wher glimes of loue do glide,
Come eke & see how heauen & nature wrought,
within her face where framed is suche ioy,
As Priams sonnes in vaine the seas had sought,
If halfe such light had abode in Troy
For as the golden sunne doth darke ech starre,
So doth her hue in the fairest dame as farre.
Eche heauenly gift, ech grace that nature coulde
By art or wit my lady lo retaines,
A sacred hed, so heapt with heartes of golde,
As Phebus beames for beauty farre it staines,
A surged tong, wher eke such swetenesse snowes
that well it semes a fountaine where it flowes.
Two laughing eyes so linked with plesing lookes
As would entice a Tigers hart to serue,
the baite is swete but egar is the hookes,
For Diane sekes her honour to preserue,
Thus Arundel sits, throned still with fame.
whom enmies tromp cannot attaint with shame,
My dased hed so daunted is with heapes
Of giftes diuine the harber in her brest,
Her heuenly shape, that lo my verses leapes,
And touch but that wherin she cloudes the rest,
For if I should her graces all recite,
Both time should want & I should wonders, writ.
Her chere so swete, so christal is her eyes,
Her mouth so small, her lips so liuely red,
Her hand so fine, her wordes so swete and wise.
that Pallas semes to soiourne in her hed
Her vertues great, her forme as farre exceedes,
As sunne the shades that mortall creatures leades,
would god that wretched age would spare to race
Her liuely hew that as her graces rare
Be goddesse like, euen so her goddesse face
Might neuer change but still continue faire,
that eke in after time ech wight may see,
How vertue can with beauty beare degree.

The

The louer lamenteth that he would forgeat loue, and cannot.

ALas when shall I ioy,
When shall my wofull heart
Cast forth thy foolish toy
that breedeth all my smart:
A thousand times and mo,
I haue attempted fore,
To rid this restlesse wo,
which reigneth more and more
But when remembrance past
Hath layd dead coales together,
Old loue renewes his blast.
that cause my ioyes to wither,
Then sodenly a sparke,
Startes out of my desire,
And lepes into my heart,
Setting the coales a fire.
Then reason runnes about
To seke forgetfull water,
to quench and cleane put out,
The cause of all this matter.
And saith dead flesh must needes
Be cut out of the core,
For rotten withered weedes
Can heale no greuous sore.
But then euen sodenly
the feruent heat doth slake,
And cold then straineth me,
that makes my body shake.
Alas who can endure,
to suffer all this paine,
Sins her that should me cure,
Most cruel death hath slaine.
Well well I say no more,
Let dead care for the dead.
yet wo is me therefore,
I must attempt to lead

One

Onc other kinde of life,
Then hitherto I haue,
Or els this paine and strife
Will bring to me my graue.

Songes written by N.G.

Of the.ix.Muses.

IMps of king Ioue, & Queene remembrance lo,
The sisters nine, the Poets pleasant feres,
Callioppe doth stately stile bestowe,
And worthy praises paintes of princely peres,
Clion in solempne songes reneweth all day,
With preasant yeares conioyning age by past.
Delightfull talke loues Comicall Thaley,
In freshe grene youth, who doth like lawrel last.
With voices Tragicall soundes Melpomen,
And as with cheines thallured eares she bindes,
Her stringes when Terpescor doth touch, euen thē
She toucheth harts and raigneth in mens mindes.
Fine Erato, whose looke a liuely cheere
Presents in dauncing kepes a comely grace,
With semely gesture doth Polymine stere,
Whose words whole routs of rāks do rule in place
Urany her globes to view al bent
the ninefolde heauen obsarues with fixed face.
The blestes Eutrepe tunes of instrument.
With solace swete hence my heauy dumpes to chase.
Lord Phebus in the middes (whose heauenly sprite
these ladies doth enspire) embraceth all,
The graces in the Muses weede, delite
To leade them fourth, that men in maze they fall.

Musonius the Philosophers sayinges.

In working well, if trauel you sustaine,
Into the winde shall lightely passe the paine,
But of the dede the glory shall remaine,
And cause your name & worthy wightes to raigne,
In working wrong, if pleasure you attaine,
The pleasure sone shal vade, and voide as vaine,
But of the dede throughout the syke the shame,
Endures defacing you with foule defame,
And stil torments the minde both night & day,
Scant length of time the spot can washe away.
Flee then ill vading pleasures baites vntrue,
And noble vertues faire renowne pursue.

Description of vertue.

What one art thou, thus in torne wede yclad?
Vertue in price whome auncient sages had,
Why poorely rayde: For fading goodes past care,
Why double faced? I marke eche fortunes fare
This bridle, what? Windes rages to restraine
Coles why beare you? I loue to take great paine
Why winges? I teache aboue the starres to flye,
Why treade you death? I onely cannot dye.

Praise of measure keping.

The auncient time commended not for nought
The meane, what better thing cā ther be sought?
In meane is vertue placed on eyther side,
Both right and left a misse a man shal slide,
Icar with fire hadst thou the midway flowne
Icarian becks by name had no man knowne.
If middle path kept had proude Phaeton,
No burning brand this earth had faine vpon.
Ne cruel power, ne none so soft can raigne,
That keepes ameane the same shall stil remaine,
Thee July once did to much mercy spill,
Thee Nero sterne, rigor extreme did kil,

How

How coulde August so many yeres wel passe?
Nor ouermeke, nor ouer fierce he was
Worship not Joue with curious fansies vaine,
Nor him despise hold righte a twene these twaine,
No wastful wight, no gredy gut is praized,
Stand largesse iust is egall ballance payzed,
So Catoes meal surmountes Antonius chere,
And better fame his sober fare hath here.
To slender building bad, as bad to grosse,
One an eye sore the tothers falles to losse.
As medicines helpe, in measure, so (God wot)
By ouer much the sick their bayn haue got,
Unmete me semes to viter this mo waies.
Measure forbiddes vnmeasurable praise.

Mans life aster Possidonius or Crates.

WHhat path list you to treade? what trade wil you assay?
The courts of plea by braule, & hate, driue gētle peace away
In house for wife. and childe, there is but carke and care,
With trauel, & toile yuough in fieldes we vse to fare,
Upon the seas lieth dread, the riche in forein lande
Do feare the losse. & there the poore, like misers poorely stand
Strife with a wife, without your thrift ful hard to see,
Yong brats. a trouble, none at all, a meime it seemes to bee,
Youth founde, age hath no hart, and pinched al to nye
Choose then the liefer of these two, no life or soone to dye.

Metrodotus minde to the contrarye.

WHhat race of lif ronne you? what trade wil you assay?
In courts is glory got, & wit encreaseth day by day.
At home we take our ease and breake our selues in rest.
The fieldes our nature do refreshe with pleasures of the best.
On seas is gaine to geat, the stranger he shalbe
Estemed hauing much, if not none knoweth his lacke. but he,
A wife wil trimme thy house. no wife then art thou free,
Brood is a louely thing, without, thy life is loose to thee
Yong bloddes be strong, olde sires in double honour dwell

Do way ỹ choise, no life, or soone to die, for al is well.

Of friendshippe.

OF al the heuenly giftes that mortall men commend,
What trusty treasure in the worlde can counteruaile a friende?
Our health is soone decaied, goods, casuall light and vaine
Broke haue we sene the force of power, and honour suffer staine.
In bodyes lust man doth resemble but base brute,
True vertue geats, & keepes a frinde, good guide of our pursute
Whose hearty zeale with ours accordes in euery case,
No terme of time, no space of place, no stormе can it deface.
when sickle fortune failes, this knot endureth still,
The kin out of their kind may swerue, when frendes ow ỹ good will
What sweter solace shall befall, than one to finde
Upon whose brest thou maist repose the secretes of thy mynde?
He waileth at thy wo, his teares with thine be shed,
With thee doth he al ioyes enioy, so left a life is led.
Beholde thy friend, and of thy self the paterne see,
One soule a wonder shall it seeme in bodies twaine to bee.
In absence, present: rich in want in sickнes sounde,
Ye after death aliue, maist thou by thy sure friende be founde,
Eche house, eche towne, eche realme by stedfast loue doth stande:
Where foule debate breedes bitter bale in eche diuided lande
O friendship, flower of flowers, O liuely spirit of life,
O sacred bonde of blisseful peace, the stalworth stanche of strife
Scipio with Lelius didst thou conioyne in care
At home, in warres for weale and wo, with egall faith to fare.
Gisippus eke with Tite Damon with Pithias,
And with Menethus sonne Achil, by thee combined was,
Eurialus & Nisup gaue virgil cause to sing,
Of Pilades do many rimes, and of Orestes ring.
Downe Theseus went to hell Pirch his friende to finde,
O that the wiues in these our daies were to their mates so kind
Cicero the frendly man, to Articus his friende
Of frendship wrote, such couples doth but seldome lende,
Recount thy race, now ronne, how few shalt thou there see,
Of whom to say, this saine is he, that neuer failed mee,
So rare a iewel then must nedes be holden dere:
And as thou wilt esteme thy selfe, so take thy chosen fere,
The tyraunt in dispaire no lacke of golde, bewailes,

But

But out I am vndone (saieth he) for al my frendships failes,
Wherefore since nothinge is more kindely for our kinde,
Next wisedome thus that teacheth vs loue we the frendly mynde.

The death of Zoroas, an Egiptian Astronomer, in the fierst fight, that Alexander had with the Persians.

NOw clatering Armes, now raging broils of warre
Gan passe the noys of dreadful trumpets clange.
Shrowded with shaft, ỹ heauen, & cloude of dartes.
Couered the aire, against full fatted bulles
As forceth kindled yre the Lions keen,
whose gredy guts the knawing hunger prickes.
So Macedons against the Persians fare.
Now corpses bide the purpurde soile with bloode.
Large slaughter one ech side, but Perses more
Moist fieldes be bled, theire harts, and numbers bate,
Fainted while they gaue backe, and fal to flight,
The liteuing Macedon by swordes by glaues
By bandes and troupes of footemen with his garde
Spedes to Dary, but him his nerest kyn
Orate preserues, with horsemen on a plumpe
Before his carre ỹ none the charge should geue,
Here grunts here grones, ech wher strong youth is spent
Shaking her bloody handes Bellone among,
The Perses soweth al kinde of cruel death.
with throte yeut, he roes, he lieth along,
His entrailes with a launce thorough girded quite,
Him smites ỹ club, him wounded the farre striking bowe
And him the slinge, and him the shining sword,
He dieth he is al dead, he pantes, he restes.
Right ouer stode in snowe white armour braue

The Memphite Zoroas, a cunning clarke
To whom the heauen lay open as his booke,
And in celestial bodies he could tel
The mouing, meting, light, aspect, eclips,
And influence, and constellacions all,
what earthly chaunces woulde betide, what yere,
Of plenty storde, what signe forwarned death,
How winter gendreth snow, what temperature
In the primetide doth season wel the soile,
why sūmer burnes, whi autume hath ripe grapes
whether the circle quadrate may become.
whether our tunes heauenly armony can yelde,
Of four begins, among themselues how great
Proporcion is what sway the erring lightes,
Doth send in course gainey first mouing heauen.
what grees one from another distant be.
what starre doth let the hurtful fire to rage,
Or him more milde what apposicion makes,
what fire doth qualifie Mauorses fire,
what house eche one doth seke: what planet raignes,
within his heauenly sphere, or that smal thunges
I speake, whole heauen he closeth in his breste.
This sage then in the starres hath spied, the fates
Threatned him death without delay, and sith
He saw he could not fatall order chaunge,
Forward prest, in battale that he might
Mete with the ruler of the Macedons,
Of his right hand desirous to be slaine.
The boldest beurne, and worthiest in the fielde
And as a wight now wery of his life,
And seking death in first front of his rage,
Comes desperately to Alexanders face,
At him with dartes one after other throwes,
with reckeles woordes, & clamour him prouokes,
And saieth, Nectanabs bastard shameful slaine
Of mothers bed, why loosest thou thy strokes,
Cowardes among: Turne thee to me, in case.
Manhod there be so much left in thy hart,
Come fight with me that one my helmet weare
Appollos laurel, both for learning laud,
and eke for martial praise that in my shield
The seuen folde Sophie of Minerue conteine

A matche

A matche more mete ſir king then any here.
the noble prince amoued, takes ruth vpon,
The wilful wight, and with ſoft woordes ayen
O monſtrous man (quod he) what ſo thou art,
I pray thee liue.ne do not with thy death
This lodge of lore, the Muſes manſion marre,
that treaſure houſe this hand ſhal neuer ſpoile,
My ſword ſhal neuer bruſe that ſkilful braine,
Long gathered he apes of ſience ſone to ſpill.
O how faire fruites may you to mortal men
From wiſedomes garden geue? how many may
by you the wiſer and the bettar proue?
What error, what mad moode, what frenſye thee
Perſwades to be downe ſent to kepe Anerne.
where no artes floriſh, nor no knowledge dailes
For all theſe ſawes whan thus the ſoueraigne ſaid
Alighted Zoroas with ſword vnſheathed,
The careleſſe king there ſmote aboue the greue,
at thopening of his puſſhes wounded him
So that the blood downe trailed on the ground,
The Macedon perceiued hurt gan gnaſhe,
But yet his mynde he bent in any wiſe
Him to forbeare, ſet ſpurres vnto his ſtede,
and turned a waye. leſt anger of his ſmart
Should cauſe reuenger hand deale baleful blowes,
But of the Macedonians chieft nines knightes,
One Meleager could not beare this ſight,
But ran vpon the ſaid Egiptian reuk.
And cut him in both knees, he fell to ground,
wherwich a whole rout came of ſouldiours ſterne,
And all in pieces hewed the ſely ſeg,
But happely the ſoule fled to the ſtarres.
where vnder him he hath full ſight of all,
whereat he gazed here with reaching looke,
The Perſians wilde ſuch ſapience to forgo,
the very fone, the Macedonians wiſht
He would haue liued king Alexander ſelfe
Demde him a man vnmete to dye at all,
who wonne like praiſe for conqueſt of his pre,
As for ſtout men in filde that day ſubdued,
who princes taught, how to diſcerne a man.

That in his head so rare a iewell beares.
But ouer all, those same Camenes, those same
Diuine Camenes, whose honour ht procurde
As tender parent doth his daughters weale,
Lamented, and for thankes all that they can
Do cherish him deceast, and set him free
From darke oblivion of deuowring death.

Marcus Tullius Ciceros death.

THerefore when restlesse rage of wynd & waue
He saw by fates, alas calde for (quod he)
Is hapelesse Cicero, saile on, shape course
To the next shore, and bring me to my death.
Perdy these thankes rescued from cruill sword
Wilt thou my countrey pay? I see mine end,
So powers diuine, so bid the Gods aboue,
In citie saued that Consul Marcus shend,
Speaking no more, but drawing from diepe hart
Great grones euen at the name of Roome rehearst
His eyes & cheekes, & showers of teares he washt
And though a route in dayly daungers worne)
With forced face the shipmen hold their teares,
And striuing long the seas cought flood to passe,
In angry windes and stormy showres made way,
Had at the last safe ancred in the rode
Came heauy Cicero a land with pain
His fainted limmes the aged syre doth draw,
and round about their master stoode his band,
Nor greatly with their own hard happe dismaid,
Nor plighted faith, proue in sharpe time to breake
Some sweordes prepare, some their dere lord assist
In littour laide, they lead him vnkouth wayes
Itso deceaue Antonius cruel gleaues
The might and threates of folowing routes escape,
Thus lo, that Tullie, went that Tullius,
Of royal robe, and sacred senate prince,
When he afarre the men approch espyeth

And

And of his sonne the ensignes doth acknow
And ẽ drawne sword, Popilius threatning death,
whose life and whole estate, in hazard once
He had preserude, when Rome as yet to free
Hearde him, and at his thundering voice amazde,
Herennius eke, more tyger then the rest
Present enflamde with fury, him pursues.
What might he doe? should he vse in defence
Disarmed handes, or pardone aske for mede?
Shoulde he with wordes to turne the wrath
Of tharmed knight, whose safegard he had wrought
No age forbids, and fixt within depe brest
His countries loue, and falling Romes ymage.
The charret turne saith he, let lose the raines
Runne to the vndeserued death, mee, lo,
Hath Phebus foule, as messenger forwarnde,
And Joue desires a new heauensman to make
Brutus, and Cassius soules, liue you in blisse
In case yet the fates ganstriue vs not,
Neither shal wee perchaunce die vnreuenged.
Now haue I liued, O Rome, ynough for me:
My passed life nought suffreth me to doute
Noisome obliuion of the lothsome death,
Slea me, yet al the offspringe to come shal know
And this deceas shal bring eternal life,
Yea, and (onelesse I faile, and al in vaine,
Rome, I sometime thy Augur chosen was)
Not euermore shal frendly fortune thee
Fauour, Antonius, once the day shal come,
When her deare wights, by cruel spight thus slayne,
Victorious Rome shal at thy handes require,
Me likes therewhile, go see the hoaped heauen
Speche had he left, and therewith he good man
His throte preparde, and helde his hed vnmoued,
His hasting to those fates the very knightes
Be loth to see, and rage rebated, when
They his bare necke behelde, and his hoare heares,
Scant could they hold ẏ tears, ẏ furth gan burst,
And almost fell from bloudy handes the swordes,
Onely the sterne Herennius, with grime looke,
Dastardes, why stand you stil? he saieth, & straight
Swaps of the head, with his presumptuous yron.

Ne

Ne with that slaughter yet is he not fielde
Foule shame on shame to heape is his delight,
Wherefore the handes also doth he of smite,
which durst Antonius life so lively paint,
Him yelding strained ghost from Weikin hie,
with lothy chere, lord Phebus gan beholde,
And in blacke cloude, they say, long hid his heau.
The latine Muses, and the Graces they wepe
And for his fal eternally shal pepe,
And lo, here percing Picho (strange to tel)
who had to him suffilde both sence and wordes
when so he speake, and dest with nectar foode
That flowing tong, when his winde pipe disclosde.
Fled with her fleeing frend, and (out alas)
Hath left the earth, ne wil no more returne,
Popilius flieth therewhyle, and leaving there
The senslesse stocke, a grizely sight doth beare
Vnto Antonius boord with mischiefe fed.

Of M. T. Cicero.

FOr Tully late, a tombe I gan prepare,
When Cinthie, thus, bad me my labour spare,
Such maner thinges become the dead (quod he)
But Tully lines, and til aline shall be.

N. G.

The table.

A

A Las so al thinges now 5
Al though I had a checke 10
As oft as I beholde 12
Auising the bright 22
Alas madame for stealing 13
Accused though I bee 29
Al in thy looke my life 34
A face that should content 35
A lady gaue me a gift 42
A spending hand 47
Alas that euer death 62
A student at his booke 64
As Cypresse tree 74
Among dame natures 77
Al ye that frendship 78
As I haue bene so wil 79
At libertie I sit and see 80
As lawrel leaues 83
A kinde of coale is 97
A man may liue thrise 100
Ah loue how watward 102
A cruel Tyger 107
Ah libertie now haue I 107
Adiew desart how art 108
Alas when shal I ioy 112

B

B Rittle beauty that 5
Because I stil kept 21
Beholde loue thy power 28
By fortune as I lay 55
Behold my picture 70
Bewaile with me 70

C

C Esar when that the 21
Cruel vnkinde 94
Complaine we may 96

D

D Iuers by death 16
Disdaine me not 31
Desire alas my maister 41
Driuen by desire I did 44
Death and the king 78
Do al your deeds by 97
Do way your phisike 106

E

E Che beast can chose 14
Eche man me telth 21
Euer my hap is slake 36
Expence now doth 66
Eche thing I see hath 69

F

F Rom Tuscan came 5
Fare wel the hart of 14
From these hye hilles 25
For want of wil in wo 31
Fare wel loue 37
For shamefast harme 43
Ful faire and white she is 61
For that a restlesse hed 69
Flee from the prease 82
For loue Appollo 83
False may he be 83
From worldly wo 99
Fare wel thou frosen hart 111
For Tullie late 117

G

G Od ladies ye that 9
Geue place ye louers 10
Gird in my giltlesse gowne 13
Go burning sighes 38
Geue place ye ladies 67

H

H E is not dead that 29
How oft haue I 36
Holding my peace 107

I

I N Cypresse springes 5
I neuer saw my lady 6

The table.

In Winters iust returne 8
If care do cause men crie 15
In the rude age 17
If waker care 20
I finde no peace 21
It may be good 23
In faith I wot not 24
I euer man might him 32
If amorous faith 36
It burneth it alas 40
I see that chaunce hath 41
If thou wilt mighty be 43
In court to serue 44
In doubtful brest 45
If euer woful man 50
If right be rackt 51
In Grece sometime 52
It is no fire 62
I sent my loue to losse 64
In seking rest 66
I see there is no sort 71
I loth that I did loue 72
If it were so that God 75
In fredome was my fatalie. 76
I rede how Troilus
I heard when fame 84
I ne can close in short 85
It was the day on which 90
I that Ulisses yeres 95
If that thy wicked wife 99
I woulde I found not 104
I silly Haw 107
I baies I bost 109
In court as I beheld 110
Imps of kinge Ioue 113
In working wel 113

L

LOue that liueth 4
Laid in my quiet bed 18
Lur my fairs falcon 35
Loue fortune, and my mind 36
Like vnto these vnmesu. 36
Like as the birde with 43
Like as the Larke 52
Lo here the ende of man 56
Like as the brake 78
Like as the rage of raine 80
Like as the Phenix a bird 88
Lo dead he lies 89
Lo here lieth G. 98

M

MIrtial the thinges 16
My Raiclife when 18
My gally charged 22
Madame withouten 23
My old dere enmy 25
Maruel no more altho 27
My loue to scorne 29
My lute awake 33
My hart I gaue the 37
Mistrustful minde 40
My mothers maide 45
Mine owne I. Poine 45
My youthful yeres 70

N

NAture that gaue the Bee 34
Nature that taught 65
Not like a God came 95
No ioy haue I 104
Now clattring arms 115

O

OHappy dames that myy 8
O lothsome place where 11
Of thy life, Thomas 16
Once as me thought 33
Of purpose loue chose 41
Of Carthage he 44
Of euil tonges 54
O temerous taunters 74
O Petrarche hed 74

Olingring make. 89
Of al the heauenly gifts 114

P

PAsse fourth my wonted 30
Perdy I saide it not 35
Phillida was a faire maide 55
Procrine that sometime 87

R

Right true it is 23
Resound my voice 24
Resigne ye dames 112

S

SUch wayward waies 3
So cruell prison 6
Set me wheras the sunne 6
Sins fortunes wrath 13
Such vain thought as 20
Some fooles there bee 21
She sat and sowed 28
Sometime I fled the fire 29
Such is the course 33
So feble is the thred 38
Sufficed not madame 36
Sins loue wil needes 40
Seake you and spede 42
Sighes are my foode 44
Stand who list 44
Sith singing gladdeth 58
Shal I thus euer long 62
Sith that the way to 63
Sins thou my ring 69
Such grene to me 79
Sins mars first moued 82
Stay gentle frend 99
Some men would thinke 105
Such waiward waies 105

T

THe sunne hath twise 1
The soote season that 2
The golden gift 9
To derely had I bought 11
Though I regarded not 12
The greate Macedon 16
Chassirian king 17
The fansy which that I 18
The stormes are past 18
The liuely sparkes 19
They flee from me 22
The wandring gadling 23
The restfull place, renewer 25
The furious gonne 29
The aunswere that ye made 32
The enmy of life 33
The flaming sighes that 37
The piller perisht is 37
Troughout the worlde 44
Tagus farewell 44
The life is long 51
The longer life the more 53
To this my song geue eare 53
The plage is great 54
The restlesse rage of 54
The doubtfull man hath 63
The winter with his 65
Thestilis a sely man 67
Thestilis thou sely man 68
To liue to die 73
The smoky sighes 73
The shining season 74
To loue alas who would 75
To my mishap alas 77
The golden apple 79
The coward oft 79
Though in the wexe 79
The dolesull bell 82
The flickring flame 86
The soules that lacked 88
The sunne when he hath 99
The secret flame that 94
The bird that sometime 94
Thou Cupide god 95

The

The Table.

The vertue of Vlisses 100
To false report 100
To walke on doubtful 101
To trust the fained face 102
The blind boy 103
The wisest way thy boate 104
The auncient time com. 113
Therefore whenrestlesse 116
The long loue that in my

V

Vnstable dreame 20
Vnwarely so was 34
Venemous thornes 42
Vulcan begat me 43
Vnto the liuing lord 57
Vain is the fleting welth 106

W

When youth had led me 3
When somer toke in 4
When wind for wailes 5
When raging loue 7
Wrapt in my carelesse 13
What restes here 16
Was neuer file 19
What nedes these threat 23
Where shal I haue 27
What man hath heard 28
What vaileth trouth 29
Within my brest I neuer 30
When first mine eies 39
What rage is this 41
What worde is that 42
When dido feasted first 49
Who iustly may reioyce 51
Who list to liue vpright 57
What thing is that 62
What crafty castes do stere 64
When dredfull swelling 65
When Audeley had rone 69
When Cupide scaled 71
With Petrarch to compare 74
What feareſt thou thy 85
Who loues to liue in peace 85
Walking the path 87
What harder is then stone 80
Who list to leade a quiet 97
Whom fansy forced 109
Who so that wisely waies 104
When Phebus had 110
What one art thou 113
What path list you to 114
What race of life rone you 114

Y

YEt was I neuer of 19
Yet that in loue finds 20
Your lokes so often 30
Yet once againe my Muse 88
Ye that in play peruse 80
Your borowe man 65
You are to yong. 111

Finis.

¶ Imprinted at London in
Fletestrete within Tem-
ple Barre at the signe of
the Hand and Starre
by Richarde
Tottell.

Anno, 1574.

Cum priuilegio.